20 November 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 35p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c Den Kr 14.50 Fr NF 7.50 Ger Dm 5.00
Malaysia $2.50 Spn 200pts IR 52p (inc. VAT)

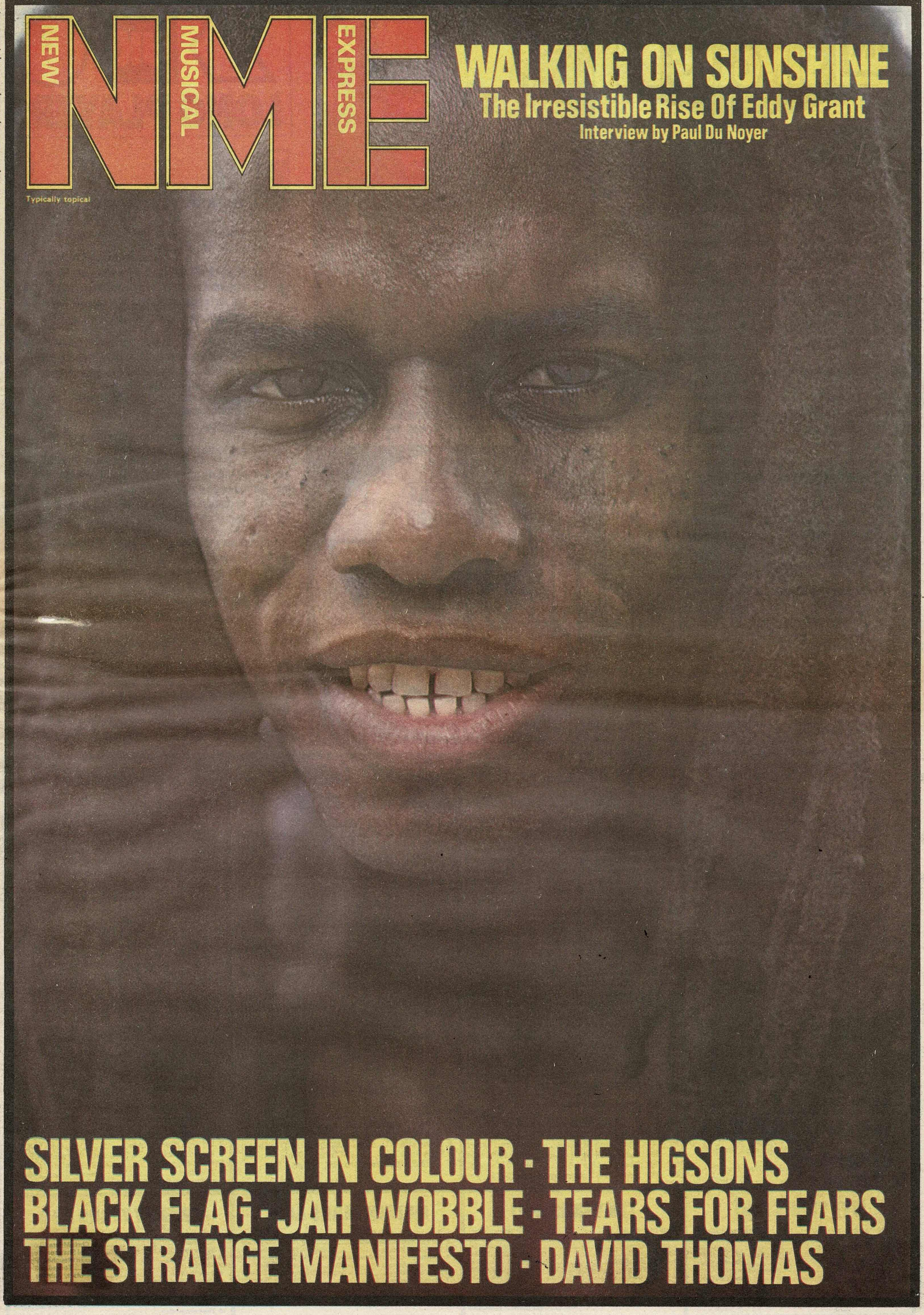
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Typically topical

WALKING ON SUNSHINE

The Irresistible Rise Of Eddy Grant

Interview by Paul Du Noyer



Eddy Grant in Barbados. Pic Anton Corbijn

SILVER SCREEN IN COLOUR · THE HIGSONS
BLACK FLAG · JAH WOBBLE · TEARS FOR FEARS
THE STRANGE MANIFESTO · DAVID THOMAS

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
	1	**I DON'T WANNA DANCE** Eddy Grant (Ice)	5	1
2	2	HEARTBREAKER.....Dionne Warwick (Arista)	3	2
3	3	MAD WORLD.....Tears For Fears (Mercury)	4	3
4	15	THE GIRL IS MINE Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney (Epic)	2	4
5	10	(SEXUAL) HEALING.....Marvin Gaye (CBS)	2	5
6	11	MANEATER.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	2	6
7	8	OOH LA LA LA.....Kool & The Gang (Delite)	3	7
8	24	THEME FOR HARRY'S GAME ... Clannad (RCA)	2	8
9	4	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME Culture Club (Virgin)	8	1
10	7	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU Barry Manilow (Arista)	5	7
11	17	ZAMBESI.....The Piranhas (Dakota)	4	11
12	6	STARMAKER.....Kids From Fame (RCA)	7	2
13	23	MUSCLES.....Diana Ross (Capitol)	2	23
14	12	CAROLINE.....Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	12
15	(—)	RIO.....Duran Duran (EMI)	1	15
16	21	NEVER GIVE YOU UP ...Sharon Redd (Prelude)	4	16
17	(—)	CRY BOY CRY.....Blue Zoo (Magnet)	1	17
18	(—)	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT) Wham (Innervision)	1	18
19	8	I'LL BE SATISFIED.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5	8
20	29	JACK & DIANE.....John Cougar (Riva)	2	20
21	28	LIVING ON THE CEILING Blancmange (London)	2	21
22	16	LOVE'S COMIN' AT YA.....Melba Moore (EMI)	4	16
23	13	LOVE ME DO.....The Beatles (Parlophone)	5	3
24	26	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	2	24
24	(—)	IT'S RAINING AGAIN.....Supertramp (A&M)	1	25
26	5	ANNIE I'M NOT YOUR DADDY Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	6	3
27	(—)	LOVE.....John Lennon (Parlophone)	1	27
28	(—)	DO IT TO THE MUSIC.....Raw Silk (KR)	1	28
29	(—)	MIRROR MAN.....Human League (Virgin)	1	29
30	(—)	SAVE YOUR LOVE Renee & Renato (Hollywood)	1	30

Pic Kerstan Rodgers

Lord Suggs raises his hat as the new Madness LP rises into the charts.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
	1	**THE KIDS FROM FAME** Various (BBC)	17	1
2	6	SINGLES — 45's & UNDER.....Squeeze (A & M)	2	2
3	(—)	FROM THE MAKERS OF... Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	3
4	11	HEARTBREAKER.....Dionne Warwick (Arista)	3	4
5	4	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN .. Various (BBC)	5	1
6	18	HELLO I MUST BE GOING ..Phil Collins (Virgin)	2	6
7	8	REFLECTIONS..... Various (CBS)	5	7
8	3	LOVE OVER GOLD Dire Straits (Vertigo/Phonogram)	8	1
9	2	KISSING TO BE CLEVER.. Culture Club (Virgin)	5	2
10	5	FAMOUS LAST WORDS...Supertramp (A & M)	2	5
11	14	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	3
12	(—)	THE RISE AND FALL ..... Madness (Stiff)	1	12
13	7	TROPICAL GANGSTERS Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	23	4
14	(—)	A KISS IN THE DREAMHOUSE Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	14
15	(—)	WARRIOR ROCK ..... Toyah (Safari)	1	15
16	19	LOVE SONGS.....Commodores (K-Tel)	14	8
17	12	20 GREATEST HITS.. The Beatles (Parlophone)	4	11
18	10	THE SKY'S GONE OUT Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	4	5
19	25	FLASH TRACKS..... Various (TV Records)	2	10
20	(—)	PEARLS II.....Elkie Brooks (A&M)	1	20
21	27	SILK ELECTRIC.....Diana Ross (Capitol)	4	21
22	20	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S..... Yazoo (Mute)	11	1
23	13	GREATEST HITS ..... Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	4	11
24	(—)	WAXWORKS — SOME SINGLES 1977-1982 XTC (Virgin)	1	24
25	26	HITS OF THE SCREAMING 60's Various (Warwick)	2	25
26	21	THE DOLLAR ALBUM ..... Dollar (WEA)	3	18
27	15	H_2O..... Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	2	15
28	(—)	GET NERVOUS ..... Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)	1	28
29	22	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT Imagination (R & B)	9	6
30	(—)	LOVE SONGS.....Elton John (TV Records)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**How Does It Feel**.....Crass (Crass)
2	(2)	**Shipbuilding**. Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
3	(3)	**East World** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
4	(4)	**Into The Abyss** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
5	(7)	**Drumbeat For Baby**.....Weekend (R Trade)
6	(5)	**State Violence**..... Discharge (Clay)
7	(8)	**Be Proud, Be Loud**..... Toyah (Safari)
8	(6)	**From Pillar To Post** Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
9	(—)	**The Other Side Of Love**..... Yazoo (Mute)
10	(12)	**That's What Good Friends Are For** Brilliant (Limelight)
11	(16)	**Chinese Take Away**..... Addicts (Razor)
12	(15)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
13	(14)	**Baby Turns Blue**.... Virgin Prunes (R Trade)
14	(10)	**Lively Arts**..... Damned (Big Beat)
15	(—)	**Shake Up The City**.....UK Subs (Abstract)
16	(11)	**Live**..... Conflict (Xntrix)
17	(—)	**Give Me Fire**..... GBH (Clay)
18	(20)	**Nirvana**.....Icicle Works (Troll Kitchen)
19	(30)	**Leave In Silence**..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
20	(9)	**Burn 'Em Down** Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
21	(19)	**Don't Make Me Wait**..... Peech Boys (TMT)
22	(18)	**Suicide Bag EP**.....Action Pact (Fallout)
23	(13)	**Lullabies 12" EP**.....Cocteau Twins (4AD)
24	(—)	**Love Will Tear Us Apart** Joy Division (Factory)
25	(29)	**Ballet Dance**.....Rubella Ballet (Xntrix)
26	(23)	**Love On The Terraces** Serious Drinking (Upright)
27	(26)	**Rich Men Don't**.....Cook 'Da Books (Kite)
28	(—)	**Woman In Disguise** Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)
29	(21)	**Hooked On You** Darkness & Jive (Red Rhino)
30	(28)	**So Here I Am**..... UB40 (Dep Int)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Voice Of A Generation**.....Blitz (No Future)
2	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**..... Yazoo (Mute)
3	(3)	**UB44**..... UB40 (Dep International)
4	(21)	**Warrior Rock**..... Toyah (Safari)
5	(5)	**Broken Frame**..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(6)	**Christ — The Album**.....Crass (Crass)
7	(4)	**Seduction**.....Danse Society (Society)
8	(9)	**Defective Breakdown**..... Defects (WXYZ)
9	(7)	**Under The Flag**..... Fad Gadget (Mute)
10	(8)	**In The Flat Field**.....Bauhaus (4AD)
11	(10)	**Songs To Remember** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
12	(11)	**Hai**..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
13	(12)	**Enter K**.....Peter Hammill (Naive)
14	(30)	**Oceans**..... Artery (Red Flame)
15	(28)	**Perfection**..... Charge (Kamera)
16	(13)	**Bullshit Detector 2**..... Various (Crass)
17	(14)	**Carmel**.....Carmel (Red Flame)
18	(22)	**Recorded 1979-1981**....UK Subs (Abstract)
19	(17)	**The Black Album**..... Damned (Big Beat)
20	(16)	**The Maverick Years**.....Wah (White Label)
21	(18)	**Garlands**.....Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)
22	(23)	**A Distant Shore** Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
23	(—)	**The Psychic Sacrifice** Throbbing Gristle (Karnage)
24	(—)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now** Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
25	(20)	**Dr John Sings Mac Rebennack** Dr John (Demon)
26	(—)	**When The Punks Go Marching In** Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
27	(—)	**The Sound Of Music**..... Adicts (Razor)
28	(15)	**Rumble Of The East**.Erazerhead (Flicknife)
29	(19)	**Room To Live**..... The Fall (Kamera)
30	(25)	**Sense And Sensuality**.. Au Pairs (Kamera)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Make Me Feel So Good** Rudi Thomas & Susan Cadogan (Virgin)
2 **Oh Girl**..... Dennis Brown (Natty Congo)
3 **Give Me Your Love**..... Sowell Radics (Datc)
4 **Cool Down The Pace**. Gregory Isaacs (Island)
5 **Fat She Fat**.....John Holt (Greensleeves)
6 **English Girl**.....Audrey (Shaka)
7 **Last Dance**.....Mighty Diamonds (JB)
8 **Is It Always Going To Be Like This** Raymondo & Claudia (JB)
9 **At The Dance**. Leroy Simmons (Neville King)
10 **Janet Sinclair** Little John & Billy Boyo (Greensleeves)
11 **Trouble**.....Junior Delgado (Incredible Jux)
12 **Children Of The Night** Errol Dunkley (Music Works)
13 **Too Late To Turn Back Now** Alton Ellis (Fashion)
14 **Know Your Culture**...Al Campbell (Up Front)
15 **If The World Was Mine** Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)

ALBUMS

1 **Night Nurse**.....Gregory Isaacs (Island)
2 **Bad Boy Skanking** Yellowman (Greensleeves)
3 **Day To Day Living**. Don Carlos (Greensleeves)
4 **Army Life**.....Welton Irie (Dynamite)
5 **Lion Rock**.....Culture (Sonic Sounds)

R&B, 260 Stamford Hill, London N16.

US SINGLES

1 **Up Where We Belong** Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Atco)
2 **Truly**.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
3 **Heart Attack**..... Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
4 **Gloria**.....Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
5 **Heartlight**.....Neil Diamond (Columbia)
6 **Who Can It Be Now?**.... Men At Work (Columbia)
7 **Jack And Diane**..... John Cougar (Riva)
8 **You Can Do Magic**..... America (Capitol)
9 **I Keep Forgettin' (Every Time You're Near)** Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
10 **Muscles**..... Diana Ross (RCA)

US LPs

1 **Business As Usual**..... Men At Work (Columbia)
2 **Mirage**..... Fleetwood Mac (WEA)
3 **Nebraska**..... Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
4 **American Fool**..... John Cougar (Riva)
5 **Lionel Richie**.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
6 **Built For Speed**.....Stray Cats (EMI)
7 **Eye In The Sky** The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
8 **It's Hard**..... The Who (Warner Bros)
9 **The Nylon Curtain**.....Billy Joel (Columbia)
10 **Emotions In Motion**..... Billy Squier (Capitol)

Courtesy Billboard Publications.

NETHERLANDS

1 **Pass The Dutchie**..... Musical Youth (MCA)
2 **Do You Really Want To Hurt Me** Culture Club (Virgin)
3 **State Of Independence**. Donna Summer (Gefen)
4 **Idaho-as Cor**.....Anita Meyer (Ariola)
5 **The Day Before You Came**..... Abba (Polydor)
6 **To Turn The Stone**..... Frida (Polydor)
7 **Do Wah Diddy Diddy**..... Dolly Dots (WEA)
8 **Heartbreaker**..... Dionne Warwick (Arista)
9 **Saddle Up**..... David Christie (Carrere)
10 **Muscles**.....Diana Ross (Capitol)

Courtesy Stichting Nederlandse Top 40.

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Rockin' All Over The World**..... Status Quo (Vertigo)
2 **Name Of The Game**..... Abba (Epic)
3 **We Are The Champions**..... Queen (EMI)
4 **2468 Motorway**..... Tom Robinson Band (EMI)
5 **You're In My Heart**..... Rod Stewart (Riva)
6 **Dancin' Party**..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
7 **How Deep Is Your Love**..... Bee Gees (RSO)
8 **Yes Sir I Can Boogie**..... Baccara (RCA)
9 **Live In Trouble**..... Barron Knights (Epic)
10 **Daddy Cool**..... Darts (Magnet)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **My Ding-A-Ling**..... Chuck Berry (Chess)
2 **Clair**..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
3 **Crazy Horses**..... Osmonds (MGM)
4 **Why**..... Donny Osmond (MGM)
5 **Leader Of The Pack**..... Shangri-Las (Kama Sutra)
6 **Crocodile Rock**..... Elton John (DJM)
7 **Loop Di Love**..... Shag (UK)
8 **I'm Stone In Love With You**..... Stylistics (Avco)
9 **Mouldy Old Dough**..... Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
10 **What Made Milwaukee Famous/Angel** Rod Stewart (Mercury)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Baby Now That I've Found You**..... Foundations (Pye)
2 **Let The Heartaches Begin**..... Long John Baldry (Pye)
3 **Everybody Knows**..... Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
4 **Zabadak!**..... Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
4 **Love Is All Around**..... Troggs (Page One)
6 **The Last Waltz**..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
7 **Massachusetts**..... Bee Gees (Polydor)
8 **Autumn Almanac**..... Kinks (Pye)
9 **There Is A Mountain**..... Donovan (Pye)
10 **If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'**..... Val Doonican (Pye)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Lovesick Blues**..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2 **Let's Dance**..... Chris Montez (London)
3 **Swiss Maid**..... Del Shannon (London)
4 **Bobby's Girl**..... Susan Maughan (Philips)
5 **Telstar**..... Tornados (Decca)
6 **Devil Woman**..... Marty Robbins (CBS)
7 **Venus In Blue Jeans**..... Mark Wynter (Pye)
8 **Sherry**..... Four Seasons (Stateside)
9 **No One Can Make My Sunshine Smile** Everly Brothers (Warner Brothers)
10 **The Locomotion**..... Little Eva (London)

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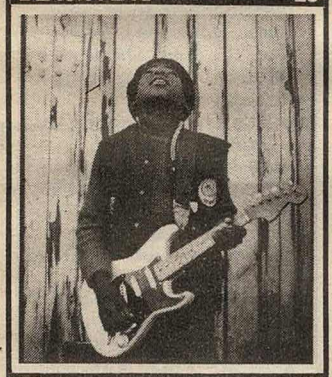

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MU, BBC deny 'ban' claim

Quo's sour gripes

STATUS QUO have stirred up a hornets' nest with the Musicians Union, over an alleged ban on the TV screening of the film clip of their current single 'Caroline'. They say they are "utterly appalled" by the MU's attitude, and add that they seriously question the union's integrity.

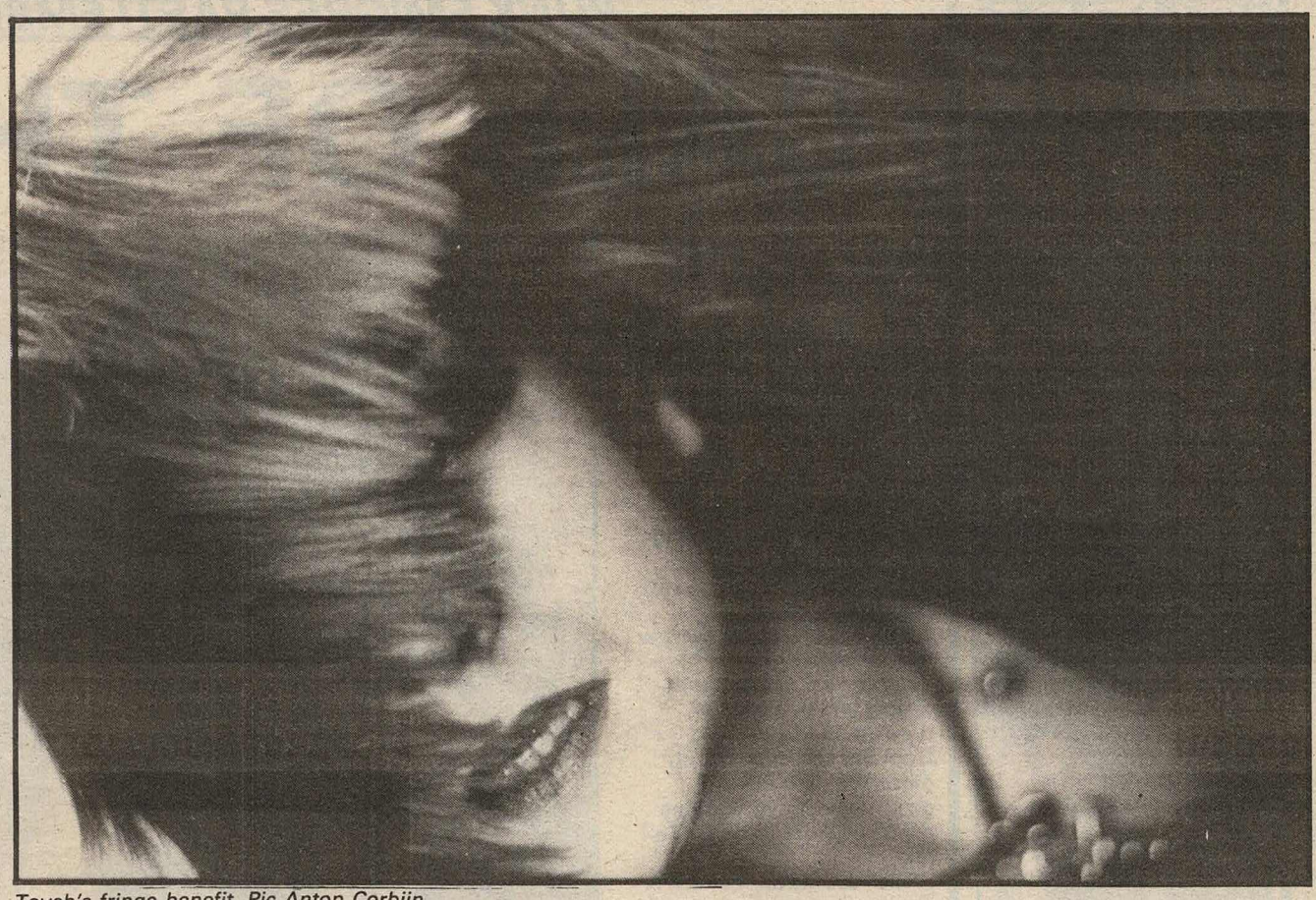
The clip is part of a concert they played earlier this year at Birmingham National Recreation Centre, in aid of The Prince's Trust and attended by Prince Charles. It was filmed by BBC-TV and subsequently screened as a one-hour special. The band's single is taken directly from the soundtrack of this show, and they had assumed that they could feature it on *Top Of The Pops* by using the relevant sequence from the TV special — but, they claim, they were told shortly beforehand that it was banned.

In a vitriolic statement issued this week, Quo accuse the union of "lack of co-operation, manifest disinterest and complete refusal to take part in sensible dialogue". They say that no concrete reason was given for this action.

They also maintain that the clip's non-appearance on *Top Of The Pops* directly affected the single's chart position the following week, dropping one place and so no longer qualifying for screening on the show. And this has prompted Quo to take the dispute a step further by questioning the validity of the BRMB chart system. They say their lawyers are already looking into a situation which allows a record by another group — who, they say, sold 20,000 less copies than Quo in that week — to go up in the charts while Quo go down. (Significantly, Quo's single went up nine places in the *NME* Chart that week.) As a result of this, Quo add that "the question of duplicity between the Musicians' Union and the BRMB cannot be ruled out".

BBC-TV's Michael Hurll, executive producer of *Top Of The Pops,* took a somewhat different view of the film clip's omission. He told *NME:* "The first thing to get straight is that the TV special of the Birmingham concert doesn't belong to the BBC — all rights

● *continues over*



Toyah's fringe benefit. Pic Anton Corbijn

Toyah, proud and loud

TOYAH, whose new live album 'Warrior Rock' has gone straight into the *NME* charts at No. 15 this week, is to undertake a handful of pre-Xmas dates, playing to places missed out on her last tour.

Her schedule begins at Reading Top Rank (December 5), then continues at London Lyceum (6), Derby Assembly Rooms (7), Cardiff St David's Hall (9), Halifax Civic Theatre (12) and Ipswich Gamont (13).

Tickets, now on sale from the box offices and usual agencies, are priced £4 for the Reading and London gigs, £4 and £4.50 at Derby, and £3.50, £4 and £4.50 at the remaining dates.

Toyah is also planning an "extra special London Xmas show for true-blue Toyah fans", details of which will be announced shortly.

But Youth chicken out again . . .

MUSICAL YOUTH have scrapped their headlining UK tour, due to open next Wednesday (24) — despite an assurance last week, following a confused report on ITV's *News At Ten,* that it was definitely going ahead.

Reason given for the cancellation is that their fan club and record company have been bombarded with calls, expressing disappointment with the timing of the concerts.

Most of their ardent supporters are in the same age bracket as the group themselves, and many of them have pointed out that they can't attend the shows — due to a combination of late starting times, difficulty in going out during school term, and the fact that their parents were unable or unwilling to accompany them.

It's now been decided to re-schedule the tour, and perhaps a few more dates, in the New Year — during the latter part of the school Christmas holidays, and subsequently over weekend periods, so enabling youngsters to see the band in action. No revised dates have yet been announced, although they're expected shortly. Meanwhile, ticket refunds can be obtained from the point of purchase.

...and no Haircuts till spring

HAIRCUT 100 have postponed the bulk of their end-of-year tour. All their projected pre-Christmas dates have been put back until late February and early March, although their half-dozen shows immediately after the holiday remain intact — these are at London Lyceum (December 27 and 28), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (29 and 30) and London Hammersmith Odeon (31.)

Reason for the delay is the extra time being spent in the recording studio. The band are currently working on their second album, and it's taking longer to record than originally anticipated. A spokesman explained: "They want to make an LP with 12 hit singles on it, not just three or four good tracks".

The album was initially planned for December release, but it's now been re-scheduled for February to coincide with the new tour dates. But there will be a single issued up front of the LP in the first week of January.

The band apologise to all ticket-holders for the inconvenience, and assure them that all tickets purchased remain valid for the revised dates, though cash refunds may be obtained if desired.

The re-arranged itinerary is as follows:

Bristol Colston Hall (February 22), Coventry Apollo (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (25), Brighton Centre (March 1), Poole Arts Centre (3), Oxford Apollo (5), Birmingham Odeon (6 and 7), Manchester Apollo (8 and 9), Sheffield Lyceum (11 and 12), Liverpool Empire (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Edinburgh Playhouse (16), Newcastle City Hall (17) and Scarborough Futurist Theatre (18).

NEW SOFT CELL, DEXYS, SIOUXSIE SINGLES ● NEWS P37-8

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Yoko signs

☐ **YOKO ONO'S** sixth solo album 'It's All Right' is due for release sometime before Christmas. This follows a recently signed long-term recording contract with PolyGram Inc. and Ono's work will be presented on the Polydor label in the States, though it's not yet known what label will be used in the U.K.

Ono commented that she had chosen PolyGram

The Lennon clan — Yoko, Julian & Sean. Pic: Chuck Pulin/Star File

because "the people I've met from the company seem to project a very nice vibe". She is releasing this album because she feels that "much of the world is living in fear, many people don't know their direction and music is so important. I believe in the healing power of music and hope that this album will help to make people feel better."

If we can manage to swing that one, we should all be doing OK.

Head-the-ball

☐ This week, as *NME* settles dues with **Yosser Hughes**, that other Merseyside head - the - ball **Mick Turpin** appears in his very own magazine *Another Day, Another Word.*

Another Day is strewn with Turner's philosophical crudities; also featured are **Seething Wells**, hot from BBC1's *16 Up*, **Attila The Stockbroker**, switching fast to Liverpool from the latest issue of Leeds rag *Molotov Comics*, and **The Comrade**, propping up the bar.

Mick Turpin's moment of glory costs 25p (plus large SAE) from Al Turner, 20 Andrews Lane, Formby, Liverpool L37 2HH.

Springstone

☐ Clean Cuts, the two-year-old Baltimore-based jazz label, has released an odd second single entitled 'Meet **The Flintstones**'. Instant notoriety came its way since its singer is listed as one '**Bruce Springstone**' and it's subtitled 'Bruce Springstone Live at Bedrock Meets the Flintstones'. Rounder, its northeastern distributor, reports that the parody is already as hot an item as 'Nebraska' — it starts out with an imitation of one of **Springsteen's** own autobiographical raps (transposed to Bedrock) and segues into a perfect imitation of the Boss. Its flip is a rendition of 'Take Me Out to the Ballgame' as solemn as anything from 'Darkness on the Edge of Town' and its authors are "four sincere fans who couldn't have done it if we didn't see it as a real homage".

Berlin blitz

☐ The German New Wave is bursting out in the **SO 36 Club**, deep in the Turkish quarter of West Berlin. A festival there from the 26-28 November features among others **Malaria, Borsig, Einsturzende Neubauten** and **Die Haut.**

PUNK EMIGRES PASTI EMBRACE UNCLE SAM

CALL OF THE WEST

Q: What can a punk group do when it's out grown of its audience?

A: It can start again in a different country where expectations aren't so constricting or tastes so segregated.

Had enough . . . Duggie, Olly, Kev & Will sniff their last of Britain. *Pic: Bryn Jones*

ONCE UPON a time Anti-Pasti seemed among the most promising sons of the new punk army, and the lads most likely to break out of a cult's narrow mould into the wider commercial mainstream.

Just lately, however, they've been suffering from the sort of growing pains that can afflict a group whose twin deities are The Doors and The Sex Pistols.

Their second LP, 'Caution In The Wind', did not sell as well as its predecessor, partly because, claim Pasti, their record company Rondelet were so nonplussed by its contents that they didn't know how to promote it, containing as it did such suspect anti-punk devices as saxophone and violin.

Then there was the problem of promoters — unwilling now to book any punk act for a dwindling audience, but particularly one whom hecklers would sometimes brand with the dread taunt "an *NME* band." On top of all this, Anti Pasti have acrimoniously parted company with their singer Martin Roper.

In these adverse circumstances what can four poor boys do?

Anti Pasti have decided to go West, and emigrate to America for a few months. Their first stop in New York will satisfy what guitarist Olly Hoon calls "itchy feet for travel".

"We're hoping to get a much more diverse audience in New York," explains hybrid punk rockabilly spokesman Will Hoon. "And when we get tired of one city we'll just move on to the next one."

Their junior-Clash visuals and natural punk exuberance should ensure them fresh success in the beleaguered land of the free. Meanwhile Anti Pasti want to shed the shackles of the rock business and achieve total self-control.

They do, however, have one ideal American manager in mind — William Burroughs.

LYNN HANNA

Quo fracas

From previous page

to sales are owned by Quo's own company, Quarry Productions. This meant that, when the film clip was submitted to us, it was classed as a promotional video — and under the terms of the agreement between the BPI, the MU and the BBC, all such videos have to be cleared by the union. That's nothing new — every band in the country is aware of it.

"The fact is that Quo did not submit their clip to the union until the Friday before the programme and, with the weekend intervening, it wasn't cleared until 5pm the following Tuesday — by which time I had already compiled that week's show.

"Quo apparently decided not to perform live, and wanted to rely on the video. But they, their management and Phonogram were far too lax in the way they went about things. They didn't do their homework well enough and, quite simply, they were just too late. The clip wasn't banned — it was cleared by the MU, but not in time for the show."

MU executive Don Smith confirmed Michael Hurll's comments, and added: "I know for a fact that the BBC gave the band a full week's notice that they would need to get the clip cleared by the union — but somewhere along the line, someone chose to ignore or forget that warning."

Smith went on: "This isn't the first time it's happened with Quo. There was a previous occasion when one of their films couldn't be screened due to a breach of procedure. You'd think they would have learned from that lesson. It almost makes me think that, for some reason, it was a ploy on their part.

"As far as the insinuation of duplicity is concerned, that's absolute nonsense. In fact, it could almost be actionable, and that's something we shall have to look into."

NOT THE TUBE

Kangaroo Club slap the nut on teen trash.

Iron (David Chandler) wrings some sense from Nipper (Derek Delves) in the Kangaroo Club production of 'Class Enemy'.

Right: the Iron fist feels the velvet lining. *Pix: Waldo*

AS CHANNEL 4 spawns even more trashy 'teen orientated' TV and other channels suffer the spears and arrows of many an amateur 'teen' TV critic, spare a thought for some 'real' youth culture. As the government continually hacks away at the arts, local and communal theatre groups are under continued threat.

Drawing on this knowledge, six Londoners, all aged between 19 and 21, and all with previous theatre group experience (Common Stock, Young Vic and Cockpit) have decided to form their own group — The Kangaroo Club.

At the moment the Club are touring London with their play for today *Class Enemy* a tight little number from Nigel Williams. The play itself is a collusion of tight lipped and foul mouthed polemics and cliched, but freshly arranged, stabs at the 'inner city malaise' that affects both young and old. The acting is inspired, with David Chandler's almost schizophrenic portrayal of Iron, the social rebel and sometime tyrant, adding a chillingly realistic edge to the proceedings.

Offstage, Chandler's friendly overtures are sometimes steeled with a manic glint or a sharp word that brings the Iron in his personality frighteningly home, but as he is fast to point out, "It's *Class Enemy* doing it through us, not us doing it through the play.

"It's a fucking good play. It's a young play but not necessarily for young people. We didn't do it because we're the voice of 'angry youth', in fact most of us are pretty apolitical. It's just that it had such strong characters."

Publicity is restricted to hand-outs in clubs and posters in local centres, yet already the play is attracting good crowds — and the reaction is always good. It has obvious hooks, plenty of aggression, violence and swearing (some of it gratuitous) but the play is working for itself by preaching and succeeding. As Victoria Lewis, the only girl in the company, points out, "A lot of hard work goes into this play; real work. I do singing telegrams and that's hard, but this is gruelling."

The hard work is paying off and shows at colleges all over the metropolis are planned. Hammersmith, West London and Battersea have already agreed to put on the play and plans for the next production are already in the pipeline.

DAVID DORRELL

The Compact Organisation's '60s spylette awaits the ringmaster.

READY-TO-HEAR
Toys-Attack
The Fugitive Theme
Ebba Gron — Vad Ska Du Bli
Elvis C — Trust
Eurovision circa 1963
Clash — London Calling (33⅓)
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Double Vision

TV
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The Saint
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Nuts In May (Mike Leigh)

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Raymond Loewy's Frigidaire

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BOOKS
Christopher Isherwood — Christopher And His Kind
Piers Paul Read — The Upstart
Iris Murdoch — An Accidental Man
David Pryce-Jones — Unity
Hemingway — A Moveable Feast
John Pearson — Facades

FILMS
Sabotage — Hitchcock
Night Train To Munich — Carol Reed
A Matter of Life and Death — Powell/Pressburger
The Philadelphia Story — George Cukor
Cul-de-Sac — Polanski
Only Two Can Play — Sidney Gilliat
Hangmen Also Die — Fritz Lang

ACTORS/ACTRESSES
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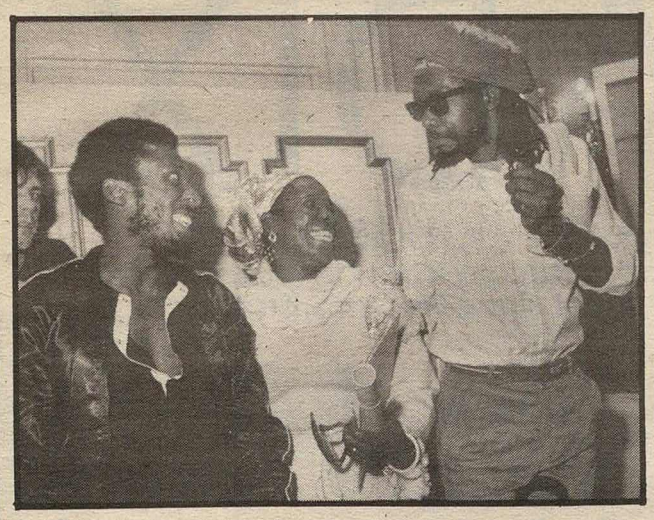
Cary Grant
Katharine Hepburn
Michael Caine
Kim Novak

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

VIRNA LINDT



Peter Tosh (right) tells Jimmy Cliff & Rita Marley their fees for the Jamaican World MUsic Festival.

Pic: Chuck Pulin/Star File

Jamaica announces '82's oddest line-up

THE CLASH, The Beat, The Grateful Dead, Aretha Franklin, The Beach Boys and Black Uhuru are just a few of the bands lined up for the first Jamaica World Music Festival later this month. The festival, which takes place at Montego Bay on November 25, 26 and 27, features a bizarre mixture of musical styles on each of its three nights.

Full line-up is: Grateful Dead, B-52's, Joe Jackson, Gladys Knight And The Pips, Ronnie Milsap, Jimmy Cliff and Peter Tosh (November 25); Beach Boys, Aretha Franklin, Squeeze, Stacy Lattisaw, Skeeter Davis, Toots And The Maytals, Black Uhuru (26); Rick James, The Clash, Jimmy Buffett, The Beat, Bobby And The Midnites, Yellowman, Rita Marley And The Melody Makers (27).

Anyone with a 100 dollars and the airfare to spare can call the Jamaica Tourist Board for details.

Eurogeniuses in trouble

NOT SINCE their early combative beginnings in a Frankenstein castle somewhere in Germany have Can members experienced such a dismal reception for their music. The current works of Holger Czukay and Irmin Schmidt are both in the can, so to speak, waiting for takers.

Of the two, Schmidt's case is the most bitterly ironic. He was commissioned to write — for a North German Radio broadcast — a piece for electric instruments and orchestra which would signify the closing of the gap between the purportedly serious music of the classical body and the entertainment music — U-haftmusik — of the rock fraternity. German cultural circles concern themselves with such divides, and, curiously, Schmidt agreed to bridge it.

He probably didn't reckon on the resistance of the employees of the body who commissioned the work. Apparently, the Hannover Symphony Orchestra do not share their master's desire for a detente between old and new. It's reported that they sniggered through rehearsals at the idea of a rhythm oriented symphonic piece left open in parts for improvisation. They carried their policy of non-cooperation through to the work's premier at a Hamburg radio theatre two weeks ago, where members of the string sections were observed laughing and giggling throughout the performance — not with delight but with derision, it would seem.

With all due respect to Irmin Schmidt the piece did feel as if it were composed to a brief, as opposed to the fulfilment of some personal vision that required an orchestra. The guitar parts, played by Can's Michael Karoli, sounded both incongruous and unnecessary. But it is difficult to come to any conclusion about the work, as Schmidt's ideas for the amplification for the radio transmission were blocked. To cap it all, the recordists somehow failed to get the strings on tape at all, prompting Schmidt to stop the subsequent broadcast.

What with his technological expertise, maybe Schmidt should have reminded the tetchy orchestra members that they can be replaced with synthesisers.

The resistance of Czukay's latest record is puzzling, considering his immense critical reputation. Another 12" collaboration with Jah Wobble and Jaki Liebezeit, it is — according to those who've heard it — an extraordinary refinement of the style developed on his last solo LP 'On The Way To The Peak Of Normal'. Quality, however, doesn't count when it comes to cash returns. So far, EMI Germany have turned down their option and Island, England, have rejected it. It will probably come out on Can's Spoon label. The majors' loss ...

CHRIS BOHN

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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Ticket prices at the door are £2 for adults, £1 for children but party rates are available for 20 people or more. To find out more, contact the Exhibition Manager, Electronic Hobbies Fair, IPC Exhibitions, Surrey House, 1 Throwley Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4QQ. Tel: 01-643 8040.

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'60s TV's most durable couple return to the small screen. Diana Rigg is Emma Peel, Patrick Macnee is John Steed. They are The Avengers.

THE '60S secret agents were superhuman in a way that their successors — in cinema after Peckinpah and TV after *Kojak* — never could be again.

They scoured the world for adventure: they were dashing Pimpernels (Simon Templar, The Baron) or cool forces for good (*Danger Man* John Drake). But none won the hearts of the free world so completely as John Steed and Emma Peel.

Anyone with a memory of '60s television has *The Avengers* bound up in it somewhere. Of its various incarnations, it's the two seasons with Diana Rigg as Emma Peel, an English rose toughened up by Hap Ki Do and a wisecracking modern woman persona, that we remember best.

Mrs Peel's leather catsuits and zippy Lotus Elan cut a perfect foil to Patrick Macnee's Bentley, brolly and bowler — Steed was an absolute gentleman who dispatched fisticuffs and adversaries with impeccable club manners. He dripped the good life, and there were few episodes in which he wasn't opening a bottle of champagne.

In their vaguely amorous but strictly platonic pairing — Steed never called his partner anything but Mrs Peel — the sparks struck were irresistible. It was something like a swinging '60s update of the Myrna Loy/William Powell and Tracy/Hepburn partnerships, funny and affectionate.

What took them out of the

Diana Rigg and Patrick Macnee defend page 6 against the onslaught of time.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

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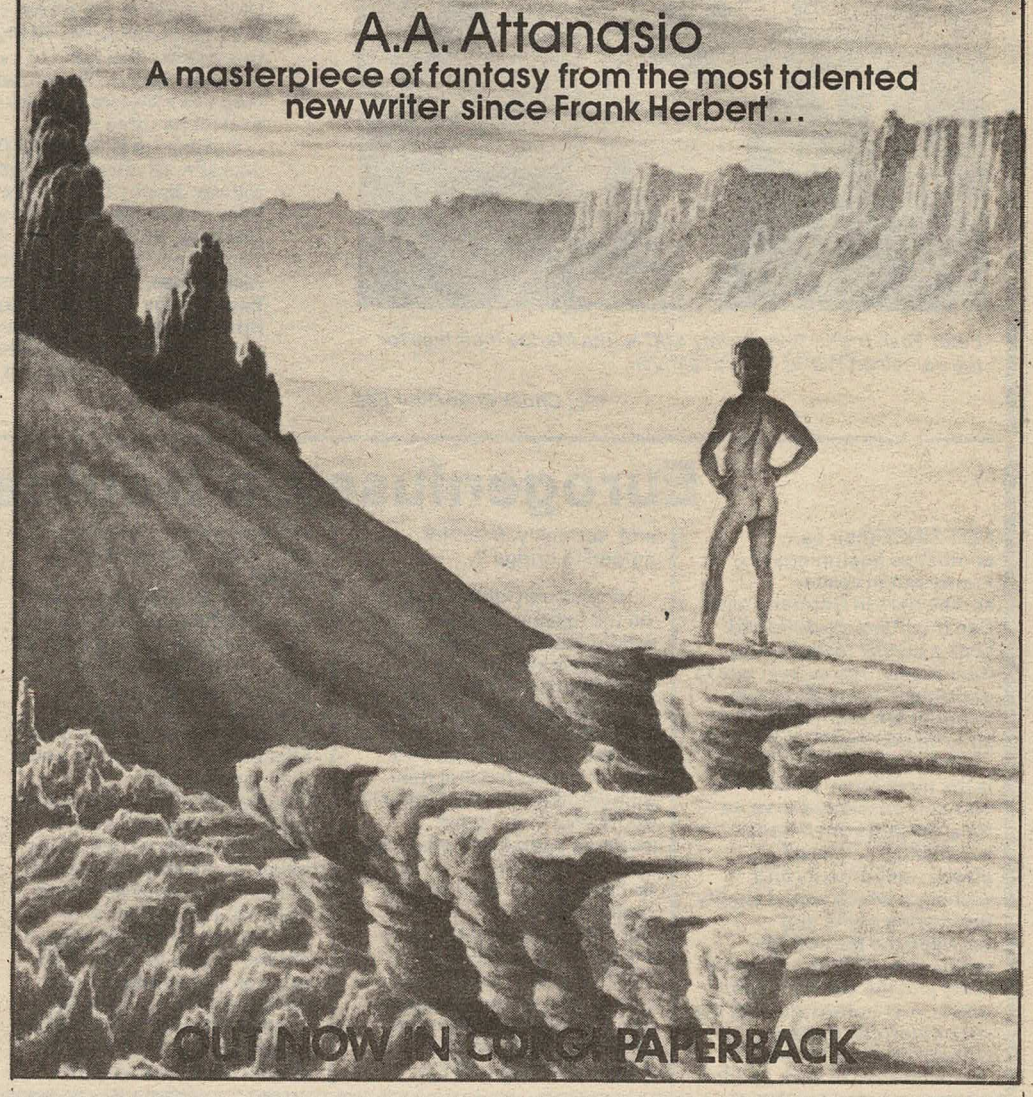

OUT NOW IN COLOUR PAPERBACK

orderly sequence of spy series was scripting that plotted out an England (unlike Drake and Templar they never ventured overseas) that seemed to consist entirely of eccentrics, master criminals and queer threats that came out of nowhere. Bizarre violence had the painess feel of cartoon mayhem. Steed and Emma usually won because they were only a couple of beats away from being as mad as their opponents.

The dangers of technology were pre-empted years before progress became fashionably threatening. SF-based stories spiralled off into almost surreal episodes of nightmarish implication. Brainwashing, killer robots, lethal indoor rainstorms, even — in 'Man Eater Of Surrey Green', arguably the finest-ever *Avengers* — murderous plants from space! Chief writers Brian Clemens and Philip Levene fashioned a climate somewhere between Cold War and Big Brother, and this England never seemed so crazily disturbing.

Channel 4's admirable revival of the colour series (hopefully they'll show the earlier and more consistent monochrome episodes too) brings it all back. If some of the effects seem, er, *economic* and a too-simple denoument to squeeze the story into an hour-long segment tends to detract, it's a pleasure to find that the repartee sounds as sharp as ever and the rare sparkle of Rigg and Macnee seems undimmed by 15 subsequent years of bang-bang histrionics. This is one relic of swinging Britain that's never needed mothballs.

Hey, remember the one about the deserted air base? The killer house that trapped Mrs Peel? The Christmas trees? The deranged film unit? The . . .

RICHARD COOK

Kenny Jones, Ian McLagan, Steve Marriott & Ronnie Lane pile on the style, circa 1965.

Here Come The Nice

SMALL FACES — ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

By Terry Rawlings *(Riot Stories)*

"We were right in the shit and we couldn't get any sense out of Immediate. I remember Mac chucking a pot full of piss over one geezer that came round. He said, 'if you don't fuck off you'll get the lot over your head'. He didn't fuck off and he got the lot. He never came back." — Ronnie Lane.

THE SMALL FACES were spotty, naive, beligerent mod upstarts who lasted long enough to nurture their pop/R&B sensibility into several sharp, punchy and underrated singles, and briefly enough to save themselves from parody. They fell prey to the machinations of the business, and were banned by *Top Of The Pops* but still managed to retain their spunky attitude. They had humour and self confidence and, as illustrated above, a practical way of dealing with their problems.

Terry Rawlings' history of the group is succinct and straightforward, the perfect complement for the group's music and their approach to the business. It confines itself, wisely in view of the members' disparaging later careers, to their three year rise and fall, and the format and graphics are reminiscent of a '60s fanzine.

The actual writing covers all the bases well but lacks sparkle and agility. That doesn't detract from the overall appeal of the book; excellently researched, with the two ace Faces Steve Marriot and Ronnie Lane giving a virtual run through from the group's formation to disintegration.

A worthwhile book for old fans or anyone who enjoys a quick, entertaining read.

GAVIN MARTIN

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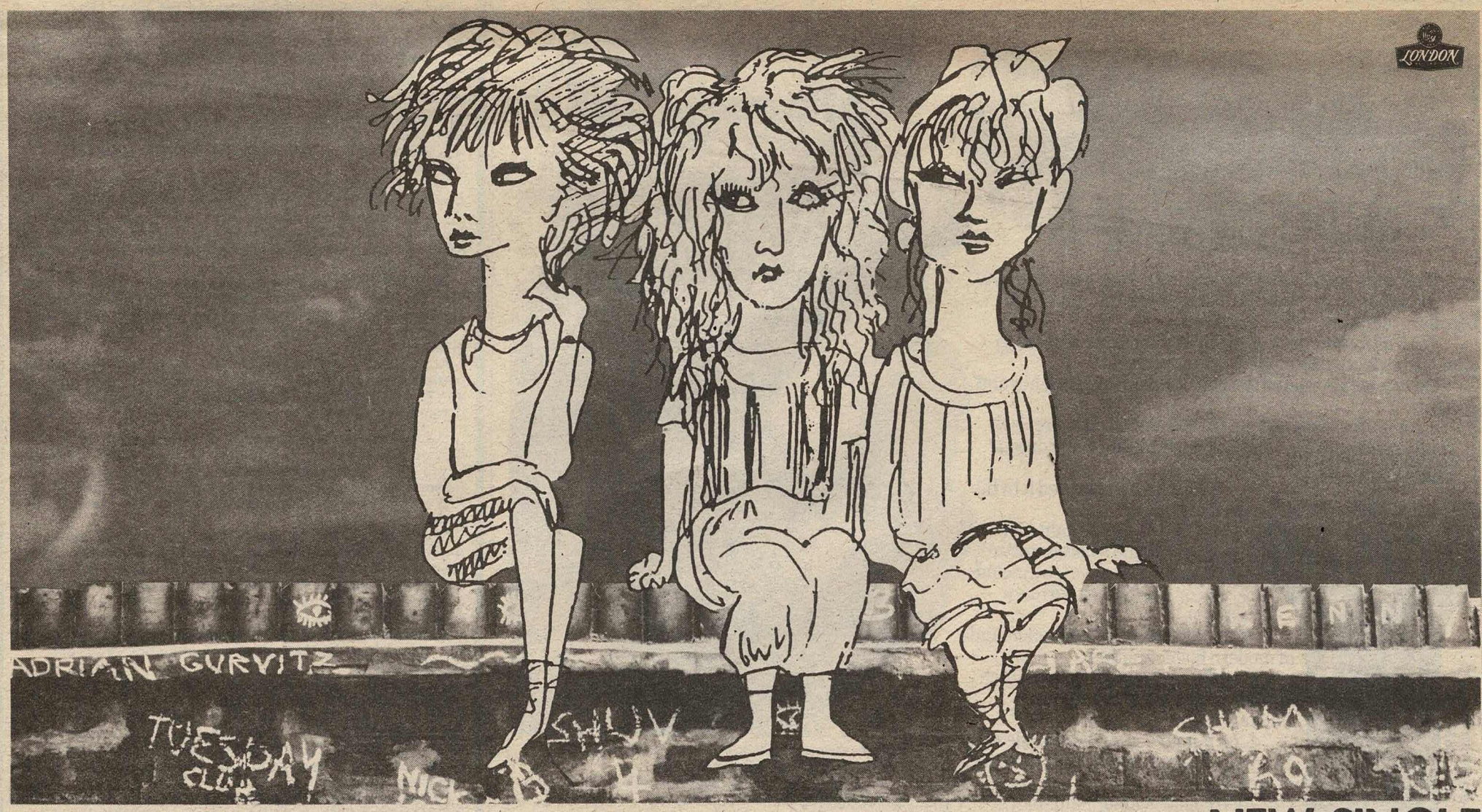
I WAS ON ACID WHEN I HAD IT DONE.....



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FROM JELLIED EELS TO RECORD DEALS

Steve Van Zandt rants about the American malaise

"AMERICAN RADIO is no longer into selling music . . . it's in the business of selling Toyota cars!!"

That's the view of Miami Steve Van Zandt — these past seven years guitarist with Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band, but currently on sabbatical as Little Steven, frontman with a ten man squad, The Disciples Of Soul.

"In the '60s", he says, "the best music being made just so happened to also be the most commercial and as such was played continuously on the radio. At the same time it was also the most emotional.

"Nowadays", he bemoans, "the most successful stations guardedly hold onto their audiences, their ratings, their lucrative advertising income by purposely going out of their way not to aggravate listeners. They keep them docile by programming smooth same-sounding music so they'll be receptive to all the commercials."

The worsening state of America's airwaves is further illustrated by the unimaginative choice of golden oldies.

"They don't go back to the roots," he says, "and play music that inspires new talent. Instead, it's forever 'Your Song' and 'Stairway To Heaven'. I mean, just what is goin' on!"

Under such an ultra-conservative regime, is it any wonder that, with few exceptions, the top end of the US charts appears to have remained unchanged since 1972?

Is it any wonder that the almighty leisure dollar is rapidly being diverted away from music and into the insatiable electronic games industry?

THOUGH a new E Street Band album should be with us in the spring, no plans have been scheduled for the makers to hit the road, therefore Van Zandt feels free to state having no binding commitments to anybody at this time other than his Little Steven alter-ego.

However, he's quick to confirm: "I *haven't* left the E Street Band and I don't see any serious reasons why I should unless it conflicts with what I'm currently doing. See, Bruce and I make up the rules as we go along, so all my options are still very much open."

Prior to the mixed reaction that's accompanied 'Men Without Women' Van Zandt previously enjoyed three much-acclaimed solo efforts with The Asbury Jukes: producing their first three LPs, writing a large proportion of the songs and coaxing Ronnie Spector, Lee Dorsey, The Satins, The Coasters and The Drifters to make cameo appearances. More recently, Van Zandt, has been producing Gary U.S. Bonds.

Though not commercially successful, the Jukes' LPs — in particular the final collaboration, 'Hearts Of Stone' — possessed very much the same intense emotional commitment that would later fire Dexys Midnight Runners foray into nouveau soul.

"When I first put the Jukes together," relates their mentor, "it really was my band. . . it was me."

However, before the recording of 'I Don't Want To Go Home', Southside Johnny was dragged out of the ranks and, against his will, appointed leader when Van Zandt left to join the E Streeters.

"When I produced that first Jukes LP, I had to completely change it around because previously it had been based around my voice. Johnny was a blues singer — forget about rock and roll, he hadn't even sung R&B. So, I had to reconstruct it as an R&B roots band rather than the R&B-based rock band it would later become."

Today, The Asbury Jukes are without a record deal and the horn section is out on loan to Diana Ross. In retrospect Van Zandt feels some guilt for pushing Southside into the spotlight.

"Johnny wasn't a bandleader. He didn't even want his name billed."

At a time when, in the eyes of many, flying rock's somewhat battle-scarred standard is akin to sporting Derby team colours, Van Zandt still has an unshakeable belief in the ability of music to transcend adversity, to inspire and stimulate.

"I accept the positive aspects of rock as a way of life. To me it's *not* showbusiness — it's not even entertainment particularly — though it can be enjoyable when it is. I'm doing it for other reasons. One of the most pressing things is to get rid of the old rock and roll stereotypes created during the '60s which now afflict society in general.

"Everywhere you look people have become apathetic. In America, a lotta blood was spilt for the right to vote but nobody seems bothered any longer. Only one in three now bothers to exercise their right to vote. Their attitude is one of defeatism. It's like, it doesn't really matter whether I vote or not — nothing seems to change!"

It's one of the reasons, he says why an increasing number of young people obliterate their senses with drink, drugs and Heavy Metal.

Van Zandt is the first to concede there's no easy solution to the problems of the music industry.

There's far too much capital invested in maintaining outmoded traditions, he says, and far too many overblown careers on the line. The transparent gesture of the 'blow for good music' tag currently surrounding Asia's worthless success being proof enough.

"You know what we learned in the '60s" Van Zandt concludes, "we learned to get high, to go into a coma, and the record companies encouraged it as a means of making money. So-called responsible people within the music industry with young ears abused that privilege for their own gain.

"Well, all the excesses have gotta go now. No more drinking, no more drugs, no more women running around all over the place. Perhaps, Keith Moon felt that he was obliged to die the way he did. Sid Vicious most certainly did.

"For us, those rock and roll stereotypes are finished. Hopefully, they'll vanish in the '80s. If not, the music's in real trouble".

— ROY CARR

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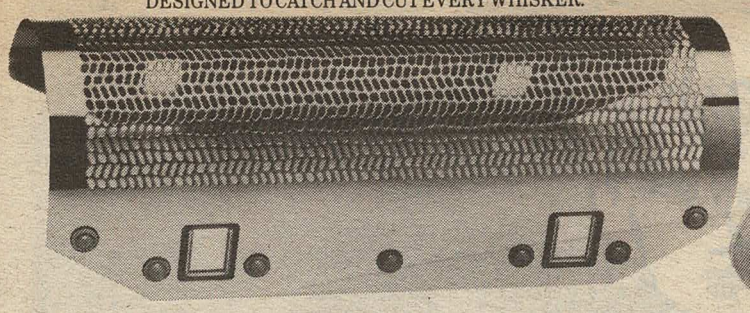

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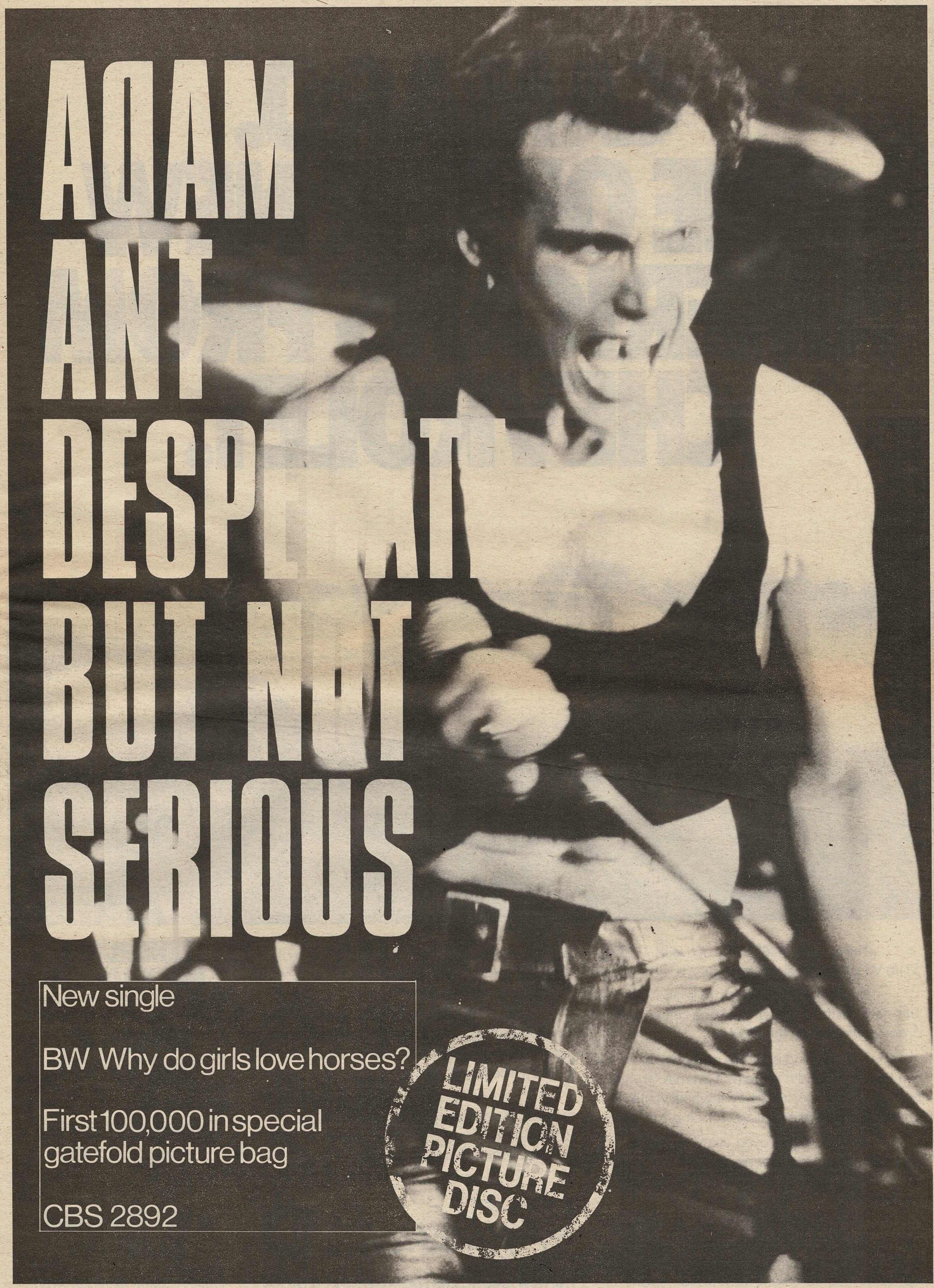
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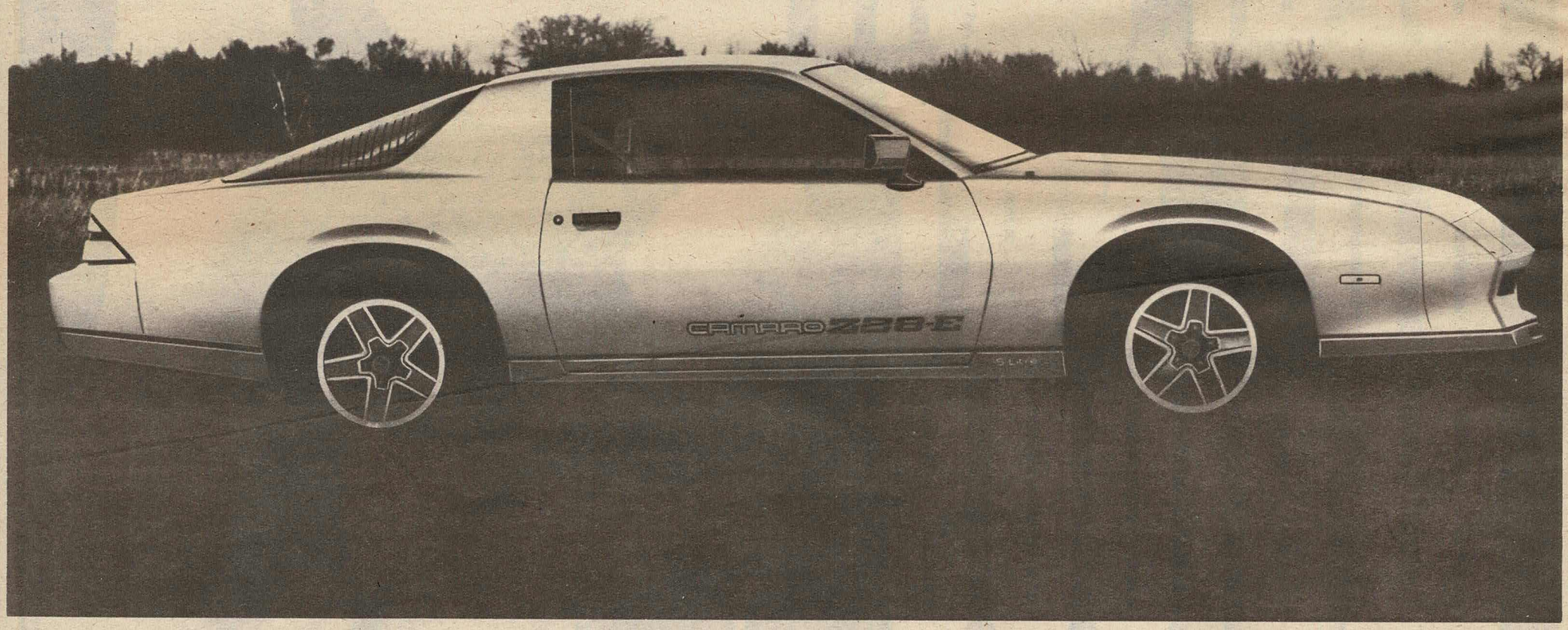

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manifesto for a new ART ATTACK

Bread, Peace and Nightclubs. All Power to The New Art Era! RICHARD STRANGE issues a communique from The Slammer.

Q. WHAT IS The Slammer, and why?
A. The Slammer has only been in existence for one night, so to call it a 'club' at this early stage would be inaccurate, and may possibly prejudge its function/direction. For the time being, let's call it an Artotheque (Artaudtheque? 'eart- attack? Why do I put my head on the block with such alarming regularity?)

It's a performance space that is suitable for a variety of performed media, either simultaneous or separate, on two floors. There is no stage, but there is a totally flexible seating plan.

I want The Slammer to present live performance, dance, spoken word, music, video and installations under the same roof, and to integrate them in a way that no regular venue in London seems willing or able to do.

I use the word 'regular' advisedly, as I am well aware of the important contribution made by the likes of the B2 in Wapping, with its occasional performances in the Gallery, and the huge 'Final Academy' undertaking (leaving aside certain personal misgivings I have about the Genesis P Burroughs propagation of a dubious aesthetic). Nor do I underestimate the ambitious and exciting evenings run by London Video Arts at the AIR gallery. Again, and in a different field, Bill Furlong and Audio Arts are playing a crucial part in encouraging and documenting the cross-fertilisation of the arts, while taking hefty side-swipes at elitism, pomposity and cultural snobbery.

I would not wish to detract from any of these for one moment and, indeed, see The Slammer working in conjunction with, rather than in competition to, them. What *I* would wish to add is a regular, sympathetic space where performers are being judged as working, developing artists, not as hip novelties on the Rock Circuit, nor as precious icons of the 'serious' art/dance circuit, nor even as potential fodder for Channel 4 arts programmes.

I am amazed and depressed, for example, that there is nowhere in London where one can watch contemporary dance (or ballet or jazz, for that matter) in a club atmosphere, with the choice of sitting or standing, drinking or not. Dance in London at present means either college shows or the ICA/Riverside/Sadlers Wells/Covent Garden axis. There is NO middle ground. The is NO low profile testing ground for young choreographers and dancers. This is one of the functions I desperately want the space at The Slammer to fulfil.

There is no club in London that will play, in no particular order, Penderecki, Sylvester, Coltrane, Berio, the Nightingales, Dylan Thomas and Mozart. We will. And much more.

ROCK MUSIC has long prided itself on its (assumed) revolutionary stance. I have news for rock music — it is the MOST conservative of ALL popular art forms. For 25 years the processes of rock haven't changed. The product hasn't changed (in style, marginally — in form, not at all). The venues haven't changed. The attitudes haven't changed.

All this to a soundtrack supplied by the wingeing, whining, pampered doyens of 'The New Age', the attention-seekers, the Love-Junkies, too bloated and sedated to realise they've been absorbed, arrested, castrated and set loose again without ever noticing, so self-obsessed and dumb are they. (Hey, Joe, where you going with all that money up your nose).

There can be little doubt that, in general, the American Rock Biz/Art Biz is even more firmly entrenched and stagnant than ours, but paradoxically it throws up the occasional truly ambitious and inspired cross-cultural collaboration. Philip Glass and Robert Wilson, for example, who with Lucinda Childs stretched theatre/music/opera/performce art further than anyone has ever dared attempt here, even on the so-called Fringe. Or the recent Karol Armitage/Rhys Chatham dance/music works, so vibrant and uplifting it made the stodgy Riverside shake in exhilaration last year. Or Glenn Branca. Or Laurie Anderson, whose lightness of touch and breadth of talent more than compensate for the occasional overbearing coyness.

Going back further, there is the tradition of John Cage/Merce Cunningham/Robert Rauschenberg multi-media pieces. Or Martha Graham. The list goes on. We, on the other hand, answer back with David Hockney and Glyndebourne. Redundant aesthetic in the Ghetto of Privilege. Or worse.

One of the main reaons for this imbalance is a lack of crossover art space in the capital. Rock has always been in rock clubs. Painting in galleries. Acting in theatres. Dance in dance spaces. Of course, The Slammer will not change the course of British art history. It will, however, be provocative and daring. It will, I hope, relieve the tedium and predictability of Tuesday nights for a few weeks. We hope to present work by Lumiere and Son, Hermine, John Scarlett Davies, Rene Eyre, Dave Stephens, Swansway, Test Department, The Event Group, Ian Smith and Barbie Wilde over the next few weeks. The Slammer will only function as long as there is feedback and input.

We are, by nature, lazy. We would rather consume than produce. But I feel we are faced with a choice: either we resign ourselves to a middle and old-age spent consuming endless channels and mind-numbing TV, or we start now to repossess our leisure time from the Multinational Corporate Leisure Industry, who are currently buying up all available stocks of Future Time. (A moderately interesting LP called 'The Phenomenal Rise of Richard Strange' dealt with these and related phenomena some two years back).

I urge you to fight. To resist the takeover.

Open the lines of communication. Clear the blockages.

Message ends. I thank you.

The Slammer. Tuesdays at Gullivers, Down St, W1 Potential performers may phone 677408 in office hours only. The further from the Mainstream of Rock, the greater the chance of an engagement at The Slammer.
B2 Wapping Wall, Wapping, E1
AIR Gallery 6 Roseberry Avenue, WC2.
Audio Arts 6 Briarwood, Clapham, SW.

Pilger campaign grows muscles

THE CAMPAIGN to save John Pilger's *The Truth Game* from IBA censorship is strengthening.

Following articles in this paper, a leader in the *Guardian*, and letters in the *Times*, an all-party screening of the threatened TV documentary — it exposes Government lies and propaganda on the nuclear issue — is to take place today (Thursday) in the Grand Committee Room of the House of Commons.

Labour man Philip Whitehead is the instigator. He plans to spice the occasion by showing the Pilger film back-to-back with the Government's new made-for-schools propaganda effort called *The Peace Game*.

Unlike Pilger and director David Munroe's film, *The Peace Game* will enjoy a greased ride into the country's educational establishments.

One day before the Commons event, Pilger and Munroe planned to lead a deputation of journalists and actors in a picket of the IBA's London offices.

It was an IBA ruling earlier this month that knocked *The Truth Game* from its scheduled November 24 slot. Producers Central TV have been instructed to come up with a "complementary" product that, to the IBA's satisfaction, espouses the official pro-nuclear line. Until they do so Pilger's film cannot be transmitted.

Meanwhile, the IBA have told Granada to scrap plans for a series of four religious programmes which were to have examined the 'unilateral versus multilateral' debate within the Christian community. The series was turned down for being "too secular".

— ANDREW TYLER

● ***STOP PRESS:*** *NME* understands that Central TV have rescheduled *The Truth Game* for transmission in mid-December, presumably with a "complementary" pro-nuclear film to follow. These reports were unconfirmed at press time.

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

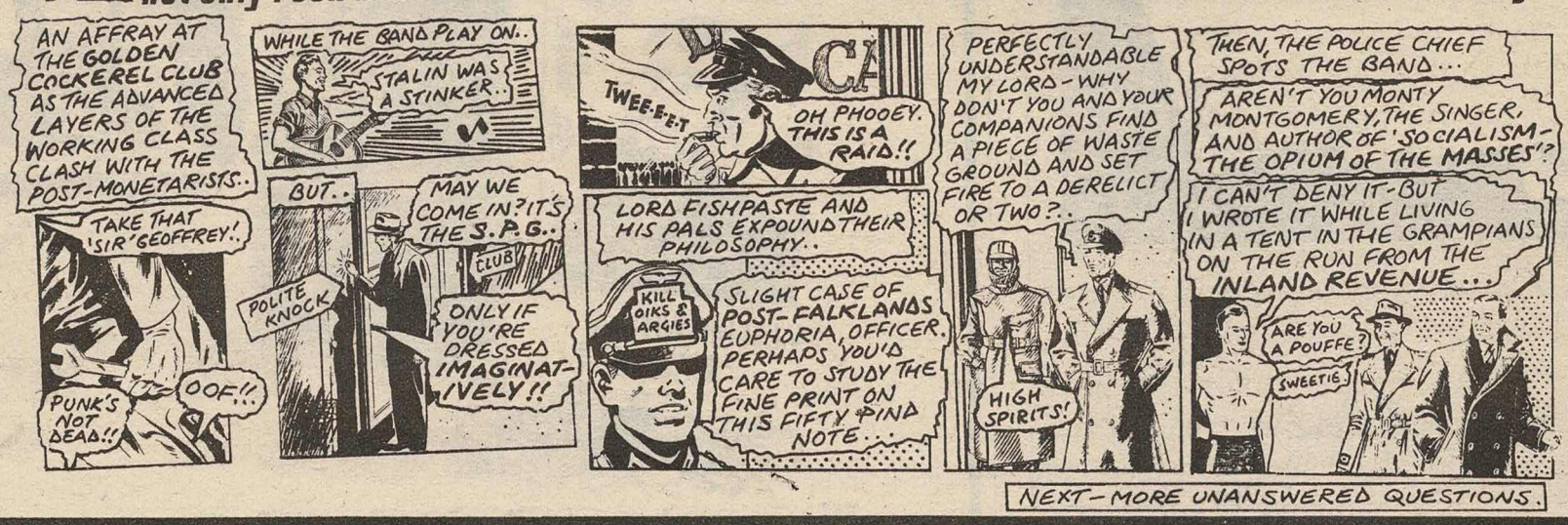
● Next week sees a feature-length film created entirely from American atomic propaganda of the '40s, '50s and '60s in a London season. The film is *The Atomic Cafe,* which reveals the efforts of the American government and media to mislead the public about the effects of nuclear warfare and weapons tests in the post-War period by its juxtaposition of excerpts from 'civil defence' programmes, military training films, TV and radio spots and even cartoons and songs.

The Atomic Cafe can be hilarious but it is also chilling and makes important points about how far one's trust of 'the authorities' can go — especially in the light of evidence in the current US trials for compensation by victims of cancers contracted during the Nevada nuclear tests of the '50s. It is also an important celluloid antidote to the British government's new film *The Peace Game,* which seeks to allay our growing public anxiety about the nuclear menace by continuing to promote the twin myths of 'deterrence' and 'civil defence'. (*The Peace Game* is availabe free to schools; if you're in school you may be shown it.)

The Atomic Cafe opens in London on Thursday November 25th, with a benefit premiere at the Screen On The Green. Tickets are £3, available from the Screen on Upper Street, London N1, or from the CND Bookshop, 227 Seven Sisters Road, London N4. After the premiere, the film will begin a normal run at the cinema. For further info about *The Atomic Cafe,* you may ring Su Small on 01-272 8896, Alison Whyte on 01-263 0977, or Mainline Pictures, the film's UK distributor, on 01-388 4527/4761.

CYNTHIA ROSE

not only rock and roll


AN AFFRAY AT THE GOLDEN COCKEREL CLUB AS THE ADVANCED LAYERS OF THE WORKING CLASS CLASH WITH THE POST-MONETARISTS..
TAKE THAT 'SIR' GEOFFREY!..
OOF!!
PUNK'S NOT DEAD!!
WHILE THE BAND PLAY ON..
STALIN WAS A STINKER..
BUT..
POLITE KNOCK
MAY WE COME IN? IT'S THE S.P.G..
CLUB
ONLY IF YOU'RE DRESSED IMAGINATIVELY!!
TWEE-E-E-T
OH PHOOEY. THIS IS A RAID!!
LORD FISHPASTE AND HIS PALS EXPOUND THEIR PHILOSOPHY..
KILL OIKS & ARGIES
SLIGHT CASE OF POST-FALKLANDS EUPHORIA, OFFICER. PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO STUDY THE FINE PRINT ON THIS FIFTY PINA NOTE...
PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE MY LORD - WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS FIND A PIECE OF WASTE GROUND AND SET FIRE TO A DERELICT OR TWO?..
HIGH SPIRITS!
THEN, THE POLICE CHIEF SPOTS THE BAND...
AREN'T YOU MONTY MONTGOMERY, THE SINGER, AND AUTHOR OF 'SOCIALISM - THE OPIUM OF THE MASSES'?
I CAN'T DENY IT - BUT I WROTE IT WHILE LIVING IN A TENT IN THE GRAMPIANS ON THE RUN FROM THE INLAND REVENUE...
ARE YOU A POUFFE?
SWEETIE
NEXT - MORE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

lowry

NOW I WANNA DO CARTOONS . . .

First 'PUNK', then 'Comical Funnies', now 'Stop!' — dumb cartoonist John Holmstrom pulls another strip out of the bag.

BOYOBOY! BRING BEER! I CAN TELL WHAT KINDA PARTY THIS DULL AFFAIR'S GONNA BE, ALL RIGHT!
DELI QUIK
PUNK
I THINK I'LL LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT BY SHAKIN' UP THE BEER!
HEH HEH HEH HEH!
141 ST
UTICA AVE
SCHLIK!
SCHLIK!
JETS Bombed 42-3
WOW! SOMEBODY BROUGHT BEER! FINALLY! LEMME HAVE ONE, QUICK!
OKEY DOKEY!
HEY!
PSSSHOOT!
HAR HAR HAR!

Holstrom's hero Bosko shaking things up in 'Comical Funnies'.

ON NOVEMBER 27, London's ICA will open 'Urban Rap' — a show of international original work from artists who use the strip cartoon or small publication format to ponder the pleasures and pains of city life in the post-punk era.

Since music is as prominent among those concerns as say, mugging, it seemed the perfect time to have a word with a Godfather of it all — John Holmstrom, founder of *PUNK* magazine.

Holmstrom "grew up in the country in Connecticut, picking beans and tomatoes", then moved to New York. There he ran (and hand-lettered) first *PUNK*, then *Comical Funnies* — a cartoon paper — and now, *Stop!* magazine.

He earns a living as a freelance artist (his Ramones sleeve art has long been legendary), working particularly for 'Video Games' magazine. Recently, he contributed work to the forthcoming Delilah books *The Complete Elvis* and *Rock Gommorah* (by Lester Bangs).

Stop! ("I looked in the dictionary and picked out the words I thought had the most impact and then we voted on a title") is four issues old and it's free, supported by its hip advertisers. Enterprising, modest and much-loved for resurrecting a gonzo go-for-it-ness missing in the 'alternative press' for too long, it attracts fan mail from all the Urban Rappers who don't pass through its pages — as well as from the likes of R. Crumb.

"The problem with *PUNK*," says Holmstrom, "was the stigma of the name — we had to *be* a punk magazine because of that. When we finally went out of business, I was ve-ry happy, though I do want it to be remembered.

"I decided to become a cartoonist, I decided that's what I do best. I was always frustrated because I could never do it before; nobody'd let me be just a cartoonist and it's hard because nobody buys comics anymore.

"*Stop!* is basically an advertisement for ourselves; we're advertising ourselves, our cartoons, along with everybody who buys ads. I kinda get mad if people call it a fanzine — we're not fans writing about our favourite rock stars. I'd love to just make it a good magazine, available for free!"

Holmstrom sees the mulitiplicity of interests of *Stop!* as "the culture that *PUNK* wrote about in the back — like cartoons, TV shows, Mickey Spillane, Sluggo, and sports . . . all that stuff was in *PUNK*, but it was in the back because we all wrote about music."

The likes of James Wolcott and Nick Tosches are already asking to write for the funky freesheet, yet Holmstrom himself has sworn off rock journalism.

"I'm not writing about music anymore, and I've noticed other writers dropping it too. In Great Britain they become film writers and here they write about sports. It's for sure they don't make rock writers like they used to but then the whole spirit of rock and roll has collapsed . . . it *is* 'new romantic' and nostalgic now. Once James White did it in a tuxedo, where can you go from there?"

Far from seeking personality status as a music writer, Holmstrom says he's "reconciled to the fact that I'm never gonna be like the RAW guys. I'm never gonna have a big gallery show; my stuff is never gonna sell for millions." He grins. "I'll just be some dumb cartoonist that people laughed at for a few years."

But you've got the best, most cost-effective mag around.

Another grin. "I just *love* the economy being so bad — because when things are really down, people will gamble. It's one of the reasons we can do *Stop!* During the '70s, everybody was so *complacent*."

With contributors like Bruce Carleton, Peter Bagge, Roberta Bayley, Judy Wilmot, Dale Ashmun, John Eder, and J D King — officially THE Editor — plus features or interviews with cult comedians, rockers, personalities, TV stars, and cartoonists, *Stop!* would cheer anybody up.

"I just refuse to be bored! You know — you never have fun when you pay for it, it's a spontaneous thing. You're at a party and it's dull, so you just leave immediately or you pick up a stick, put on a limbo record and get a limbo party going. More or less, you have to make your own fun."

Stop may be ordered from *Stop!* Publications, PO Box 529, Old Chelsea Station, New York NY 10013 USA. (It's free but you'll have to send $1 for postage). *Comical Funnies* is available from the same address; $2.50 each. The *New York Urban Rap* graphics show is at the ICA, The Mall, London SW1.

CYNTHIA ROSE

lowry

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KING BULLY!

'ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT' floats in the small, dark theatre. *"Someone once said all the world's a stage . . ."* Presley's voice, swallowed vowels and melancholy rap, hangs sad in the darkness, setting the date on the scenes that will follow. *"And then the curtain . . ."*

The darkness lifts and two schoolboys sit crouched in the half-light, flannel shorts barely covering their knees, faces hidden 'neath duffle coat hoods.

It's Mischievous Night, November 4th, 1960, and Baz and Alan are sat in front of their bonfire engaged in a keen bout of slapsies.

'Johnny Oil' is a heady tale of childhood chat and gossip, nagging fears and dirty dreams. Baz and Alan are waiting worried, biting lips, keeping vigil in case the dreaded Johnny Oil shows up to wreck their bongy on the eve of the 5th. The two lads tussle and talk tough, boasting of scraps and heroic acquaintances.

The introduction, a flashback to pre-teen habits and anxieties, is brilliantly observed. From a magnificent farting-armpit sequence, where Baz masters that most vital of arts — the sort of thing that makes you hero for a day if not for the duration of the dinner break — the two eleven year olds build an endearing knockabout comic dialogue; they rush precious fags, drop names and quote their dads in an effort to impress and proudly recount other people's sexual experiences, all the while bidding to glean valuable information.

Johnny Oil's inevitable arrival jars the uneasy joviality. Johnny is older and bigger, has more experience and more power and, to the scruffy, nervous innocents, seems endowed with an electric menace. Johnny has a leather jacket, Johnny has a quiff, Johnny has *it*.

Phil Daniels as Johnny Oil plays the failed bully with precise, economic style. He mocks Baz and Alan, his juniors, relishing the superiority of the thirteen year old. His presence makes for blacker comedy, a nastier tension.

Andy Armitage has written a truly magic play. The clever, raucous script spills youthful aggression and directs it with fine, comic detail. Behind all the acid observation, all the glorious talk of Passing Clouds and bills at the Palladium, of bonfire night and Brocks and Standards, *Johnny Oil* is a hard crack.

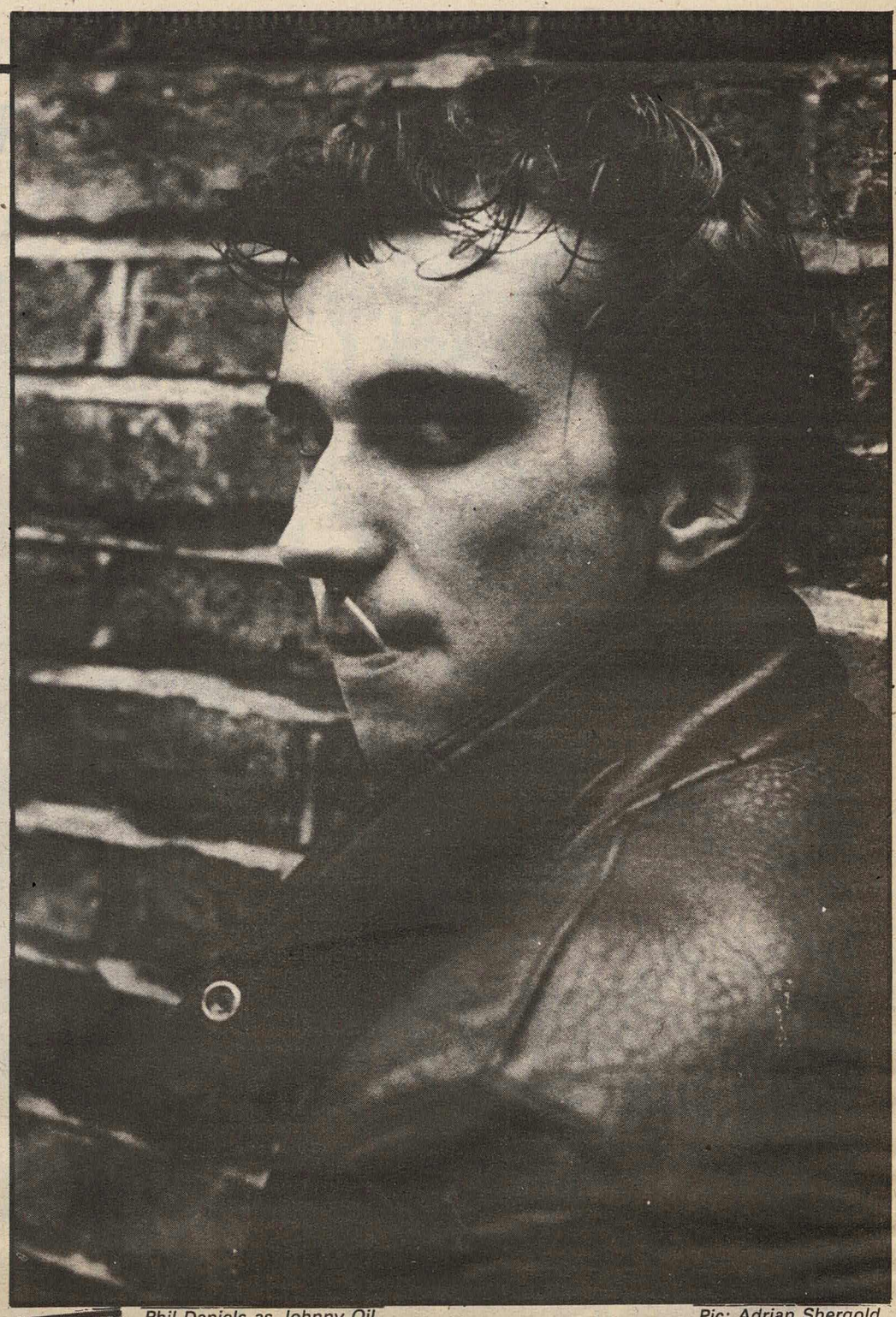
The conversation surrounding the events of one November evening in Trafford Park traces out a sad reality. The dialogue focuses on the limited concerns of three kids in Manchester but adeptly uses talk of local gangs and small-time rivalry to map out larger truths. *Johnny Oil* plays hard with *divisions*— divisions between different estates and different schools, between Catholic and Protestant, between young and not so young. Tears come fast and furious and the action is hilarious.

Baz and Alan carry off a sublime approximation of the inane intro to *Beat The Clock*, that most sorely missed of TV quiz shows, while Oil makes brave snatch-attempts at Presley's 'Now Or Never' . . . clowns, all of 'em. Andy Armitage has a sharp eye for a comic device and, once he's got Oil trapped in a ridiculous position, he mills it for as much as he can get.

Armitage, a lecturer at a college of further education in Orpington, Kent, has had four plays staged, including *Making Time* and *Houdini — my father shook his hand* (the tale of a failed Northern escapologist). *fit, keen and over 17 . . ?*, a play about three kids trying to join the SAS, is currently also showing in London.

The Manchester-born playwright is a valuable dramatist. Just when theatrical inspiration seemed miserably sunk, *Johnny Oil* and Bleasdale's *Boys From The Blackstuff* reaffirms the strength of British dramatic writing. Armitage has proved himself with this production.

The Soho Poly set is raw and convincing and the simple informality of the



Phil Daniels as Johnny Oil. *Pic: Adrian Shergold*

Tears For Fears: Roland Orzabel (left) and Curt Smith.

BEYOND THE VOID

ARE TEARS FOR FEARS DEEP — OR JUST WET?

IN WHAT must be one of the most surprising chart surges of 1982, Tears For Fears have carried the weighty mantle of post-Joy Division music to the top, capturing the elusive markets of screaming teenies and the heavy overcoat brigade on the way.

'Mad World', like much of the group's other material, is the epitome of the 'grower', an insidiously simple tune aided, in no small way, by the championing of John Peel and Peter Powell.

Friends since childhood, Roland Orzabal and Curt Smith, the mainstays of the group, grew up in Bath where their musical dabblings lead to a stint in Graduate, a contrived group that rapidly dated as the first flush of the revival petered out.

It did, however, provide them with the money and facilities to work together on their own material which they managed to place, with apparent ease, with Phonogram Records.

A couple of releases put out without particular backup, compounded by a somewhat lackadaisical approach, left Tears For Fears beached — bereft of an audience, a manager, a firm contract or even some sort of game plan. Although not enamoured with the prospect of gigging, they tested the water with a support slot on The Thompson Twins, desperate 'We're Pop Stars' tour.

Talking with Roland — Curt opting for silence in the light of his ravaged tonsils — at the Hammersmith Palais, we mull over the Mad World phenomenon.

"I'm completely surprised, I just don't know who's buying it. We had the support from the DJs who've been playing our stuff for some time, but the way all the other DJs picked up on it immediately was totally unexpected."

Roland is further surprised when I tell him of the enormous appeal Tears For Fears have generated amongst the 12-14 year olds.

"I can understand that to a certain extent with Curt being the pin-up, but records don't sell purely because of that."

They don't?

"People are ultimately attracted to the music — there are loads of good looking people around who are doing nothing. Our music is the thing that's getting to people. I don't think the kids really understand the magnitude of what we're talking about." *(On yer bike — street level Ed.)*

This brings us to the basis of most Tears For Fears lyrics — an obsession with perhaps the darker, sadder elements of relationship and motive.

Do you purposely eschew the investigation of love that so many chart regulars rely on?

"I think our songs are about love. Lots of people blithely sing about it without really understanding. They treat love as either romance or sex when it's not about that at all."

What is love, then?

"It's letting someone be themselves. It's total honesty."

Roland's choice of Peter Gabriel (along with Gilbert and Sullivan and Simon and Garfunkel) as a specific musical reference point prompts inquiry into the Tears For Fears production technique. Gabriel said recently it took him 18 months to make his most recent 40-odd minutes of music and Tears For Fears are still working on an album began in July.

"Recording does take a long time. It's an urge for perfection; it only comes out right if you do it as you feel. I hope it never gets to the Gabriel stage. He tends to involve lots of other musicians and pick and choose which bits he wants while we prefer to work on our own, or just use the other members of the live group."

Do you have problems coping with producers? You've already used four so far.

"Producers tend to dissipate the energy in production. We'll probably produce the second album ourselves but we're getting on alright with Chris Hughes (Adam Ant, Dalek I) for this one."

TEARS FOR FEARS are in a quandary. Thrust into the limelight by a record buying public seeming more avaricious for more pretty faces and pretty tunes every week, they seem hardly prepared for the treadmill they're already on.

Despite Roland's wish "to avoid being like other bands", it'll take strong wills to avoid the pressure that increases with every upward chart shift.

There are already fights with Phonogram about follow-ups. Although a reissue of 'Pale Shelter', their fine, neglected second single, would seem the obvious move, Phonogram, urging a rapid release (Christmas time spelling much mazooma), are tussling with the boys, who prefer to wait until a superior cut is complete.

"So many groups are purely exploitative once they've had hits. The more you go on the more you trust your own opinion. We have to decide what do we want to hear in the charts."

Tears For Fears can compete with the chart's own superficial level but they also possess the bonus of a depth of material that should ensure significant album sales across the board — from dewy eyed teenagers and bedsitter dwellers alike.

GRAHAM K. SMITH

X. Moore clocks Phil Daniels in 'Johnny Oil' and rediscovers roughshod drama.

theatre makes it an ideal venue. I certainly have no objection to skiving off at dinnertime to pay a quid to sit on R. Whites Lemonade crates and watch an hour of fast drama but, as ever, it's sad that this theatre's audience (like so many others) is so obviously *limited*.

The theatre world has always seemed a world apart and plays of the quality of *Johnny Oil* too often go wasted and unseen. The presence of Phil Daniels, familiar from *Quadrophenia* and a number of TV appearances, should help pull a wider audience.

Phil Daniels, a roughshod, honest talent conspicuous 'mongst too many 'precious' nonentities, came to acting by chance, like so many kids who started at Anna Sher's school. "It was a place in Islington where people just went. I fancied some bird who went there so I went after her and just stayed with the theatre. That's when it was two bob a lesson . . ." Now there are month-long waiting lists and Anna Sher, launchpad for numerous acting talents, thrives on an impressive reputation.

Phil himself admits to warming to the role of Johnny Oil, the Elvis-worshipping, self-styled headcase. Although he also played the brash lad in Barrie Keefe's excellent TV play *Hangin' Around*. Daniels (as his command of Mancunian verbals demonstrates) is a versatile performer — he played a Buddhist monk last year and recently appeared as Puck in BBC2's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. His next part comes in a forthcoming Mike Leigh play for television.

Phil Daniels is worth staying in for. *Johnny Oil* is *well* worth shelling out for. Go see't.

X. MOORE

'Johnny Oil' by Andy Armitage is at the Soho Poly Theatre, 16 Riding House Street, London W1 (box office: 01-636 9050) till November 27th. Admission £1.20 (£1 concessions). Starts: 1.15pm.

'Fit, keen, and over 17 . . .?' by Andy Armitage is at the Tom Allen Centre, Grove Crescent Road, London E15 (box office: 01-555 7289) till this Saturday (November 20th). Admission £2 (£1 concessions). Starts: 7.45pm.

SIXTY MINUTES IN A VELOUR CINEMA SEAT

THURSDAY LAST saw the world premiere of *Ten Years In An Open Necked Shirt*, the John Cooper Clarke documentary film long awaited by lovers of the Salford Bard's "desperate esperanto of bop".

Literati and layabouts alike lounged in the luxury of the nylon velour seating thoughtfully provided by The Arts Council (who helped finance the film), and gaped as highlights from JCC's stage act flickered afore their eyes and the man gave the run-around to interviewers of the smartass ("How much is a poetic licence?") and earnest ("Is your poetry a comment on the macho ethic/your alienation from your parents?") inclinations.

Apart from the limitless parade of tab-collar shirts, polka-dot ties and side and centre vent jackets flashing across screen, there were guest appearances by Linton Kwesi Johnson, Seething Wells, Attila The Stockbroker, Michele Roberts and Jules Deelder (a Dutch poet and kook).

Most notable, however, was the closing sequence from 'Ten Years' itself, where the poet and oldtime associate and director Nick May have contrived to incarnate the bard's brand of British surrealism to uncanny and disturbing life, though afterwards Clarkie agreed that the absence of a genuine purple Isotta bubble car was a sad omission. He also informed your correspondent that he is shortly to travel to Australia to perform in support of fellow Mancunians New Order, and hoped to stop off at Bali for Christmas; "I hear they knock out some nice silk whistles for around fifteen quid," said modern British literature's greatest challenge to the fashion trade.

JOHN COOPER CLARE

PRINT

Masaru Kawahara's design for Kaoru Sudo's 'Chef's Special'.

GETTING IT COVERED

THIS FRIDAY sees the publication of *The Album Cover Album — Second Volume*. This compilation of record sleeves covers the years between 1977 and the present, and like its predecessor is 12 inches square and in full colour.

The first stylistic chapter is shared by Jazz and classical designs, the latter a token inclusion, and demonstrates (perhaps unintentionally) the decline of the jazz sleeve. At their peak jazz sleeves accurately reflected trends in contemporary art and design, and established an identity even the non-initiate could recognise. With the exception of ECM, whose low-key house style has evolved from jazz's deeper roots, most current sleeves are indistinguishable from the archetypal American AOR cover. All they reflect is the marketing policy of major labels.

The chapter dedicated to punk and new wave — instead of presenting them contextually to highlight their revitalising effects — separates them from subsequent developments, seeming to deny the very influence these forms had. Despite this arbitary separation, punk to the present day is covered fairly comprehensively, but although the coverage is broad almost everyone will find one of their favourite sleeves missing.

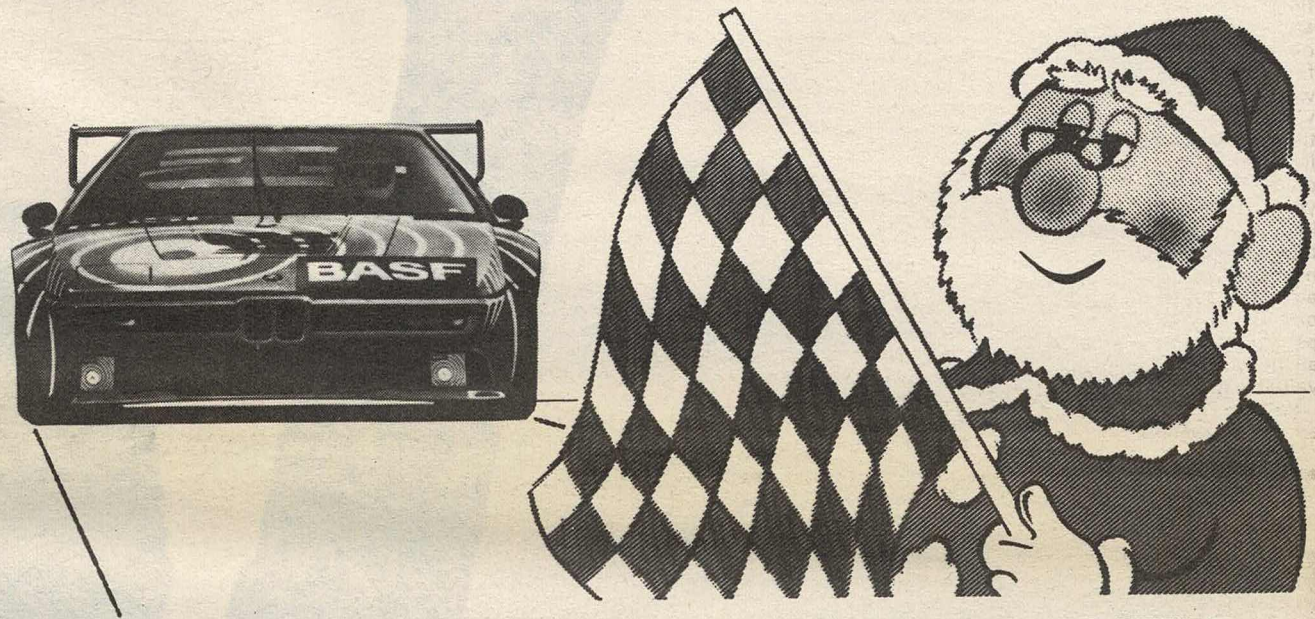
'Theme And Style' brings together some of the common and recurrent motifs and iconography in use over the last few years. James Burke couldn't have put it together more successfully. Unfortunately reggae is disposed of in one page; the biggest omission in the book. The sheer volume of this genre makes it deserving of better coverage.

The book also has comprehensive chapters on Japanese sleeves and single picture bags, and finishes with a selection of individual portfolios. This last section examines, in greater detail, work ranging from the post-constructivism of Malcolm Garret to the Americana of Neon Park.

Priced at £7.95 (softback), £12.95 (hardback) the book is recommended to anyone who spends as much time looking at the front of a record sleeve as they do reading the track listing and composer credits.

To coincide with its publication the Association Of Illustrators is holding an exhibition of selected covers and original artwork at the AOI gallery, 1 Colville Place, off Charlotte Street, London W1 from 22 November-3 December.

RICHARD KRYZAK



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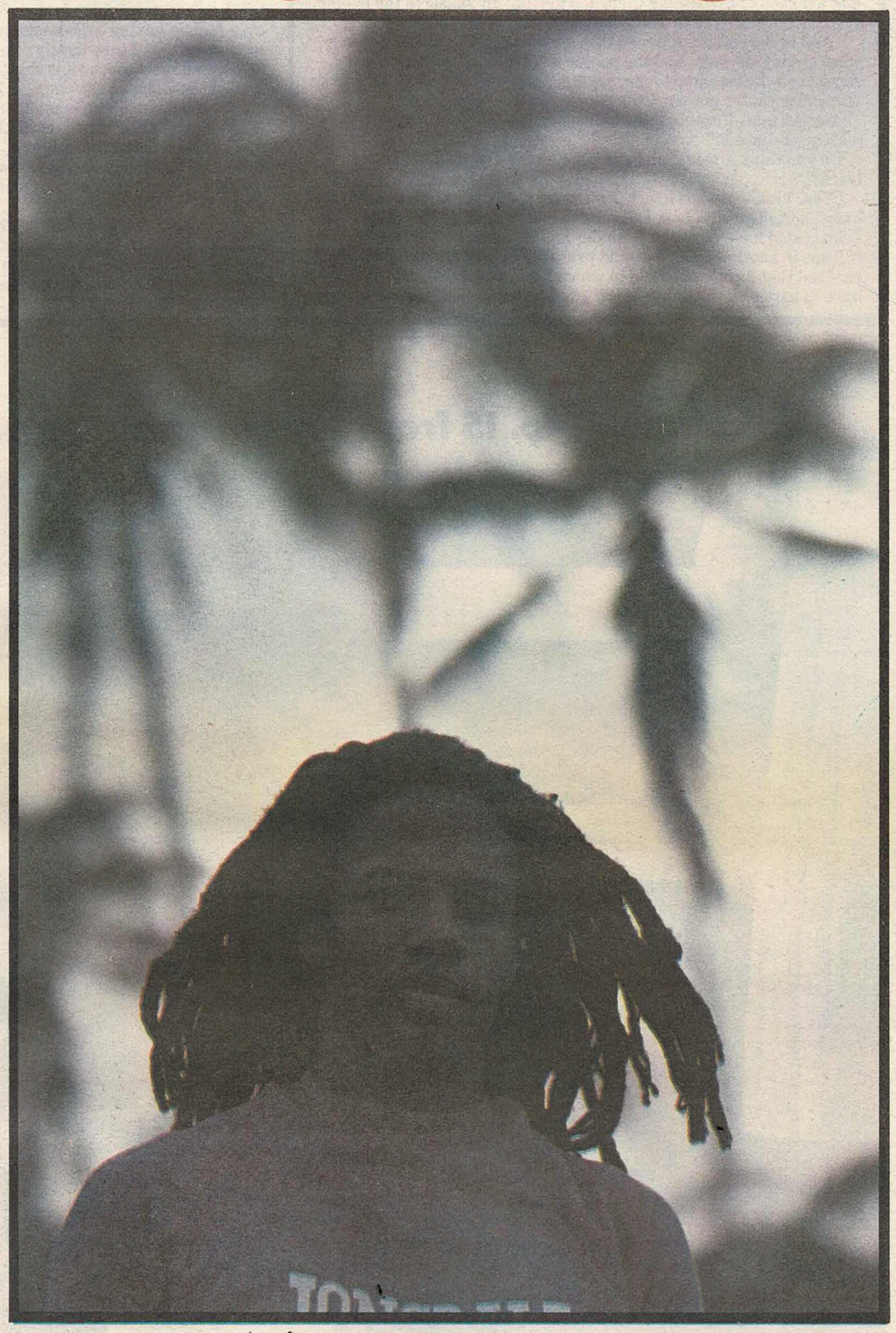
THE BLACK

SKINNED BLUE EYED POP BOY

INTERVIEW: PAUL DU NOYER
PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN

Eddy Grant is arguably the most important British black artist who, from being a product of the teenybop '60s with the multi-racial Equals, has concentrated on building a successful solo career over the last decade. A songwriter of enormous political importance, his career has now culminated in total financial and artistic independence.



A BIG WHITE house on a tiny green island . . . We walk outside and Eddy Grant points to a huge tree — sinister, gnarled and ancient, lizards slithering over the withered tentacles it has for branches.

"The vibes from that tree," he says. "You just wouldn't believe . . ."

And sure enough, I don't — until he tells me that was the tree where they hanged the leaders of an 1816 slaves' uprising.

"I'm telling you!" He laughs loud to see another sceptic confounded. "Those vibes are for *real!*"

I should have known. Eddy Grant's not soft, he doesn't play games. Eddy Grant doesn't mess around.

Just as I write this, Eddy Grant's newest single has taken the UK number one spot — one more triumphant peak in a long career which speaks volumes on the topics of self-belief, hard graft and blind determination. This success owes nothing to accident and precious little to good luck. It's been schemed for, fought for, every inch of the way.

If ever a man deserved the privilege of a colonial plantation house in tropical Barbados — and was entitled to survey the world with a smile of satisfaction — then that man is Mr Grant.

IT WAS 22 years ago that the Grant family left an outpost of the Empire called Guyana and made a home in England.

It was eight years later that their son Eddy had his first number one record — 'Baby Come Back', with multi-racial pop group The Equals. He followed that with a few misses and a few hits (notably 'Viva Bobby Joe' and 'Blackskin Blue Eyed Boys'), and played the public part of flash young pop star — dyed white hair, even! — in the finest '60s tradition.

By the early '70s The Equals had floundered, finding themselves on the wrong side of the great bubblegum v progressives credibility gap. Already laid low by exhaustion and illness, the single minded Eddy Grant set about picking up the pieces and reconstructing them into a solo career. A couple of albums followed, but these new years were lean ones. The general opinion was that Eddy Grant had had his 15 minutes of glory and the most polite thing he could do now was to fade quietly away.

Rather unusually for a product of that teenybop time — and *very* unusually for a black artist in Britain — he had different ideas. And he set to work to prove them. But it wasn't until around 1978, when he'd finally achieved his dreams of total independence, financial and creative, that the folly of writing him off became apparent to all. New songs like 'Walking On Sunshine', and 'Living On The Frontline' said something to the marketplace at large which a lot of British blacks, and numerous fans in Africa and the Caribbean already knew: namely that there was a major talent here, and it wasn't going to go away.

Today, Eddy Grant's reputation and commercial status can be taken as indisputable facts across the world, from Norway to Argentina. (England has never been more than one small patch on his map.) There's been a string of solid selling albums, plus chart 45s such as 'Do You Feel My Love' and 'Can't Get Enough Of You'. There's an acclaimed film (also out on video) of his classic performance at the Notting Hill Carnival. Not forgetting, of course, that masterly reworking of 'Walking On Sunshine' by New York's Rockers Revenge — or the early Grant song 'Police On My Back', which has been a highlight of The Clash's act since 'Sandinista'.

And it would be a surprise indeed if his newly released LP, 'Killer On The Rampage', didn't spawn a few more hits to follow 'I Don't Wanna Dance', as well as mashing up the Xmas album charts in its own right.

The 'Killer' LP is the first one to be recorded at the Blue Wave studio he's built for himself, next door to the Barbados home where he moved with his family one year ago . . . with guest accommodation for visiting musicians now being built on the remains of the old slave quarters! As ever, he's written all the material, arranged and produced the thing, and even supplies every voice and instrument you'll hear on the record.

It comes out on his own label, Ice, the company he founded in an effort to control every aspect of his solo career. When he lived in North London, he built his own studio there too. When he couldn't get the kind of manufacturing deal he wanted from the majors, he went ahead and bought his own pressing plant to go with it. He set up Ice Records operations in Africa and the West Indies, where success came earlier than it did in Britain.

These weren't the actions of some desk-bound, wheeler-dealer tycoon, either. It was the painstaking work of a man with massive ambition and meagre resources, blocked at every turn by a business which didn't want to know — at least not on the terms which Eddy Grant demanded as of right. He'd been around too long, and watched the music industry's techniques too closely, to ever settle for anything less than complete control and a just reward for success generated, after all, by *his* slog and talent — nobody else's.

"AT THE END of the day what I find with anything that's artistic is that you have non-artistic people trying to make the decisions. And even at the highest level you've got artists being manipulated by these people. When I was with The Equals, I found that although I was being manipulated like very other artist, I had an amount of freedom by virtue of the fact that I wrote the songs, produced the records and everything like that. I realised there could be a time in an artist's life when he could control as much as is physically possible of his own artistic process.

"So, bit by bit, as time went on I thought, Well, I will put myself in this position. And it's primarily because in the final analysis what happens to an artist is, that because his life is so intertwined with these people who know nothing about the creative process, when they feel it's time for him not to be there any more, they just act on it. And because he hasn't got either the financial resources, or in some cases the raw guts to persevere, he goes where they say. Which is *out.*

"So, bit by bit, I tried to do away with that, to see that nobody could put me in that position. Only the people in the streets should be able to write off an artist. With my music, with my whole thing, I've always tried to be directly responsible to the people, and not to the media, or the managers or the record company bosses. It might be slightly presumptuous, but nevertheless I think that if you can get yourself into the position, then it will work for you."

Aptly, the first step Grant ever took in music was to make his own guitar, after school woodwork classes. It set the pattern for a life of brazen independence. There's also the tale of the day, years back, when he was hawking a solo LP around the record companies: yet another mogul showed him the door, and asked him what he'd do with this tape that nobody wanted. "I dunno," answered Grant. "I'll just take it home and listen to it myself . . ."

It's rare for a musician to accept the extra burdens of business responsibility, isn't it?

"That's true. But when I started in this business I was working with a band that had a very limited ability to play. I was already a musician when I was with The Equals. I'd been playing classical trumpet (with the Camden Youth Orchestra), I therefore understood the process of music.

"So when the band started playing gigs we had no agent, no manager. So then I went and looked for a person to help us. And a person came for a time, and then disappeared. So then it came back upon me to find a record company, and I hustled and found a record company — all this while I was still at school. So therefore it was obvious that out of the whole band I was going to be the one with the business acumen, because I had been shaping my muscles from day one. It was incumbent upon me to do this thing because there was no alternative, you see?

"Chuck Berry used a statement one time which I find to be quite true about this business. He said, if he had to go out and do it all over again, he would go and get a degree in business management, and *then* learn to play the guitar. One really affects the other. A broke musician will eventually end up being no musician at all.

"When I started, I set out to have a career at least 25 years long. I could have been a doctor, I was going along that path. But I decided to be a musician, and once I got into it I saw that if I wanted to make it a career, 25 years long, I'd have to *study* it, like I would have had to study if I was going to be a doctor."

After The Equals, though, it was one set-back after another.

"Yes. This business has taken me to such a height, and then all of a sudden it looks like the very people who were lauding and applauding you yesterday are trying to put you in a hole. But if you've really got talent, that talent doesn't wither and die overnight. It's a race, and I know that you've got some heavyweights out there with promotion and marketing strategies, and all I've got to fight with is music."

So what kept you going through that period?

CONTINUES OVER

BLUE EYED POP BOY

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Belief. Belief in one's self. You know that you have practiced, you know you've attained a certain level. As I say, it's a race, and if you have trained then you know at least you're in with a chance like everybody else. And it was only a question of all the forces of nature coming together, that would do it. And I had no way of influencing these things so I said, Well, when my turn comes around I know I'll be there and I'll be ready, because I'll have practiced and I'll be sharp. That's the only thing that kept me going through that time."

Did you ever feel any bitterness?

"Bitterness? No. I look on it philosophically, you know. This industry gave me — I've never worked in my life! — it's given me all that I've got, money, a rough face *(Laughs)*, a pain in the stomach. It's given me everything, good and bad. But it hasn't been all bad, and when it was good it was very good.

"So I can't say that I was ever really bitter. There were times maybe that I was *vexed* — for example with the major companies who just wanted to have me moulded in a particular way, to make a particular type of music which they could market easily. But I realised that there was no point fighting with them. If only there was a means of by-passing them and getting my music to the people, I wouldn't even have to deal with them.

"And in the end it happened that my music got to the people in some circuitous way. And the people liked it, and then the big record companies came to *me*, saying, Now we want you, because we realise you've got what the people like.

"So. Alright. Forget all the animosity. Do the deal, carry on making the music."

Do you think it would all have been easier if you hadn't been black?

"Yes. I know that as a fact. I've never really been a hypocrite. I know, sociologically, how I stand as a man within this industry. But even that, I have never let it hinder me. Because by the same token, if I was in another field, it would probably be exactly the same. So I realised that I am in the field in which I am strongest, and I'll just have to battle on the terms of the game. The rules of the game were that if I was black, maybe I would not sell as many records as if I was white.

"Well, alright. So let me sell the maximum amount of records that I can sell as a black man, and then we'll look at all the rest once we've done that! And I'm getting there!" He laughs again.

AT 35, EDDY Grant lives the life of a well-respected family man — a loyal husband and a proud, dutiful dad. A clean-living sportsman, too — it's tempting to see the drive and energy he puts into his career as the natural complement to an almost puritanical private life, which finds no time for restaurants or nightclubs (not to mention alcohol, drugs, tobacco, meat, tea and coffee.)

For all that, he's a relaxed and affable man. Meeting him, I found his initial reserve and quiet politeness something of a surprise — nothing like the brash, bustling extrovert I'd half expected from his catalogue of achievements, and indeed, his music.

Above all, he's perceptive and alert and shrewd. And — one of his favourite words — an intensely *"interested"* man.

Breaking off from our interview, as he shows me around the rooms of his home, where workmen busy themselves restoring the building's tasteful splendour, he confides: "I hope that you don't ever feel, in having a discussion with me about anything, that it is something that I take lightly. You must know that I am really interested in whatever it is that we talk about."

Right now, he's busy emptying his mind of the album that's preoccupied him for so many months — the record he firmly intended to be his "killer" work, hence its title — and looking to other things: like more building, fixing up the studio (Marcia Barrett from Boney M will be his next production project), "getting the family comfortable", and planning a UK/European tour for next Spring.

But talking of the 'Killer On The Rampage' set, there's a wealth of fine pop there. 'Electric Avenue' (about Brixton) sounds like a natural single to me, as do 'Latin Love Affair' (written for his close friend Diego Maradonna, the Barcelona player), and Grant's own favourite, 'War Party'.

"I suppose it would be slightly controversial. Some people who have heard it have said, Oh, the radio won't play that. But then again it hasn't worried me in the past, and I don't see why it should worry me now. Whether it becomes a hit, or the greatest bummer of all time, it's still a great song."

Something else I've played a lot since coming back from Barbados is a 12" Grant production called 'Jack' *("dah beach is mine!")* by local hero Mighty Gabby.

"It's sold more records, pro-rata, than any other record in the world, because it's sold to one-tenth of the population of this country. They've got 250,000 people here, and we've sold one-tenth of that. If you sold to one-tenth of the population of America, you'd be doing *very* well — and I've never heard of anybody doing that!"

Loosely in the Caribbean "soca" style (ie soul/calypso, like The Explainer's 'Lorraine' hit), it's great fun.

"It's the most popular song of all time here. It's a protest song about the beach. Some guy here, a very important guy, said that the rich foreigners who buy properties here, on the beach, should build barricades to stop the hustlers, the guys who sell coral on the beach. And it became a big social issue."

WHAT MADE Grant leave England last year, and move to Barbados?

"There's been all kinds of speculation, really. But the reason that I left England was the cold. From the very first day that I came to England I didn't like the cold. But I had no choice, my father and mother brought me there and I had to take it. In England I was happy in the summertime and miserable in the winter, and it cut down on my productivity. So I thought that as soon as I could reasonably afford it, I would make the move.

"And Barbados? I looked around the islands and thought, well, it's sufficiently like England, it's got good communications, Guyana (where his family once again live) is only one hour away, I can get to England in seven hours — which is as long as it takes me to get from England to France, cos I travel by train wherever I can. So, why not? I like it here, I like the ambience of the country. It's quite quiet. I'm not a very sociable person, I don't know many people. And this suits me fine."

Within his work you can hear everything from reggae to rock'n'roll, through soul and pure pop, African (he was recording in Swahili years ago) and funk: but all effortlessly blended into a unique consistent style of his own. I mention how I was relieved he wasn't lured into the monster disco boom a few years ago, which must surely have seemed an easy and lucrative option at the time.

"I've never felt the need to conform in that way. If it's something that I do naturally then I'll do it, and if it isn't then I won't do it. And it doesn't matter whether I'm going to sell millions of records that way or not. It doesn't matter, because the time for what I do will come . . . either within my lifetime, or when I'm dead."

Do you pay much attention to the music scene back in England?

"Yeah! I pay close attention to the music scene *everywhere!* It's my life. I study what is happening, where it's going, look at every angle of the industry, so that at any one time it can't surprise me."

And Grant anticipates my next question: "Somebody has asked me, you know, Don't you think that being out in the Caribbean, you miss the motivation for making music? And I said, You've got to be joking. This is where it all started for me! And he said, Yeah, but the things that make you *write?* I said, these things aren't in England. These things are in my head. These things are in the air, they're on the news, in the papers, everywhere. The motivating force is life itself. And life doesn't begin and end in England."

OVER THE years, through his songs, Eddy Grant has addressed himself to matters of politics, as well as to the lighter matters of love, fun and dance. His albums can skip nimbly from one to the other. As early as The Equals, he was worrying *Top Of The Pops* producers with unequivocal message-material like 'Blackskin Blue Eyed Boys', and issuing public debating challenges to one Enoch Powell MP (never taken up, unfortunately). More recent things like 'Preachin' Genocide', 'Cockney Black' and 'Get Down Soweto' have continued the militant stance against the evils of poverty, war and racism.

Yet he's never bid for figurehead status. His brand of self-help capitalism is unfashionable among radicals, both white and black, and he's never seen ghettoes as something to get romantic about. He'd rather be a straightahead entertainer, playing to all colours, than get touted as some spokesman of black suffering.

It's an honest line to take, but Grant hasn't escaped criticism from those who thought he was leaving commitment behind, going for softer options, as on the largely apolitical album of 1981, 'Can't Get Enough'.

"I noticed when Bob Marley was at his peak, or ascending, that people close to him were constantly telling him, You should be writing *this* kind of song. You should be slamming white people, you should be talking about the hard things. And he was writing about the soft things. And I observed the work he was doing, and I could see the personal fight — the writer fighting with himself — to take the stand that people were telling him to take, or the one that the man inside was telling him to take.

"Well, I don't accept any of that, from outside. When people say, Oh, you're not talking about the Frontline, you're not taking the hard political stand, then I say, It's *me* you're talking about. And only I know how I feel. And if I feel like writing ten love songs for my album, it's how I feel at a particular time. One album does not a man make.

"If, when it's all over for me, and people look back over what it is that I have done, they must see a catalogue of work that shows the loops and bumps of a man's life. A man's life doesn't go like that (draws a straight line in the air) with bitterness, or like *that* with love. It goes love-bitterness, love-bitterness. So that's how I write."

You've promised for years that you would one day get to where you are now. But you also sang that you didn't want to be a "star". Why?

"If all those who are called stars are stars, then I don't want to be one of them. But I'll qualify it: people who are involved in a certain lifestyle, who are capable of influencing a new generation in the wrong way. They commit a new generation to all the old mistakes. I don't want to be part of that movement.

"I've always said that if anything can be gleaned from my life by a new person, then it must be *good.* It must be intrinsically good — so it don't matter how you twist or turn it, it still comes out good. It doesn't matter who slanders it, it still comes up good. And I live according to that decree.

"Muhammed Ali, James Brown, people who have tried to show something which is good — if *they* are stars, then I want to be a star like them. But this inverted-commas star, that you can become just by getting a top ten record . . . there is no reason that because you

CONTINUES PAGE 56

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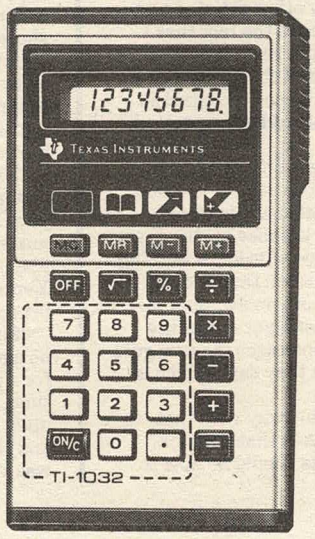

TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

GB/15/REV 1

RAINING HATS AND DOGS

...And insects, and the mammoth thoughts of Professor David Thomas

WORDS GRAHAM LOCK PIC PETER ANDERSON

"What's the point, Professor Thomas?"

"WHEEE-URR-dee-bip," sings David Thomas as we drive through the dreary urban sprawl of West London.

"Wheee-urr-dee-bip." Some people like to whistle and some people like to hum, but David Thomas treats his companions to outbursts of loony scat.

"What's that building over there?" he asks, pointing to a curiously-shaped tower block. "I like that one. That's my favourite building." He chuckles drily to himself.

Sitting behind him, I see that his back is broader than the car seat, that his dark, curly hair touches the car roof. The inherent sense of menace you'd expect in so commanding a figure is dispelled by the chubby, mischievous face and an outcrop of wispy hair nestled beneath the lower lip — patently a humorist's version of a beard.

David Thomas is heading towards an electric razor. Having neglected to shave earlier in the day, he wants to tidy up before he's photographed for the *NME*.

"Aw, I'm a born slob," he mutters, "but it's like being a diabetic, I guess, you just gotta do something about it. Besides, what would my mother say?"

He laughs loudly. A delighted "HAR HAR HAR" that subsides into breathless squeaks as the large shoulders heave and plunge.

"Wheee-urr-dee-bip," he sings. His rumpled clothes and air of genial distraction remind me of an eccentric professor — the role he plays on his new US single, a solo version of 'Petrified', much expanded from — and better than — the track which appears on the latest Pere Ubu LP. It's a song about the fossils of prehistoric animals, but the single also includes a comic dialogue between 'Professor' Thomas and his audience.

"A voice from the audience: 'Professor Thomas?'

'Yes.'

'What's the meaning of this? Is this more ART? What's the meaning of this? Can you explain this symbolism to us? . . . What's the POINT, Professor Thomas?' "

'Petrified' is actually the latest manifestation of Thomas' growing interest in all aspects of science, a bug which he caught from his mother.

"Well, how many boy/girl songs are there in the world?" He raises his eyebrows in mock exasperation. "How many songs about *dinosaurs* are there? Just mine and Jonathan Richman's!" The burbling laugh erupts momentarily.

"I like the songs to be . . . smart. That sounds bad, but I like there to be some thought in them. I've been writing songs about science recently and I like that, I find it an interesting subject. There'll be more science songs . . . maybe I'll write a song about hydro-carbon chemistry. Who's done it, huh? Not even Jonathan Richman's done it, HAR HAR HAR! There's tons of things in the world to write songs about and I like writing 'em. Hydro-carbon chemistry here I come!"

"Some hats look like me"

DAVID THOMAS has three hats. There's the one he wears as frontman for Pere Ubu, the Cleveland quintet who, in the mid-'70s, came up with a deranged, elusive, angst-riven, blackly comic rock'n'roll report on the Industrial Age.

Then there's the hat he wears as leader of The Pedestrians, a makeshift group whose line-up varies around a core of Thomas, Richard Thompson, and new Ubu drummer Anton Fier, and whose excellent debut LP, 'The Sound Of The Sand', was released last autumn.

His third hat, that of solo singer, is the one he's currently wearing on tour, accompanied only by virtuoso reeds player Lindsey Cooper.

His shaving completed, Thomas and I sit together in the tiny living-room of the flat that Rough Trade's Scott Piering has loaned us for the interview. Sipping from a can of beer, Thomas explains that his solo singing is an experimental venture which grew from a desire for a more *personal* music.

"The great advantage of the single voice is that it can accurately and wonderfully communicate the music of the mind. Just brain to voice and out. The rhythms of the mind are very interesting, and sometimes you wanna linger over something, or push ahead and drop something. With a band, with more than one instrument, that's impossible."

This music, he adds, is also a facet of his search for what he calls "intimate" entertainment.

"It's, er, very much related to singing in the bathtub. That's a very intimate experience. People generally sing better in the bathtub, more personally, 'cause they feel comfortable. They're just entertaining themselves or the wife, you know. I wanted to try and get towards a music like that — that's more honest and entertaining because it's intimate."

Thomas insists this solo work is just a "vacation", something he wants to "keep rare", and there are as yet no plans for him to appear on stage in the bathtub.

His major commitments remain Pere Ubu — whose sixth LP, 'Song Of The Bailing Man', has just been released — and The Pedestrians, whose second album is due to be recorded in the next few weeks with a line-up that's yet to be determined.

I ask Thomas if he differentiates, when he's writing lyrics, between Ubu songs and Pedestrian songs.

"No, 'cause I don't write ahead of time usually. I like to write to the music. The way I work, I study the music and determine what the picture is in the music, and then use that picture either to temper what I'm going to do, or as part of it, or as a counter to it. Like, if you colour all around something and what you've coloured all around is shaped like a hat, then you *see* a hat but you haven't actually *drawn* a hat. That's the way I like to write songs.

"I heard — and I don't know if it's true or not — that one Oriental idea about music was that you play everything *but* the melody, and the melody becomes obvious because it's not played. That method has been a strong influence on Ubu ideas for a number of years."

"The folderol of fretful peregrination"

PERE UBU'S early records — the 'Datapanik' EP, the 'Modern Dance' and 'Dub Housing' LPs — were essential

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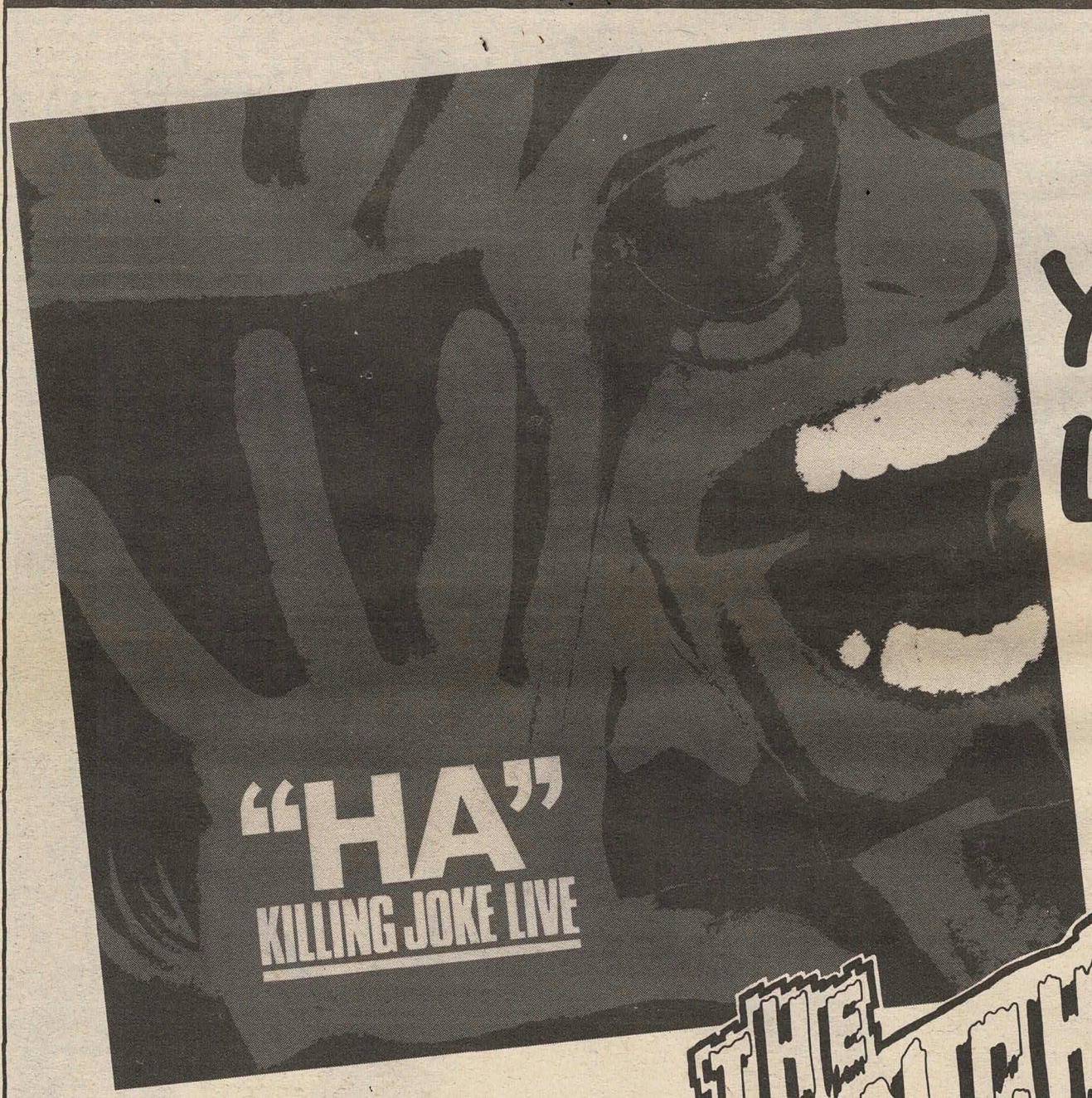
AAARGH!

IT'S SO FESTIVE



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FIVE LITTLE HIGGIES TRIED TO MARKET

. . . An angry political concept, but everybody thought THE HIGSONS were a comedy act

AMRIK RAI puts the record straight. Pix KEVIN CUMMINS

Main pic: Simon. Little Higgies (L to R): Switch, Stewart, Terry and Colin.

WHEN THE zany, subversive caricaturing of The Higsons' debut single hit the decks last year, the reception was as frantic and spontaneously enthusiastic as the product.

With James Chance already careering across the Atlantic on his funked-up sax, and Defunkt well on the way to tearing up the trombone etiquette to the busy tune of funky cash registers, The Higsons' contorted lunacy provided a ready packed blast of home-bred and stateside (con)fusion.

So what happened? 'I Don't Wanna Live With Monkeys' raced up the Indie charts, crawled some way along the Nationals . . . and left The Higsons securely manacled to an ill-fitting bracelet inscribed with the lead-weight label idiot funk: a bondage they've toiled under ever since.

Bearing this in mind, the last year or so has been laborious and poverty stricken for them. It's not as if they haven't seriously tried to break the chains, just that they've been using a nail-file when they should have saved up for metal cutters. Alternating between intensive live performances and a procession of highly erratic singles has inevitably made the advent of The Higsons a painful and lengthy process. But now, with the aid of someone very *'special'*, they look ready to graduate.

In fact, the first name Simon Higson mentions, as soon as we meet in Norwich, is that of Jerry Dammers, the old hermit himself. With obvious pride, the extrovert-cum-drummer, sporting a cocky beret that complements his manner entirely, explains the Special connection.

"Me and Stewart (the Higson guitarist) met him some time ago down at a party in Bristol, and we got to know him quite well from there. He was getting an album of his own together and he came down to see us a couple of times. He was impressed enough to want to work with us.

"We originally asked him to play keyboards on the B-side of the last single ('Conspiracy'), but he wasn't available . . . so he arranged to produce the new single ('Tear The Whole Thing Down') instead. We went down to record it with him in Coventry in June and he was keen enough on it to offer us a deal on 2-Tone, which we've now accepted."

LISTENING TO the single, Dammers could prove to be those large cutters The Higsons have desperately needed.

'Tear The Whole Thing Down' systematically hones The Higsons' gutsy but snotty funk into a more refined, deliberate melodic thrust. Punctuated with regulated blasts of big, bold brass and smeared with an implied rather than outspoken vocal malevolence, it channels the wayward Higson energies effectively into a concise, controlled tornado of sound.

Across cups of insipid hotel tea, I enthuse over the single to Simon and Terry, the multi-instrumentalist and music graduate from the local University.

Being on 2-Tone, and being the strong single it undoubtedly is, 'Tear The Whole Thing Down' does look set to finally break The Higsons. Will it be a relief not to have a reputation based around your first single?

Terry: "I still think 'Monkeys' was a very good record, but it's like you tell a joke and suddenly everyone thinks you're Benny Hill. It wouldn't happen anywhere but in the music business. It's quite pathetic really."

Simon: "Our music is quite selfish, in that while relying on a basic dance theme, we do overlay it with things that we like at any given time. We've never relied on that clap-trap and disco-thump beat to any large extent. So because of the way we do things — where everyone throws in a bit they like — people either think we're jazzy, James Chance or just plain stupid."

How do you feel about leaving Backs Records and signing to 2-Tone? You always struck me as being the archetypal independent sloggers.

Simon: "The labels don't actually mean anything anymore. They used to but these days you get sharks all over the place. The 2-Tone deal is perfect for us because it doesn't tie us down to anything. I mean, we're the exact opposite of a band whose career is mapped out in advance by a record company: Y'know, the two albums, four singles and a Greatest Hits lifetime formula they use.

"I'm not boasting about that, it's just that our career has been one accident after another so far. We literally stumble from one day to the next with having to organise, disorganise and disarrange everything ourselves. And what makes it worse is that none of us has got a phone either, so the only contact we have with the music business is through sticking ten pees in a phone box."

A FEW HOURS later, I meet The Higsons collective at Simon's flat. Completing the line-up are Switch, the bronzed Adonis and lead singer; Colin, the tall Liverpudlian bassist and Stewart, the guitarist with a vague suburban accent.

Showing off a sharp, droll sense of humour, Colin muses over a favoured topic of his — the press.

"In the media's eyes, us and one or two other bands always look as if we've missed the boat completely. Which is a really amusing point because we never ever wanted to be on this boat we missed in the first place."

Simon continues the analogy: "And now the funk boat is the pop boat and even that's creaking a bit. It's like ABC and Haircut 100 came in on the boat with their token gimmick funk singles and, as soon as they were safely aboard, they changed completely to become the present teenybop pop thing, which has absolutely nothing to do with the way they were first noticed.

"We started calling ourselves The Higson Building for about a week after a pissed night in America. I reckon we'll call ourselves HMS Higson next 'cos of all the boats we keep missing . . . it's the only way anyone's going to let us have a boat of our own."

Moving away from the nautical tack, I point out the constantly recurring political themes that manifest themselves, despite the oblique, cut-up style ambiguity of Higson lyrics. From the tales of paranoia and plotting, and the intricate inter-relationships of this on personal and global levels told in 'Conspiracy', to the indiscriminate lambast of human nature apparent in 'Monkeys', and back to the powered invective directed at the super powers in 'Tear The Whole Thing Down', there's always been a sharper sting in The Higsons' tales than at first appeared. The title of the new single, too, was originally intended to be 'Burn The Whole Thing Down (Before The Yanks Do)'.

Switch: "Most of our songs do have an essence of personal politics embedded in them somewhere. The words I write work on a very personal level and that gives the music that political resonance . . . it's an important part of The Higsons in that we would never want to say something totally meaningless and irrelevant.

"We changed the original title because of certain very narrow-minded attitudes prevalent in this day and age that treat non-complacent views with detestable hostility. Even when we released 'Conspiracy', Kid Jensen refused to play it because he thought it was too overtly political, whereas something like Grandmaster Flash is far sharper and deeper politically than anything we've done.

"In fact we've only changed the title, the words are still the same . . . that should at least give it a cat in hell's chance."

Colin: "Personally, I'd like The Higsons to be more politically overt. I don't think the words are as open as they could be. We need to get a bit more angry. After all it is 1982, people should be angrier.

"There is a paradox that exists within the band in that we're fun loving *and* very serious, but we want people to take us on both levels."

Are you sure that people will care enough to take the trouble?

Switch: "It can be done. If you take someone as a serious person, then that doesn't preclude them from doing anything other than being dead earnest and looking sullen."

Simon: "The way we think about our music and politics is probably not a million miles away from The Pop Group. There is a certain amount of ambiguity in there . . . but at the same time there's also a lot of strong ideas and beliefs."

The Pop Group succeeded in alienating a hell of a lot of people through their stress on politics.

Simon: "They didn't alienate me."

CONCLUDING, I should ask The Higsons about their forthcoming tour, the album they're recording and various other projects. Instead I choose to ask Simon what would make him give up.

"If in a year's time, the band's attitude became much more cynical. If we accepted the idea that the media wanted certain things and that to sell records you have to give the capitalist advertising agencies and the multinationals what they want. If we started to adhere to the pop picks routine and made music for mapped out markets. If we had to acquiesce to that kind of level, then I would quite happily give it all up.

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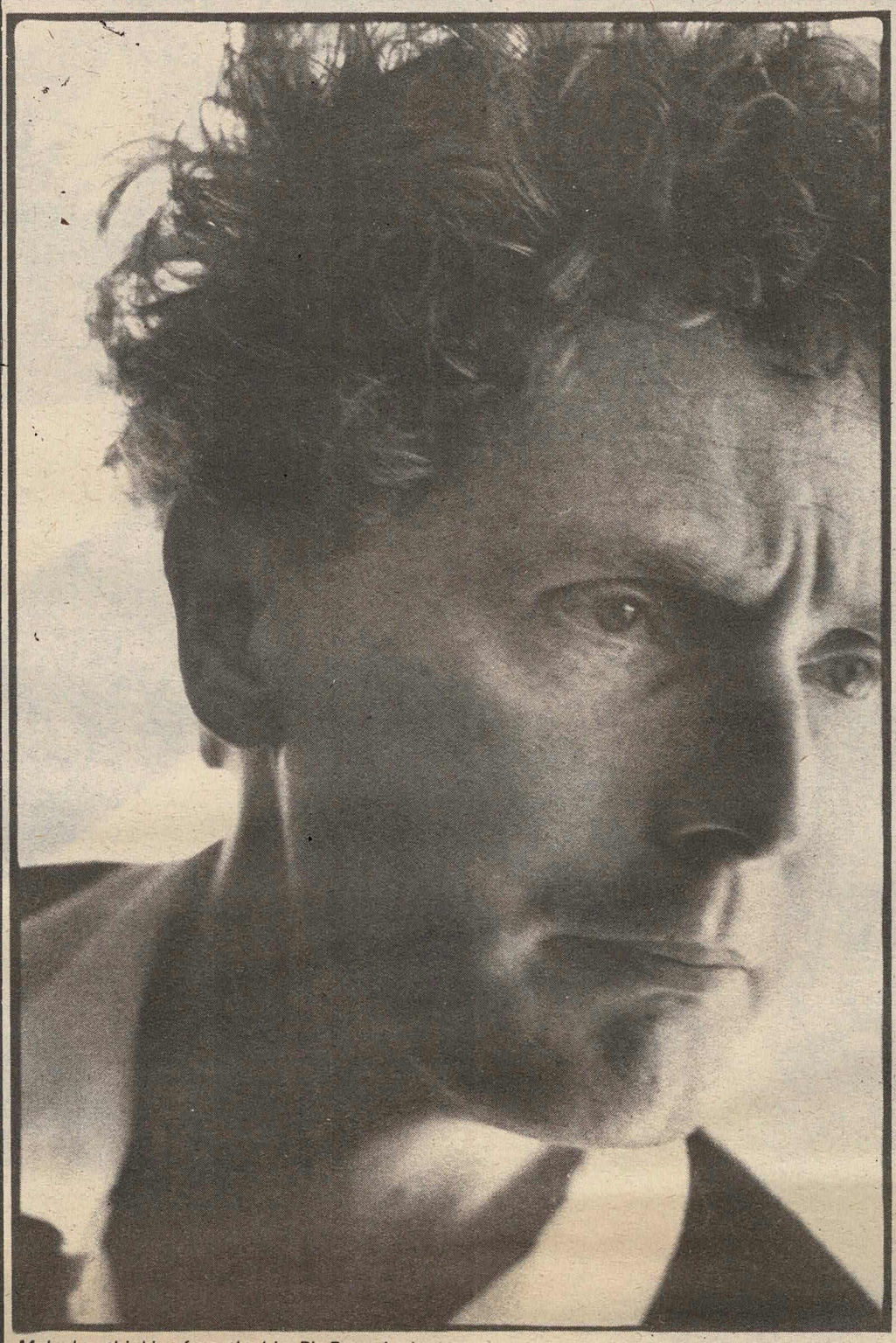

Malcolm , thinking from the hip. Pic Peter Anderson

GAVIN MARTIN meets the new arty-farty Malcolm McLaren, who set out as a globe trotter and came back a square dancer

THE MAN WHO RAN INTO IDEAS

"I'M AN artist, *I am.* I always was and I always will be."

It's well past midday but Malcolm McLaren is still wearing his pyjama bottoms.

He's just off the night plane from New York and he looks haggard. But he speaks like his jaw is on a fan belt, sometimes with a cockney sneer and other times breaking into the shrill tones of an old biddy fighting her way through a crowded supermarket.

It happens now, half-way through his two hour rant as his voice rises and he tries to unveil the naked truth. For a moment at least the combination of his appearance, the statement and that voice go together to make him look and sound quite ridiculous.

McLaren has just finished recording his first solo LP for Charisma Records which will be preceded by a single 'Buffalo Gals', released this week. The record was recorded over the last year on a journey to compile a series of folk dances from around the world.

Naturally Malcolm sees a bit more to it than that.

"I think it's very informative about what's magical in music. It's also suggestive that music doesn't originate from around the UK," he says. "Musically we've never really had that much — it's a fallacy we've been living under since The Beatles.

"The record also shows that the world's getting smaller, England is closer to El Salvador than it is to West Germany. We don't own anything here but what we have is the ability to become the first modern nomads. We'll make the changes that affect the rest of the world."

Mind you, it's much easier to become one of the first modern nomads when you have a recording company to finance your travels. For his LP, McLaren seems to have been given considerable licence in this area. Having been with six record companies and notched up a considerable amount in settlements over the past six years, he's a dab hand at such business and so with just a few ideas and having produced no demos he and producer Trevor Horn set off around the globe.

IT WAS a concept he'd been working on for sometime, via Adam And The Ants and Bow Wow Wow. You remember Bow Wow Wow? How they were built on all these wonderful ideas about looking good and feeling rich, getting back to primal urges and setting the pubescent youth of the country aflame with their new-found vigour? And you remember how, by the time they scraped a hit with their fourth or fifth single, they were just another ordinary pop band?

"I think they didn't become popular because Annabella wasn't me. So when it came to singing a song like 'W.O.R.K.', it was very difficult for her to hold that up. She basically didn't come from the street in that respect, she came from the launderette and she had an over-protective mother to look after her.

"I have to follow my instincts, I couldn't keep dragging Bow Wow Wow down one road and then another. Eventually I decided it was easier to walk down the road by myself."

McLaren's latest project is inspired by a disillusionment with the new face of British pop and a musical attitude which, he says, isn't thinking with the hips but with the head. In New York City he found a new modern day black folk music in the rap scene, and on the border of West Virginia he found the white equivalent in the square dance of 'Buffalo Gals'. The single tries to mix the two: a scratch version on the A-side, a square dance on the flip.

I agree with the postulations McLaren puts forward (though he does go on a bit) during his lecture about the conformity of so much present-day pop, but I don't think that his record provides an alternative or a solution. 'Buffalo Gals' square dance B-side is a cheery diversion but the A-side scratch version underlines how different musics serve different cultures and they don't mix at all well. I haven't heard the LP, but the idea seems a bit desperate, grabbing at everything, but still failing to get a grasp on the dilemma within our own culture.

McLaren's influence as an architect of fashion, media propagandist and icon creator — from Rotten to Adam and Annabella to Boy George — is still very much in evidence. But compare the zeal and fire generated by The Sex Pistols to the dirty mac marketing of Bow Wow Wow and you can see the man behind it all turning from an angry, cunning manipulator to a self-indulgent arty type, playing silly games for his own gratification.

"ONE THING that hit me very hard is that films generally tend to have more rock'n'roll sensibility than records. They're going further out, getting to the core of emotion and discovery, really serving people's needs. I realised that I wasn't a rock'n'roll manager. I never was, I'm a director, I should be in films. My sensibility is towards visuals and creating dramatic dialogue. I have ideas and sentiments I want to express, but it's no longer necessary to do it behind a rock'n'roll group."

Yes, he has ideas and concepts and if you want to stick around all night he'll tell you about them. Very artistic ideas some of them — like the plan to bring Gary Crowley out to NYC to learn how to scratch records Supreme-style and then come back and put a live radio show together to tie in with 'Buffalo Gals'.

There's one to make a film that would serve as a companion piece to his LP, or a West End show built around the record, on the scale and size of *Evita*. Oh, he's got no shortage of ideas has Malcolm.

You can ask him was it dangerous living and recording in the black township of Soweto in South Africa and he'll sneer and tell you it's nowhere near as heroic or dangerous as his next project, another travelogue which this time concentrates not on dancing but (gasp and gulp) *war*.

He's got so many ideas . . . he might even phone you up in the middle of your tea and start telling you about a great idea he has for a photo session for this feature with him smashing up hundreds of records or destroying cut-outs of Radio One DJs, as he did to Peter Anderson the evening after our interview.

And when he's talked about the idea for what seems like hours and you realise that he wants you to go out and set the whole deal up, you'll believe that Malcolm really is an artist. And, like so many *artists*, very spoilt and quite mad.

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invader of the

Richard Cook meets the musical Nomad Jah Wobble who has now found the Arab in himself but not stardom. "I'll never be a big pop star . . . if I'm on the dole next year I won't mind, I'll have had me run." Photo Waldo

HE'S BEEN plying the fringes of attention for so long he seems like a fixture, a rentable oddball, ready for anything. Jah Wobble's enterprises stockpile into a profusion of activity; he gets bored easily. Let's meander through the recent history.

THE HUMAN CONDITION

"IT WAS a weird band — pretty good but, I dunno, I just got a bit bored. We did about 17-18 gigs altogether, loads of quiet little gigs with no publicity. Most of the time people went, What the fuck is this? And then they'd get into it.

"We did a cocktail bar up in Liverpool — worse than London 'cos I thought they'd all be mad Scousers but that decadence cancer's spread everywhere now. I s'pose they thought it was going to be white reggae. So we did the heaviest set we ever done and it just drove them out. That's my kind of gig."

INVADERS OF THE HEART

"THE NEW band's fuckin' great as well. I must admit I lose concentration with things, but there's a lot of possibilities with this one.

"I got the name off a video, of a Romany trail through Cairo. The Islamic bands there have a name and the nearest translation is Invaders Of The Heart.

"These birds do hypnotic dances and the way the geezers play is supposed to invade your heart. It's a bit tongue-in-cheek 'cos there's so many doing this, Oh, I'm into drum sounds from Gambia bit."

Jah Wobble snaps on a tape of the Invaders' only gig to date. A mighty, coiled sound roars from the speakers. Guitars do a cod-Casbah, chiming line, a synthesiser loops fabulously away into the ionosphere and Wobble's grunting bass levers up a rhythm like a slow fever.

"I wanna get some birds in to do a bit of that," he shouts above the music, going into a Wilson Kepple and Betty sort of Pharoah's dance.

"Now it's going into a Brazilian rhythm — whatever we want to do, we do."

A trombone parps in inebriate accompaniment to the others. It sounds like no other group on earth. Wobble's head nods in appreciation. With his bearded face, hair frantically aspray and quick, clever eyes he has the features of a humorous lion.

"So that's what's happening now."

THINGS EASTERN

"I THINK I must have that in me blood. I was working on all these rhythms and then I heard this record series, 'World Of Islam', and they were the same. They're great because they're all so committed. I think religious maniacs make the best music. Religious maniacs, alcoholics and general nutters like Holger (Czukay, a frequent collaborator).

"He phoned up the other night. He's got a message on his Ansafone about I vos Adolf Hitler's shepherd dog and he's taping everyone's reaction to hearing that. And he's working on music from satellites and stuff."

Wobble is pleased at the enterprise. He has a new single recorded with Czukay, apparently held up through record company doubt. A familiar problem to him.

Jah Wobble loves musics, sounds, the propensities of noise, the possibilities of sonics. His cosy flat, situated near the dishevelled and dying docklands of the East End, is full of machines to record or play or adjust. A big bass leans respectfully in one corner. A silent television flickers patiently. Wobble lies on a comfy-looking mattress and ponders the living qualities of natural instruments.

"You can't wipe out something that's taken millions of years to develop, just because it's the 1980s. I fuck about with rhythm boxes, they're quite handy at times. There's always people who do interesting things in that field but mostly they're pretentious arseholes."

The key to Wobble's work is its organic

lost art

sense of growth and flow. In his fascinating series of records this year alone — the pulverising Human Condition 'Live In Europe' cassette, the 'A Long Long Way' single with Animal and the new 'Body Music' single for Island — Wobble's inquisitive moulding of whatever meets his ears is more than mere dabbling: it's a concern to breathe in unfamiliarities, not just poke tentatively at them. The obsession with the sheer *physical presence* of sound can bring it to devastating states.

BODY MUSIC

"ISLAND LET me do a one-off now and then. I went and said I wanted to do a record and they said why don't you do some African music? I said — African music! They said, well, there's an advance and I said, oh, you can get into it, can't you?" Wobble tells a good story.

"Me and Ben (Mandelson, of Orchestra Jazira) wrote the piece by playing around with different riffs and that. I don't think it's an African record — I can't play bass in the African style — but it turned out nice, uplifting, some good little changes. If it got to number one it wouldn't in any way help African music."

What would it do to him?

"I'd be in beer money for a few months. Oh yeah, I'd probably do it again too. If anyone asked me to do a Chinese record I'd have a go. You can't afford principles with the price of beer today. I said to them, what about some Islamic stuff? But they said no.

"Music's just music. I think it's dodgy when somebody says do it in an African style, but when you're *offered* . . . If you were offered £500,000 to do the story of Van Halen you'd do it, wouldn'tcha?"

I'd think it over. But what of the temperamental artist — musicianly principles, all that?

"Sure, but what the . . . You lose all your dignity in life anyway. You can afford principles if you've got the money. I could probably bash out a few pop hits if I put my mind to it.

"I love playing in a heavy band and arranging a sculpted, total, heavy sound. With this group we thought we'd forget it and earn a few bob with a little pop band, but then we started fuckin' about with a few rhythms and right, it's another heavy band — another non-commercial proposition!

"I can't concentrate on anything commercial 'cos my mind always wants to strain everything to the limits. So I talk about having no principles but really I can't help but be an artist. I have to be engaged in making new sounds."

Wobble's plain, honest face is without self-consciousness.

"I'll never be a big pop star but if I have five years in the game I'll be all right. If I'm on the dole next year I won't mind, I'll have had me run."

I wonder, thinking back to Wobble's swinging pop ('Betrayal'), total noise ('Dan McArthur'), HM jazz (The Human Condition), is there anything he wouldn't try?

"Nothing. Just crazy music. I saw Stockhausen at the Lyttelton Theatre and what he talks is absolute sense. He was saying that music is the same wherever. It's just notes, and there's only a certain number of notes we can hear and that's it.

"When he went to Japan people said oh, you're being influenced by the Japanese. He said no, I've found the Japanese in me. Well, I've found the Arab in me. Music's everywhere — it's there to be plucked out of the air."

We roam the world for a moment — Africa, India, Latin America — cultures cross and dissolve. I listen to try and catch the universal humming in the atmosphere. Wobble's cheerful, irresistible irreverence is one way in to this cosmos. The talk gushes on.

"I always find working in tandem with someone else is better, rather than a group. Just a couple of people bouncing around ideas. There's never really room for more than two egos.

"But I'm always interested in working with other people. I dunno about producing — I've had a couple of offers but I'm not sure I could give them a hundred per cent. I ought to get four or five years more experience in studios first.

"What I could do is work with a young group who wouldn't know if I was making mistakes. Actually I've helped a couple of people out that way this year, advice on setting up gear and stuff.

"I've got a kind of tunnel vision anyway. I like neat sounds, getting the rhythm section nicely lined up, wide, soft stereo tones from the guitars. I'll do any work fast, in a couple of hours, 'cos I've got a short attention span. I just burst in and do it.

"I never think of 24 channels, just of one sound, a whole entity. A whole set that you play is one thing from start to finish — that's how it was in Public Image. Most bands have notchy sounds and that doesn't cut it.

"It's like this cancerous thing. I know a lot of people like it but a lot of people like crap. The highest TV ratings are when there are Satans on every channel — *Game For A Laugh*, that stuff — people being humiliated. Other people like to see that.

"I feel like we've only got a few years left. The whole culture's dragging. If there's such a thing as national mood then here it's despair.

"We went up Moss Side when we played in Manchester and it was all gloom and nothingness. People just ain't got dough now. Everyone who's out of work just sleeps all day in bed and then the one thing to do is drink.

"I came in the other night — I'd had a drink — and AJP Taylor was on. Even *he* was saying it's the end, an old establishment geezer like that."

Then why does he stay here? If all is misery and despondency why not look for a different base for Wobble Inc?

"Well," he says, working it through, "I don't travel very well. And I've got some ties here, my girlfriend and that. But it's something that I've been thinking about. I've done a bit of travelling and always looked forward to coming back, to the down-to-earth British, and last time it was like coming back to East Berlin. I wanted to cry. Everyone's desperate. People certainly are close to the fuckin' edge.

"I've always felt you can travel in your head anyway. There's something dodgy about Englishmen abroad — you meet these expatriates and there's something dodgy about them. I suppose my advice to anyone who's rootless is pack up and go to America. They love the English over there. And there's always more respect — even for jobs which people spit on over here, you get respected for whatever you do."

FAME AND FORTUNE

WOBBLE LEFT PiL at a point where, had he stayed, he might have secured a lasting slice of a lucrative pie. As the group stumbled through the ludicrous 'Flowers Of Romance' album it became clear how much of a debt they owed to Wobble, usually branded as the erratic layabout of the team. How does he feel about the prospect of fame now?

"Public Image was always Rotten's vehicle. I figured that out. It took about nine months for me to decide to leave and it was finally because I couldn't stand the pretentiousness of it all.

"Three-quarters of the signal on 'Metal Box' is me — it could have done with a bit of editing, and the playing could've been a lot tougher. But it seemed pretty deep, even having it in a box, something to be dug up in a thousand years' time.

"I just like discipline in a group — working comfortably. I think you're lucky if you're in a group and I wouldn't abuse that position. Public Image went a bit . . . it was supposed to be an umbrella organisation, which it never became.

"The video, our own label, none of that ever happened. I started to feel embarrassed. The gigs in America, playing for 20 minutes and getting into this corny audience conflict situation — it wasn't *leading* anywhere. A performer *has* got a responsibility, especially in a ritual music like PiL played. It's give and take.

"The same thing's happening in football, in society — it's a lack of respect for people. Respect is always missing. As a performer you're a servant of the people. That's where we could learn a lot from the East — everything is turned around on itself.

"I'm not too interested in fame, not in people running down the street after you. Once you've been in a big group like PiL you have to start all over again when you leave. You learn quickly what the big record companies are like, that they're just a big joke. Once they know you've got them a bit sussed they're very dubious about long-term deals. The PiL thing with Virgin was very dodgy."

How would he use the influence accorded by greater success?

"It's a Catch-22 thing. If you get so big it's by having a mass appeal. The very strength of you getting there is the big weakness as well. The bigger you are the less you can do 'cos you're tied up in a hundred contracts. But to be free of that is to lose your appeal, so it's totally hopeless.

"There's certain groups, like Siouxsie And The Banshees I respect a lot. They never get up on a soapbox, they've kept their mouths

CONTINUES PAGE 55

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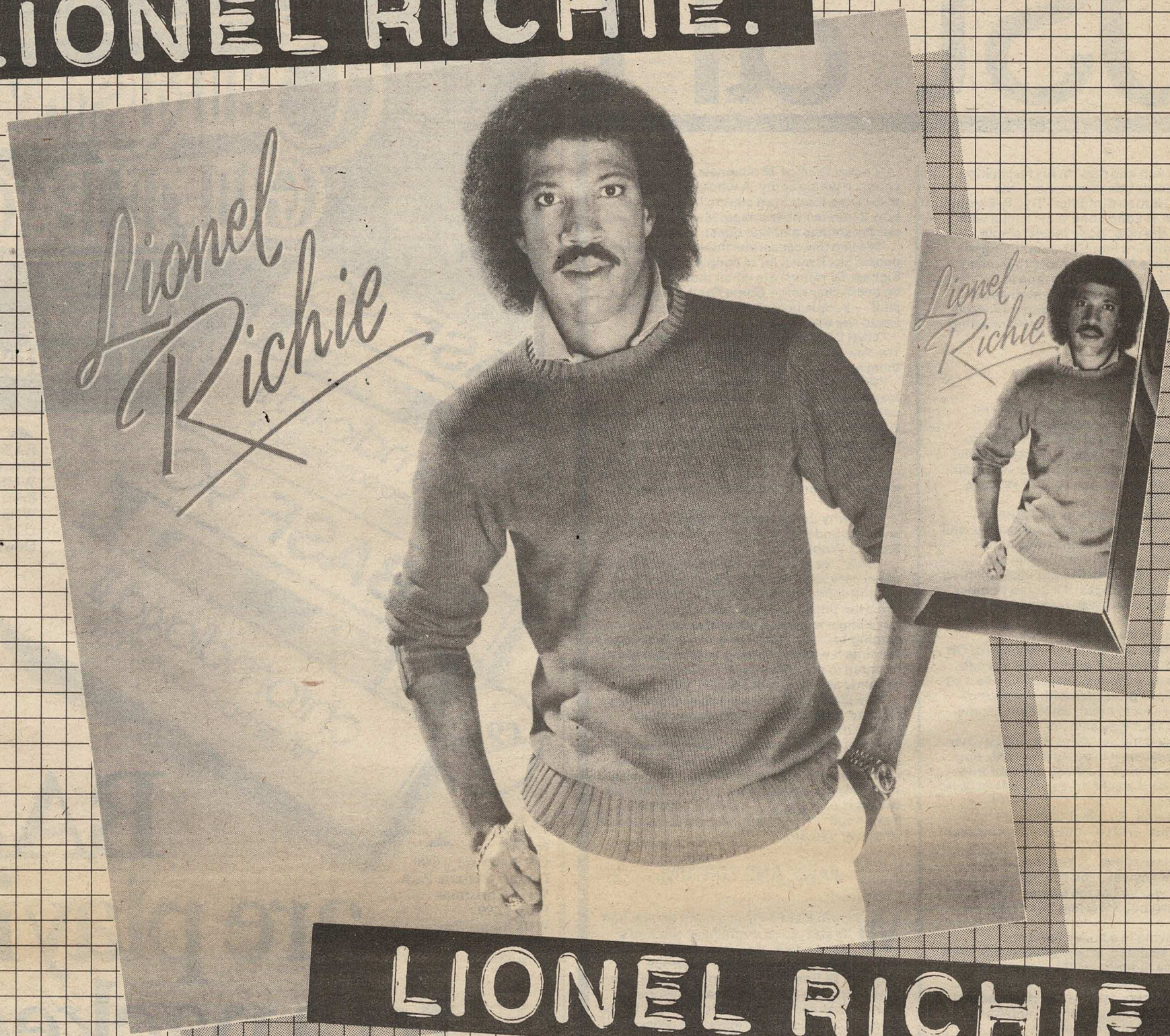

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SINGLES

SPUN BY ADRIAN THRILLS

HIPLIST

Animal Nightlife	Love Is Just The Great Pretender (Innervision)
Robert Wyatt	Shipbuilding (Rough Trade)
Tracey Thorn	Simply Couldn't Care (Cherry Red)
General Caine	Girls (Tabu)
Cimarons	On The Rock (Vulcan)
Ann Peebles	I'll Get Along (London)
Lonette McKee	Save It (Don't Give It Away) (Sussex)
Isley Brothers	What It Comes Down To (Epic)
Soft Centres	Don't (Cheesy cassette)
Wham!	Club Tropicana (Innervision cassette)

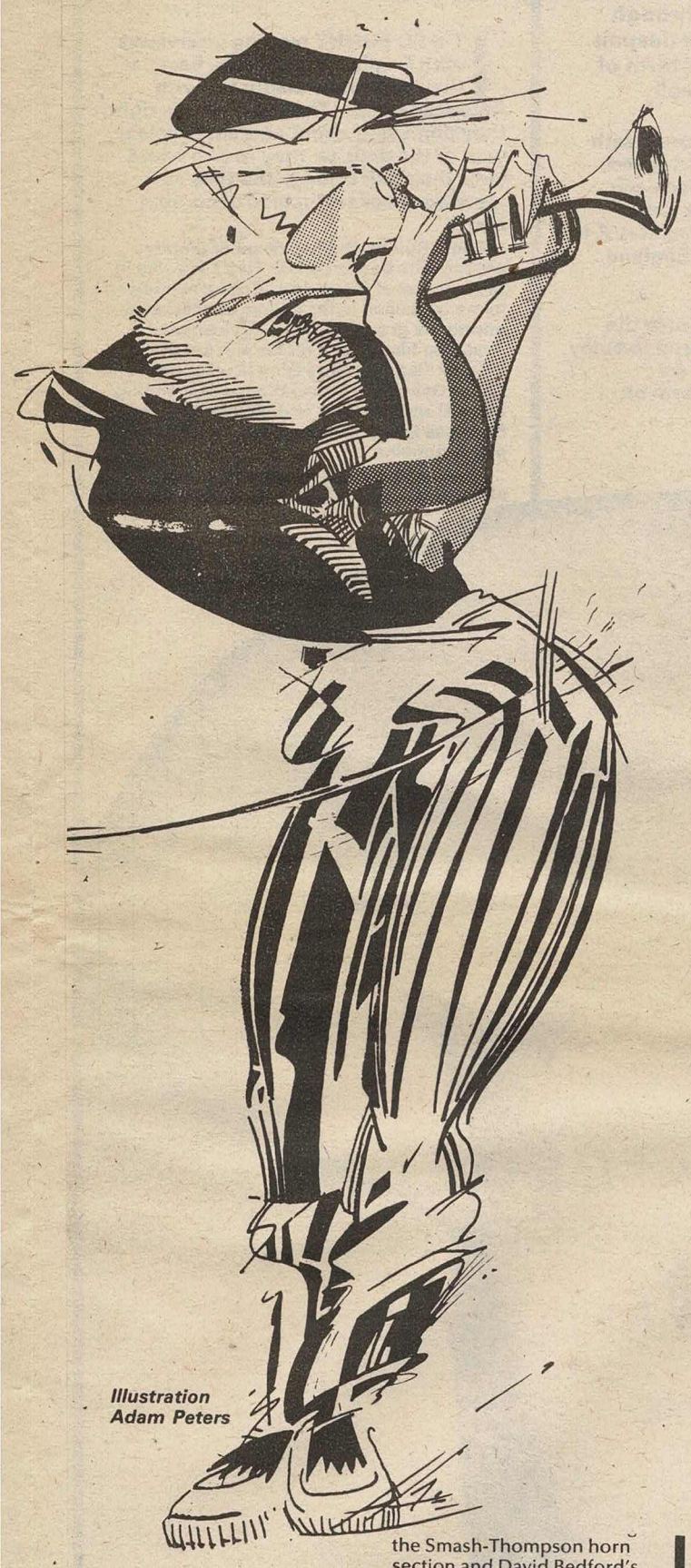


Illustration Adam Peters

Single Of The Week — Most Rock & Roll, Maximum Rhythm & Blues

THE JAM: Beat Surrender (Polydor)

Paul Weller's decision to split The Jam must be one of the bravest moves a major pop performer has made in ages. The temptation for him to carry on steering them towards the stagnation of middle age must have been strong, and his courage in calling a halt now can only be admired.

So here we have the final Jam single and a fitting epitaph it is from the Beatley opening chords right down to the neat Peter 'Punk' Barrett gatefold sleeve. With all the big guns beginning to flex their musical muscles for a seasonal assault on the charts, 'Beat Surrender' already sounds like one of the most powerful contenders for the coveted Christmas number one spot.

The five tracks that make up this double pack — two originals and three cover versions — are a fine tribute to the range of The Jam's talent. The title song finds them returning to something approaching the fiery flair of their debut album, going out in a brash blaze of glory, while the other original 'Shopping' is a much dreamier, almost jazzy piece — a possible pointer to Weller's future plans.

Curtis Mayfield's 'Move On Up', Edwin Starr's 'War' and The Chi-Lites' 'Stoned Out Of My Mind' all date from the halcyon pre-disco days of early '70s soul. 'Move On Up' and 'War' are only moderately successful, the latter in particular lacking the anguished fervour of the Motown original, but the hazy shuffle of 'Stoned Out Of My Mind' is a revelation, Weller's vocal delicate and pensive and the musical accompaniment suitably restrained and sensitive.

While I stand by all the criticisms I have made of The Jam in the past few years, a single as strong as 'Beat Surrender' makes such gripes seem of only secondary importance; beneath Weller's often pious, puritanical public image, there has always burned an upful tide of positive, youthful energy in his songwriting. And while the format of the three-piece rock band has ultimately proven too restrictive for his future plans, this record emphasises the value of The Jam as a vehicle for those songs.

Succumb to the beat surrender.

from the strongest single in this week's pile, although the group do deserve credit for edging away from the novelty girlie appeal of tat like Toto Coelo and Girls Can't Help It — Bananarama have never pretended to be anything other than *themselves*.

Hoot Of The Week

MALCOLM McLAREN: Buffalo Gals (Charisma)

In which Talcy and producer Trevor Horn merge the blueprints of rap tracks like Flash's 'Wheels Of Steel', Soul Sonic Force's 'Planet Rock' and The Disco Four's 'Barnyard Rock' to come up with a bewildering debut disc that is impossible to take seriously but even harder to ignore completely.

"Take your honey by the hands and promenade the hall," he intones deadpan over the electro-minimal scratch and cut backbone of the song before an unidentified New York rapper intervenes to inject some real spunk and sparkle into the track.

An intriguing preview of the man's forthcoming album of rehashed folk dances from around the world, 'Buffalo Gals' is the week's most gimmicky single but also one of its funniest. We await the sight of Malcolm demonstrating the intricacies of the square dance on *Top Of The Pops* with baited breath.

Records I Wish Would Leave The Country

CULTURE CLUB: Time (Virgin)
ADAM ANT: Desperate But Not Serious (CBS)

From the master manipulator to his two most successful former students. Boy George once said that the day I praised one of his singles was the day he gave up. Much as I'd love to give him just that opportunity, I can find nothing remotely interesting or original in 'Time', another sickly slab of schmaltz that sticks religiously to the formula of his hideously overrated and long awaited recent hit.

Like Culture Club, the smarmy Adam is unlikely to rescale former heights with his latest and limpest, a brooding account of how he is forever being hounded by wicked pressmen with their *"pen-knives"* (ho ho) — like, uh, rilly vital stuff, Stuart. Why we persist in humouring these people simply beats me.

The Boss Strikes Back

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Open All Night (CBS)

Bruce is always at his best playing the romantic rather than the rocker and for that reason alone 'Nebraska' contains some of his most memorable moments since 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town'. With everyone else putting a perverse emphasis on production values, it is refreshing to discover Springsteen abandoning the rockist bluster of the E-Street Band, if only temporarily, in favour of a lone guitar and a whining mouth harp; such minimal accompaniment perfectly suited to the bleak and lonely landscapes he paints throughout a ruggedly stark album.

This song, an uptempo tale of the boss driving back to his babe through the early hours, is one of the more obvious singles from 'Nebraska', although the harrowing death-row desolation of the title track might have made a more adventurous choice. Next time perhaps.

Mmm, Dodgy, I Hate It

TOT TAYLOR: I Wanna Play The Drums Tonight (Easy Listener)
LITTLE TOM AND THE TOMCATS: It's Not Unusual (Charisma)
THE MAISONETTES: Heartache Avenue (Ready Steady Go!)

The legacy of the Compact Organisation comes to life. A crop of singles that in their different ways bear the unmistakeable hallmark of cheap '60s nostalgia. In his position of controller up at Compact House, former Advertising executive Tot Taylor might be the man behind the beehive of Mari Wilson, but past case histories have shown that these skilful backroom boys rarely make it as frontmen, a point that this inconsequential solo offering only reinforces. Tot surely has enough of a job on his hands maintaining the momentum of Compact — he should stick to it.

Little Tom's beastly cover of the ancient Tom Jones standard 'It's Not Unusual' is produced 'in Vegas Sound' by Mari Wilson's drummer Paul 'Bulty' Bultitude and again wouldn't have been out of place on the Compact label itself. Despite the sturdy female backing vocals of Tomcats Gina, Lee, Hoffy and Cathy, Tom's performance falls flat after a couple of plays. Six months ago, Charisma might have made it the summer hit that 'Happy Talk' became. The Christmas rush should see it unceremoniously buried.

Worst of a bad lot are Dudley's Maisonettes, whose studied homage to tacky '60s kitsch is acted out perfectly from the wispish girlie vocals and synthesised strings to the period sleeve. On a strictly technical level, they do what they do well. Why they actually bother doing it is another matter.

'Ere, 'oo yer screwin', John

CHRON GEN: Outlaw (Secret)
THE ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE: For You (WXYZ)
THE 4 SKINS: Low Life (Secret)
GBH: Give Me Fire (Clay)
COCK SPARRER: England Belongs To Me (Carrere)

Urgh! New punk! For all the snotty rebel poses that the protagonists are wont to adopt on the sleeves of singles like this, all these records are remarkable only for being utterly safe and harmless. All, however, should make the independent chart quite comfortably over the coming weeks and deserve mention here if only as an advance warning of that.

The best within its respective sphere of influence is the Chron Gen single, an earnest but tuneful tirade against the violent divisiveness of the new tribablism: *"Brutality and snobbery / Will keep the cults at war / It's just music, why such hate / There's nothing to be solved at all ..."*

The Anti-Nowheres, whose full-stun Ramonic assault comes cloaked in a rather fetching spoof of a Factory sleeve, have never been anything more than a complete joke and warrant no serious consideration here while both GBH and The 4 Skins veer uncomfortably close to outright heavy metal, the Skins' single being produced by 'eadbangin' Micky Geggus of the Rejects.

Altogether more sinister is the patriotic pro-Falklands claptrap that finds its way onto the Cock Sparrer single: *"We've shown the world that the boys are back to stay / You all know what we can do / Heads held high, fighting all the way / For the red, white and blue."*

Cock Sparrer are the kind of band who give punk a bad name. Take them away.

Unremarkables

QUANDO QUANGO: Go Exciting (Factory)
ZEITGEIST: Over Again (Jamming)
WEAPON OF PEACE: Hit And Run (Safari)

Three singles slung together here only for their staggering mediocrity. Quando Quango's tensile, tedious meanderings make for some typically dry Fac funk. Produced by ACR's Donald Johnson, they are slightly rendolent of 'Buy' era Contortions ... only duller.

Zeitgeist appear on Tony Fletcher's Weller-sponsored Jamming label and their effort is certainly well played, crisply produced and in possession of a mildly insidious hookline. If only they weren't so stunningly *average*.

Weapon Of Peace, fresh from supporting Haircut 100 across the UK, have moved on from the mellow British reggae of their previous projects and are now chasing a less soporific, more sprightly jazz-funk groove. The whole thing, however, remains as irritatingly *pleasant*.

Unlistenables

SHOCKABILLY: The Dawn Of Shockabilly (Rough Trade)
THE MARCH VIOLETS: Grooving In Green (Merciful Release)

A particularly annoying breed of independent. These are two of those records that would undoubtedly never see the light of day were it not for the poor quality control of some small labels and the occasional leniency of *The John Peel Show*. The Violets are responsible for a singularly grinding, gnawing dirge of a disc, while Shockabilly's messy muddle of mangled guitars and muffled drums is simply unlistenable.

Ethnics

INCANTATION: Cacharpaya (Beggar's Banquet)
DISCONNECTION: Bali Hai (Y)

A few years ago, the musical imperialists of the pop world were setting their sights on relatively modest targets such as Akron, Ohio and Dusseldorf. These days they tend to look a little further afield. With Africa now a tad old hat, the new hipspots as from this week are the South American Andes and the Pacific Island of Bali ... what do you mean you've been into monkey chants for years? I was brought up on the things!

Incantation's serene South American folk song 'Cacharpaya' provided the soundtrack to the BBC 2 series 'Flight Of The Condor' screened during the summer and its pastoral beauty is just as haunting without the visual accompaniment. But quite what the group were doing supporting Bauhaus on one of their recent London dates I cannot say.

Disconnection's subtle dance mix of the Rogers and Hammerstein classic 'Bali Hai' from the musical *South Pacific* comes complete with a genuine excerpt of Gamelan folk music and some specially-recorded Bali street noises. The feel is intended to be ethnic, maaaan, although it is really closer to Don Armando's version of Irving Berlin's 'I'm An Indian Too' that appeared on Ze a few years back. The purists among us will no doubt hate it. Personally, I think it's great.

If you don't take it too seriously, cultural tokenism can be fun.

Home Is Where The Art Is

MADNESS: Our House (Stiff)

The artful masters of pop consistency stalk back to the singles arena with what will no doubt be the first of many 45s from the new 'Rise And Fall' long player.

One of Madness's greatest assets is their ordinariness. Three years into a glittering chart career, they are all still very much the Hampstead boys, the downbeat earthiness of their subject matter a signal of just how little they have strayed from their North London roots: *"Father wears his Sunday best / Mother's tired, she needs a rest / The kids are playing up downstairs/ Our house, in the middle of our street..."*

In the wrong hands, similar observations on the quirks of family life might veer too heavily towards sarcasm, but with Madness the obvious warmth and affection in Suggsy's vocal delivery averts such a danger.

Their nutty sound, meanwhile, remains dominated by Mike Barson's meaty piano motifs, although the Smash-Thompson horn section and David Bedford's ingenious string arrangements are now very much part of the plan. As Charles Shaar Murray hinted in his recent LP review, now is the time to stand back and amire Madness for their quality rather than their jollity.

Gimps And Their Growing Pains

BANANARAMA: Cheers Then (London)

The biggest bridge facing Bananarama was always going to come the moment they tried to make that transition from being the pretty puppets of some production team, whether it be Jolley and Swain or the Fun Boy Three, to a trio deserving some sort of serious critical appraisal.

'Cheers Then' at least shows them struggling to come to terms with the dilemma. Written by the girls themselves and recorded by Barry 'Saturday Night' Blue — their fourth producer in as many singles — the song charts similar territory to the haunting 'Don't Call Us' on the flipside of 'Shy Boy'.

A winsome account of how a once solid friendship lapses into polite indifference, it is far

The spike-top apocalypse creepy crawls through America Barney Hoskyns exchanges leather jackets with Black Flag and investigates their total noise. Pix Glen E. Friedman.

BLACK

ENGLISH WIPEOUT

WHEN BLACK FLAG came to England last winter, they felt more than the ice and snow — they felt the cold studs on leather jackets, the cold masks of punk conformity, the cold pallor of decay.

They played a big Punkstock and watched a dozen factions of the spike-top apocalypse go through grinding motions of forced despair, whipping up a gratuitous storm of slogans in another rock'n'roll teacup.

They saw teenage ghoul clones with eyes hollowed out by glue and speed, the kind who still fall out of bed each morning and make up like they're auditioning to be extras in *Mad Max 2*. In the backstreets of provincial England, Black Flag saw the troops of tomorrow . . .

Of the groups themselves, only the imperishable UK Subs appeared to enjoy themselves, to use the event as something more than a platform on which to whine and churn and groan. For the rest it was a solemn circus, not Dick's/Oakey's circus of death, just one of morose resignation to uniform, straitjacketed sentiments they'd played scant part in formulating.

If — like Black Flag — you chose not to scream unintelligibly of threat tubes, or had hair over your ears, or came from Torrance, California, you were palpably betraying a cause — one all the more oppressive for its vagueness. At the day's end, the spectacle's only common denominators were its identification tags.

"IT'S SO FUNNY reading interviews with English punk bands, because they're literally *disgusted* with American bands. They don't dress right, they don't sing about anarchy, nuclear war, or the dole. Or they're rich white kids, their hair is long, and they're wearing sneakers instead of combat boots."

Henry Rollins, the heavy-set apprentice psycho who became Black Flag's vocalist in the summer of '81, is on crutches, nursing an injury sustained in the course of onstage duty during the group's latest American tour. Assisting him on and off his feet are the two original Flaggers Greg Ginn (lead guitar), and Chuck Dukowski (bass.) We are exchanging cultural assumptions and blindfolds in their Hermosa Beach headquarters, 30 miles south of Los Angeles.

"People were coming up to me in England and going, You guys are pretty good but you

Henry Rollins

should, like, spike your hair and get some leather pants and you'd be really happening."

So what did you do, fellas?

Henry: "I cut off my mohawk 'cause I didn't wanna make Wattie look bad."

Chuck: "I sold my leathers to pay the culture tariff."

"AN EXHILARATING ANGUISH"

IN AMERICA, far from the sullen ranks of The Exploited, Black Flag are a force of change. Without ever assuming the mantle of leadership in the hardcore stakes, they act as a covert catalyst wherever their tours — or, in a phrase they borrowed from the jargon of Charles Manson, their "creepy crawls" — take them.

They are neither agents of disaster nor prophets of liberation. They do not ask their admirers to execute Ronald Reagan. They simply play music at once brutal and sensual, impatient and deliberate, incensed and exultant. You don't need to follow Discharge or The Dead Kennedy's to love 'Damaged'. You don't even need to follow punk.

'Damaged' is scorching and unbridled and causes riots of the mind. It is pure aggression, pure pain, pure electricity. Its love songs are battle cries, its hate songs pleas for toleration. 'Damaged' says: our lives seem to be set to auto-destruct, but if we only dared, we might find another way out.

'Damaged' is not a musical chamber of horrors: like the best heavy metal, it's an iron butterfly. "A bonemashing precise sound" is one description I like. "TNT," said Garry Bushell; "Total Noise Tirade." "A speciality music," ventured one polite midwestern commentator. And the group's own producer, half-black one-man holocaust Spot, said "they are as comforting as the screams that relieve pain."

"I don't like the way most records are produced," says Greg. "We don't *want* a big kick drum sound. We don't *want* to punch people in the chest."

Chuck: "The people who didn't like it said, You guys could sound like Van Halen if you wanted to . . ."

Greg: "Most of the productions that are being done are by people who want you to hear every detail of the recording, who want the listener to dissect the sound. To clean up the recording you have to sacrifice all the original feeling."

'Damaged' incorporates everything from the anthemic vengeance of 'Rise Above' to the zombie mayhem of 'TV Party' and 'Six Pack'. Its guitars are a field force of feedback and distortion; the bass drum is sunk deep as a heartbeat, the cymbals and hi-hat hiss like snakes; the bass lunges, chews and spits out entrails of rhythm. This is an elemental, unified sound which comes at you in one burning wave, and you go under with your arms flying.

The songs are cut-up, convulsive; spliced, epileptic. Above all, the sound is one of true, internal power. Rollins' voice is a tornado in a sewer. Previous heights of such ecstasy include only the 5's 'Kick Out', The Saints' 'Nights In Venice', and (dare I say it?) 'Loose'. 'Room 13', 'Life Of Pain' and 'What I See' are love songs and electric seizures of the soul.

Black Flag are the only progressively retarded group on earth.

IN THE WARM CALIFORNIA SCUM

THE FIRST black flag was a symbol of anarchy, the second a roach exterminator (hence killing Ants at 50 paces). Black Flag, the musical unit, were first unfurled in 1977, after one Gregory Ginn saw The Ramones at LA's Roxy. From remote Hermosa Beach, the UK vanguard fleet of 'New Rose', 'Grip' and 'Anarchy' had yet to be sighted.

Under their initial nomenclature, Panic, the group's first singer was current Circle Jerk Keith Morris: his crazed Iggy/Strummer/Rotten rant of a voice made 'Nervous Breakdown' (recorded '78, released '79) a definitive punk classic. With its maximum buzzsaw guitar and brain-drilling drum part, it was nothing short of the Detroit sound on a Methedrine overdose. With its flips 'Fix Me' 'Wasted', the EP is quite as good as anything by The Troggs or The Viletones.

The Circle Jerks being an obvious antidote, Keith Morris bowed out of Black Flag when Greg's songs began to take on a more serious tenor.

'Jealous Again', a five song, 12-inch EP featuring the voice of Ron Reyes, aka Chavo Pederast, fell far short of the manic ebullience of 'Breakdown', but included the infamous 'White Minority', a song shortsightedly construed as an affirmation of suburban (read Orange County) racism.

Black Flag insisted that the song was satirical, but with their growing reputation for inciting violence in their audiences, it made little difference. As the *LA Weekly* put it, "That an extraordinarily loud, raw, and obviously serious, humourless and illiterate band like Black Flag could be satirical at all was beyond the comprehension of a lot of observers at first. Black Flag were seen instead as racist, revolutionary zealots intent on leading their maniacal followers through the night-clubs of the city, the states and the nation, leaving nothing intact in their wake."

Wherever they went, the group's notoriety travelled ahead. After Dez Cadena, son of jazz producer Ozzie, took over vocals from the said Pederast, police aborted a show at the Whisky A Go Go and, ten years after a teen rebel movie of the same name, provoked a real live "riot on Sunset Strip".

After both the wise old *Rolling Stone* and California's imbecilic *Bam* magazine carried stories protesting so-called "Black Flag violence", the police drove the group into temporary Hollywood exile. Black Flag were beginning to spell concrete damage in the tinsel jungle.

NO VALUES

You know the pain that's in my heart,
It just shows I'm not very smart.
Who needs love when you've got a gun?
Who needs love to have any fun?
(Dez Cadena's appended quatrain to Black Flag's 'Louie Louie')

"We get an arcane and emotional value from Manson . . ."
— Chuck Dukowski

BLACK FLAG are the antithesis of Hollywood: ascetics in a world of cocaine and casting couches. Hollywood, in the form of MCA's Al Bergamo, refused to distribute 'Damaged', claiming it was an "anti-parent record" with "no redeeming social values".

Chuck: "The record has a human and therefore a social value."

Greg: "Mr Bergamo was looking at "social value" from a viewpoint defined by the '60s liberal thing."

Chuck: "He's still on the farm, so to speak."

Greg: "If you wanna look at it like that, we don't do any anti-nuke songs. Obviously we think we have value to society, but it's funny that the people who hate us most aren't your ultra-conservatives, but your basic liberals. There's nothing worse than a liberal, to me anyway. You can't attack them because they're so wishy-washy."

Chuck: "Gladhanding social dreams . . ."

Greg: "They're some of the most conservative people around, and there's a lot of them in the music business, which is why we've come up against so much resistance."

Chuck: "The people that dominate the music industry want you to tell people how to behave so we can create this beautiful social dream, y'know, Walden Two."

What do Black Flag say to those who claim American hardcore blossomed out of boredom and not true suffering?

Greg: "All of those things are simplifications, and I don't deal with things in that way."

Chuck: "Social generalisations of that kind are misleading and mostly false. I'm not bored, I'm excited about what I'm doing. Bored people don't create, bored people are boring. I believe the emotions that make people do things are really basic. They're only altered in a minor way by social situations."

Greg: "All kinds of people come to our shows — rich, poor, black, white, young and old . . ."

How many ties do they still hold with the fabled beach scene?

Chuck: "I feel ties with anybody that's trying to do something of their own, but that's as far as it goes."

Greg: "In retrospect, it's easier to look at something as a cohesive scene, but as Black Flag we've always just been ourselves."

Chuck: "It almost seems to me that, as far as scenes appear unified, or seem to have some single guiding ethic, that when you're looking at that, you're looking at what is breaking it down, that the forces that make it move are the forces of anomaly within it."

What about people's preconceptions, people looking to Black Flag as leaders?

Greg: "Well, it's heavy, yeah, but that's part of how we have fun. Now at least we're in a better financial position to write and distribute our music, so maybe we'll begin to see a more immediate reaction to what we're doing."

Chuck: "Other peoples' preconceptions are what give you the incentive to . . . fuck with their heads! It's part of the medium of what we're doing."

"AIN'T NO TIME HERE NOW"

HARDCORE VERSIONS of The Chambers Brothers' 'Time Has Come Today' come few and far between, but The Angry Samoans did one, and so did Chuck Dukowski, in a pre-Flag trio called Wurm. That "time" has gone: today, Black Flag are arranging a song called 'Ain't No Time Here Now'.

Where The Germs stood for Hollywood nihilism a go-go, glazed self-abuse, Black Flag are a joyous fury branching away from its roots. Darby Crash might have died for somebody's sins, but not theirs. Black Flag are intimidating because they won't play cartoon guerillas. Each of them looks like he wandered out of a separate nowhere.

Henry, all-American punk Marine bum; Greg, assistant technician at the Livermore Labs; Churck, buddhist hell's angel; Dez, mutant psychohippy, a former Strangelove crossed with Dee Dee Ramone; and lastly, ex-DOA drummer Chuck Biscuits . . . a surf punk on Quaaludes?

Guys, couldya step outside and line up as a cross-section of American malehood?

Rollins definitely adds the final visual dimension to the Black Flag phenomenon. Someone said that after he joined, it became both funnier *and* scarier.

Ex-Haagen Dazs manager and compulsive skateboard freak, he met the band in New York. A product of Washington DC's "straight-edge" scene (no drugs or alcohol), he brings to the group elements of menace and madness that most of its followers agree are a distinct asset to live performance.

"I hope what I'm giving off is not a *macho* thing, like David Lee Roth, like 'come and get it girls!' . . . What I'm trying to get across to people, a girl could do the same thing. It's just a physical and emotional release of energy. It's an intensity — I put myself on the line."

Is that kind of intensity necessarily a hardcore experience?

Greg: "No, anything can be intense."

Henry: "The Velvet Underground! Janis Joplin!"

Greg: "The Mahavishnu Orchestra!"

Chuck: "Some guy standing on the corner screaming!"

Black Flag will even grant there's intensity in a little honest metal. Like Killing Joke, they admire AC/DC — "We condense three hours of AC/DC into 20 minutes," Chuck once said — and if pressed, they'll even admit the influence of early Black Sabbath.

"But really, the so-called kick-ass bands are just using this totally safe, conservative format," says Greg.

And Chuck concurs: "Van Halen is a prime example of that. You had people like Hendrix, who were doing something very extreme; now you have Van Halen, who take no risks and reiterate the style in a very conservative, poppy way."

Greg: "We're into a lot of different kinds of music. We have to challenge ourselves to keep going, because I don't want to play things I've heard before. Dez brings in the influence of everything from Hawkwind to Charlie Parker, and Henry brought the whole DC funk scene to us, like the Trouble Funk album, so it's really like we're a melting pot."

"Standing here like a loaded gun,
Ready to go off,
I got nothin' to do but shoot my mouth off . . ."
— 'Gimme Gimme Gimme'

WHETHER YOU regard Black Flag as a bombastic retrogression, or as the most accomplished overground garage band of our time, there can be no question that they've spearheaded a more than entertaining resistance to the safe hegemonies of the American rock machine. By doing so, moreover, they've transcended the very limits of punk, hardcore, thrash, or whatever else you care to call it.

Greg: "The best thing is that the good bands are really spread out. There aren't any more pockets of talent."

Henry: "Punk has just become like any other classification, heavy metal or anything else. You've got The Modifiers in Memphis, the Bad Brains from out of suburban Maryland, The Meat Puppets in the middle of the desert. Oh, and Black Flag from outta the fucking beach!"

Five years on and how does it feel?

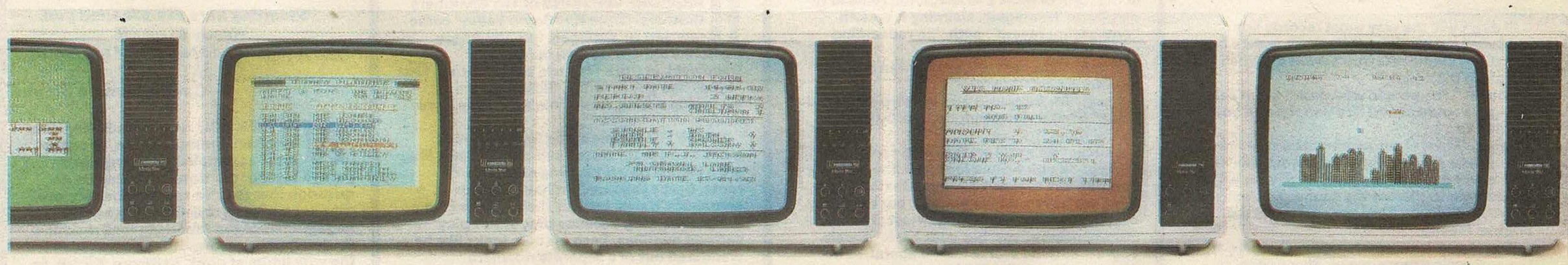
Chuck: "Well, it was easier to get the puss out of the pimple when we first popped it."

L to R: Chuck Dukowski, Henry Rollins, Greg Ginn, Chuck Biscuits, Dez Cadena.

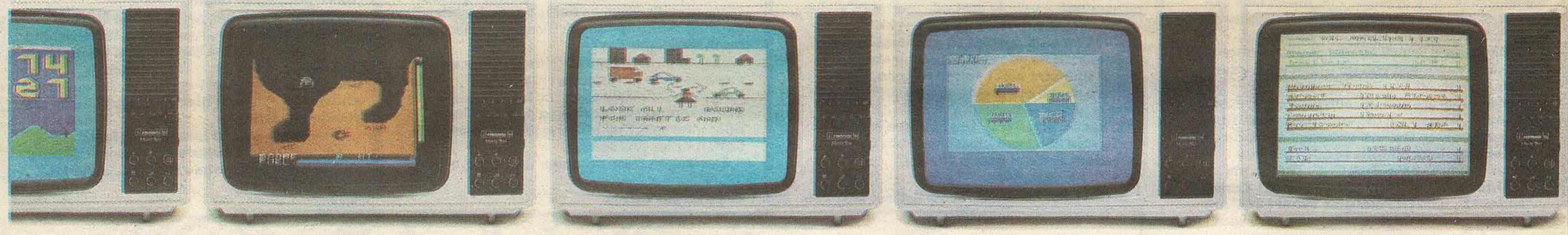
FLAG IN THE CALIFORNIA SCUM

What can you from sitting in front of

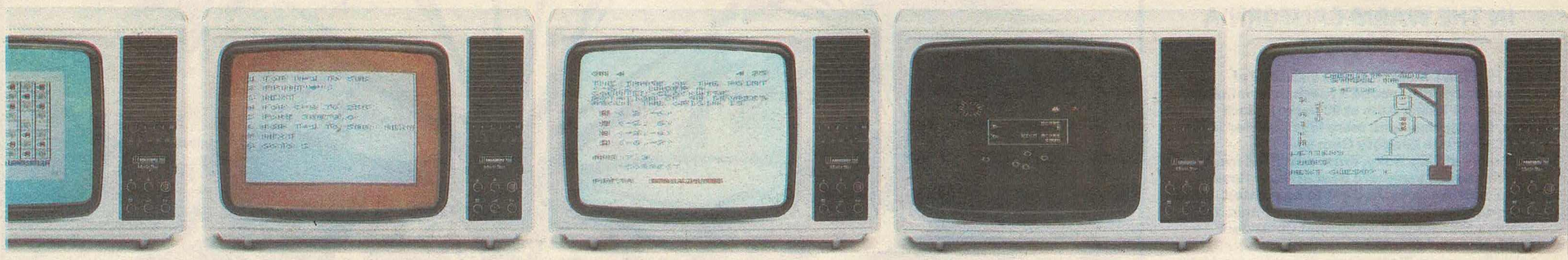
Mortgage and Savings | BBC Mastermind | "Alien" | Personality Test



Diary | Hotel Reservations | Home Accounts | "Blitz"



"Super Lander" | Highway Code | Business Planning | Mailing Lists



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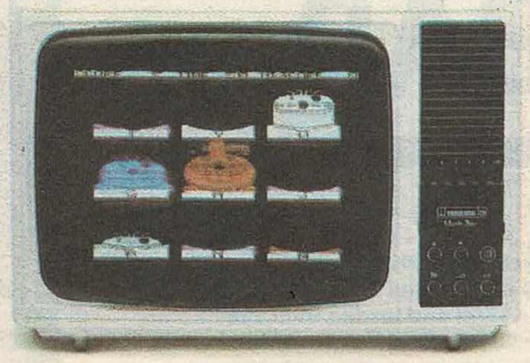
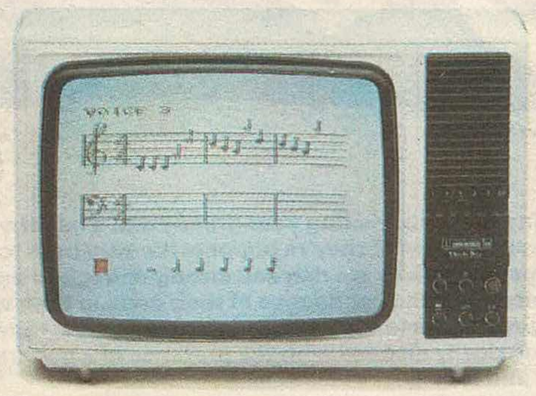
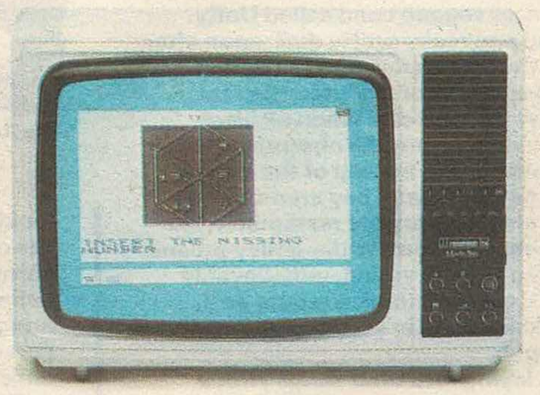


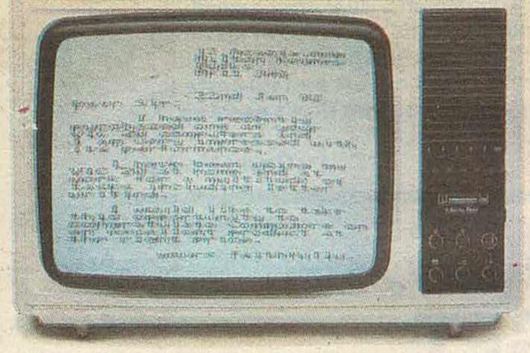
"Mole attack"

"Avenger"

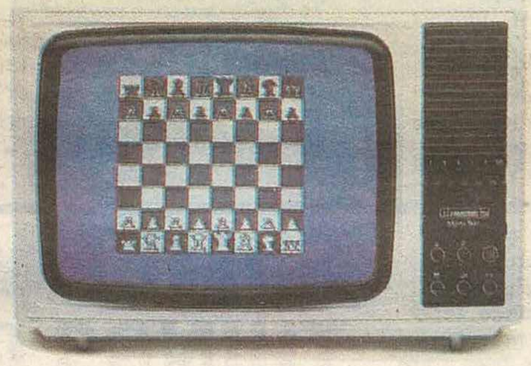
Intermediate Arithmetic

Type-a-tune



I.Q. Test



VIC Writer



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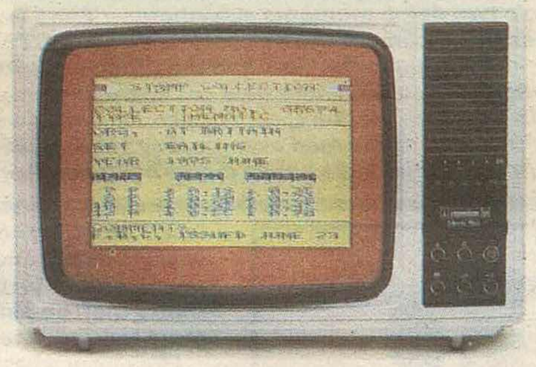
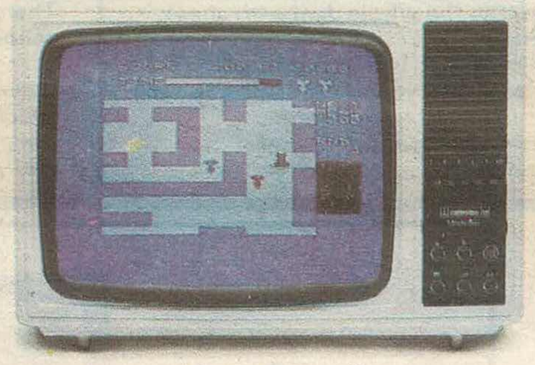
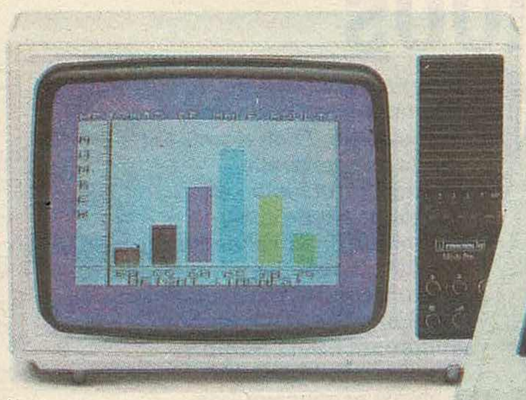


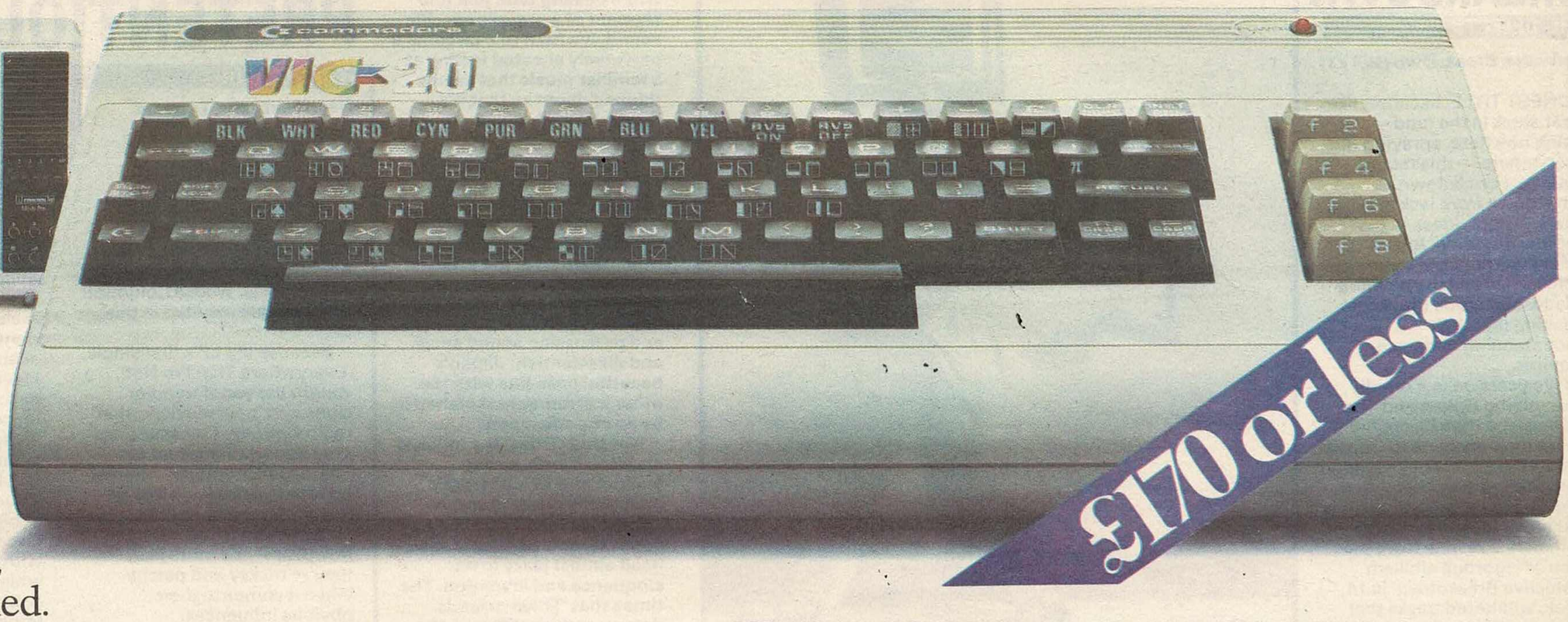
Inventories



"Rat Race"



Statistics



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LPs

THE KIDS ARE... NOT BAD

Musical Youth

Illustration: Ian Wright

MUSICAL YOUTH

Youth Of Today (MCA)

AND SO in the wake of a government that's introduced the repressive British nationality bill, caused Britian to become involved in her first war since 1969 and lorded over the previously unthinkable inner city riots of last summer, comes The Prince Of Wales' first national pop music contest.

Perhaps it's something to do with a heal-the-wounds gesture of goodwill and conciliation but the winners of this first competition are an all black reggae band called Unity. Unity turn out to be starched and really pretty duff; soon after their prize-winning concert they disappear and are never heard of again . . . Then, a couple of months later, the real shock success of the past few years occurs when all black reggae-pop band Musical Youth fly from the obscurity of their Birmingham community workshop to the top of the charts.

Oh, they play reggae, but not like *that*. They aren't UB40s trading on white guilt, they aren't dreary old rastamen with tedious polemics and never-made- it-out-of-the-galley moans. Their name says a lot actually: they're young, unbelievably young — you see them on TV and you think it would be a good idea to buy a few and keep them in your top pocket to entertain your mates in the pub.

They're certainly musical, laying into their songs with a heartwarming spark and ingenuity, anxious to spring-clean the nooks and crannies others leave to stagnate. Although they may be playing one of their weaker pap pieces they still plaster it with their own identity — going for simple but bright touches and riding through the whole deal with cheek, charm and big, unaffected grins.

The great thing about Musical Youth is that they don't present themselves as gormless lickle youngsters or try to put old mens' words in young mouths and become the conscience of the nation. There's a pride and natural exuberance in the delights and preoccupations of youth — looking for grub, visiting your granny and a healthy interest in the opposite sex. If they're puppets it's very hard to see the strings: the voices are rich and strong enough to establish a definite style and confidence of their own. In their way, bringing things to their knee-high perspective, they paradoxically dispose with the pretence of a generation gap once and for all.

'Heartbreaker', which follows the immediate fun and fundamentals of 'Pass The Dutchie', is their crispest and most effective straight song, a melody sung with a smooth, warming vocal and punctuated by cheeky rhythm chops. There's two damp moments elsewhere — 'Blind Boy', which echoes the sentiment of The Specials' 'Message To You Rudy' in the most cringing fashion, and the utopian platitudes of 'Children Of Zion' — before they get down to some serious child's play. Like 'Rockers' — *"I like coffee and I love tea/I love the girls when dem a mad over me/Say I like coffee when it well milky/Bong biddle biddle diddle bong hey!"* or 'Youth Today' with similar rhyme and reason. A lot of the time they sing about girls; sometimes the romance is sweet but mostly the innuendo is thinly veiled and very dirty: *"Ca say when I was five I just kiss it in a shed/But now me turn eleven me do it in a bed . . ."* ('Rub'n'Dub').

At its best this music has the flash and invention of the late '60s ska groups like The Skatilites, The Flames or Jackie Mittoo; at its worst it still delivers a hearty boot to the bottom of an ailing industry and a sagging musical form.

For a group whose average age is about 13, 'Youth Of Today' is a very accomplished record and they aren't serving up material that's bland or spineless. It's the voice of all those kids who go out and get mucked up on the building site and tend to come home, get put on a Persil advert and forgotten about. It's cute, energetic, irreverent and you don't need an eleven-plus to enjoy it.

Gavin Martin

19th TEDIOUS BREAKDOWN

THE DEFECTS

Defective Breakdown (WXYZ)

HONEST TITLE, because, like a car stuck in the mud — going nowhere, spraying dirt everywhere — this record really is a breakdown. A breakdown from lack of hope, heart, insight, ideas ... just about everything. But defective? I'm not so sure The Defects have all the howling apathy and crude breakneck slashing that their undemanding audience requires.

Five years on in a rapidly de-evolving Britain and The Defects and their ilk are the unwitting punchline to Devo's spudbrain ethic. They've gone right back to simple-minded Mickey Mouse rabble-rousing and never looked forward. With nary a respite from the pace or vigorous nihilism 'Defective Breakdown' is 14 bleak, splattered tracks that hurtle past like a desperate nightmare filled with images straight from the rat's iris of social decay and urban horror. Halfway through, all their spirit and resolve to combat the environment goes sleepwalking.

There is anger and frustration in there but it's squeezed through such a narrow sound and vocabulary that it doesn't breathe fire or life. On their one great moment — 'Brutality', the b-side of their second single — The Defects were agitated, scathing and determined. Now they're bitter, dejected and defeated. **Gavin Martin**

Mick Karn *Pic: Fin Costello*

THE BOY KARN HELP IT!

MICK KARN

MICK KARN

Titles (Virgin)

MICK KARN'S approach to his art, either as Japan's bass player or solo sculptor, is characterised by an untutored innocence, a naive instinct. It's a combination that can result in an explosive new insight or banal embarrassment. If his previous work has sometimes contained flashes of primitive inspiration, 'Titles' doesn't contain nearly enough revelations to justify eight tracks that, on balance, tend more towards the mundane.

Mick Karn's bass lines were central to the late Japan, and when dealing with just one element of a group's specific sound, it's hard to overcome a perversely cheated feeling at a familiar music that seems thinned down so that it's recognisable but less satisfying.

Inevitably the LP suffers in comparison with Karn's Japanese era. Not surprisingly he's retained his own idiosyncratic style, and by contrast with the group's baroque grandeur, his own accompaniment of assorted keyboards, wind instruments and percussion sound small and dillettantish: Japan's beautiful bass-line with the other instruments sketched in by an imperfect pen.

Not that 'Titles' is a musical disaster. Karn's strong instinct and lack of artistic inhibitions result in some unusual textures that focus on his elastic, acrobatic bass, itself almost jazzy in its eloquence and invention. The times that 'Titles' sounds doomy and repetitive — the consequence of too much absorbed introspection relieved by too few original ideas — have to be set against the occasions when Karn's eclectic ethnic incorporations, particularly of a loose Eastern mysticism, are woven close to an exotic atmosphere.

Overall though, 'Titles' is only a variation on a theme, an elementary exercise in composition. Sometimes intriguing, occasionally engaging, you can't help but feel that 'Titles'' main commercial attraction will come as a consequence of Karn's name.

Lynn Hanna

SOMETIMES, THINGS GET PRETENTIOUS

TRANSLATOR

Heartbeats and Triggers (CBS)

THREE MEMBERS of Translator hail from Los Angeles. It was when they moved to Frisco, with their San Franciscan bassist Larry Dekker, that they attracted attention from Bay Area indie 415 Records, whose Columbia associations resulted in this LP.

Because the LP's first single, 'Everywhere That I'm Not', caught the ear of trendier clubs and 'new music format' radio stations, Translator has attracted a fair amount of "hard to pigeonhole" interest on tour in America. They're not hard to pigeonhole because they're so new, however — it's more like they're tricksy and patchy when it comes to their obvious influences.

Translator seem to be after an ambitious update of the soft, early '60s British beat group sound which will incorporate fullblown '80s existential anguish, plus tasteful ambiguities Talking Heads-style. A number like their 'Necessary Spinning' (where lyrics like *"I wish I were nine years old again"* and *"sometimes things get statuesque"* are actually part of the same song) might work if their sheer musicianship were as strong as other independent-minded outfits — say Devo when they started out.

Translator's dominant interests are tension, alienation and condemnation of the same. Their dominant mode is a generally unsuccessful fusion of Burroughs-type cut-up technique (in vocal delivery, almost all over the album; instrumentally, particularly on 'Sleeping Snakes'), parodic militarism ('Dark Region', 'Sleeping Snakes') and melodic acoustic guitar rhythms. (That's right, acoustic — and since Four Freshmen-study-Kafka harmonies keep surfacing unexpectedly, as in 'Everything You See', it does sound like '60s British pop balladry gone over to *Teach Yourself Philosophy*).

The height of this band's Liverpudlian likeness comes with 'Nothing Is Saving Me', which joins the long line of cold, synthetic, self-indulgent impersonations of songs which has followed the death of Joy Division in the Far Norths of both the UK and USA. It's from this track's lyric *"we close our fingers on heartbeats and triggers"* that the LP takes its title.

Frankly, there's nothing here which even matches up to 'Everywhere That I'm Not', and by the time I got to *"There is nothing to do tonight/There is no-one to be tonight"* ('Everywhere') for the third time, I was hoping a hundred-foot-high stack of *The Preppy Handbook* might flatten David Byrne enough to render him forever incapable of 'influence'. **Cynthia Rose**

THE VOICE OF DEGENERATION

BLITZ

Voice of a Generation (No Future)

IT'S FIVE years on and still the anachronistic rantings of groups such as Blitz spew out to mollify the impotence of a generation.

Five years of education for your Test Tube Babies, your Chron-Gens, without one iota of development or inspiration lodging between thick ears. Is it merely the desperate longings of those who weren't there to attempt to recapture an atmosphere or attitude long since evaporated? Whatever their reasons, the body of youth in need of this 'voice' shows no sign of diminishing, nor dampening the partisan adoration that shoves records like this into the national charts. As ever, success bestows a damning, hollow credibility — Blitz are now 'album artists'.

Whether Blitz are 'better' than their contemporaries is irrelevant — any of the bunch, if prepared to flog the motorways with a modicum of organisation in the background, could probably emulate this 'success'. Blitz simply conform to the requirements of a particular section of the record-buying market — they do it with sanitised aplomb, a calculated efficiency and a careerist mentality.

Their studied sound comes from a minute dissection of what startled and provoked five years ago. They wear their sense of history with a smug swagger, probably actually *pleased* that they can 'play better than Strummer or Shelley'.

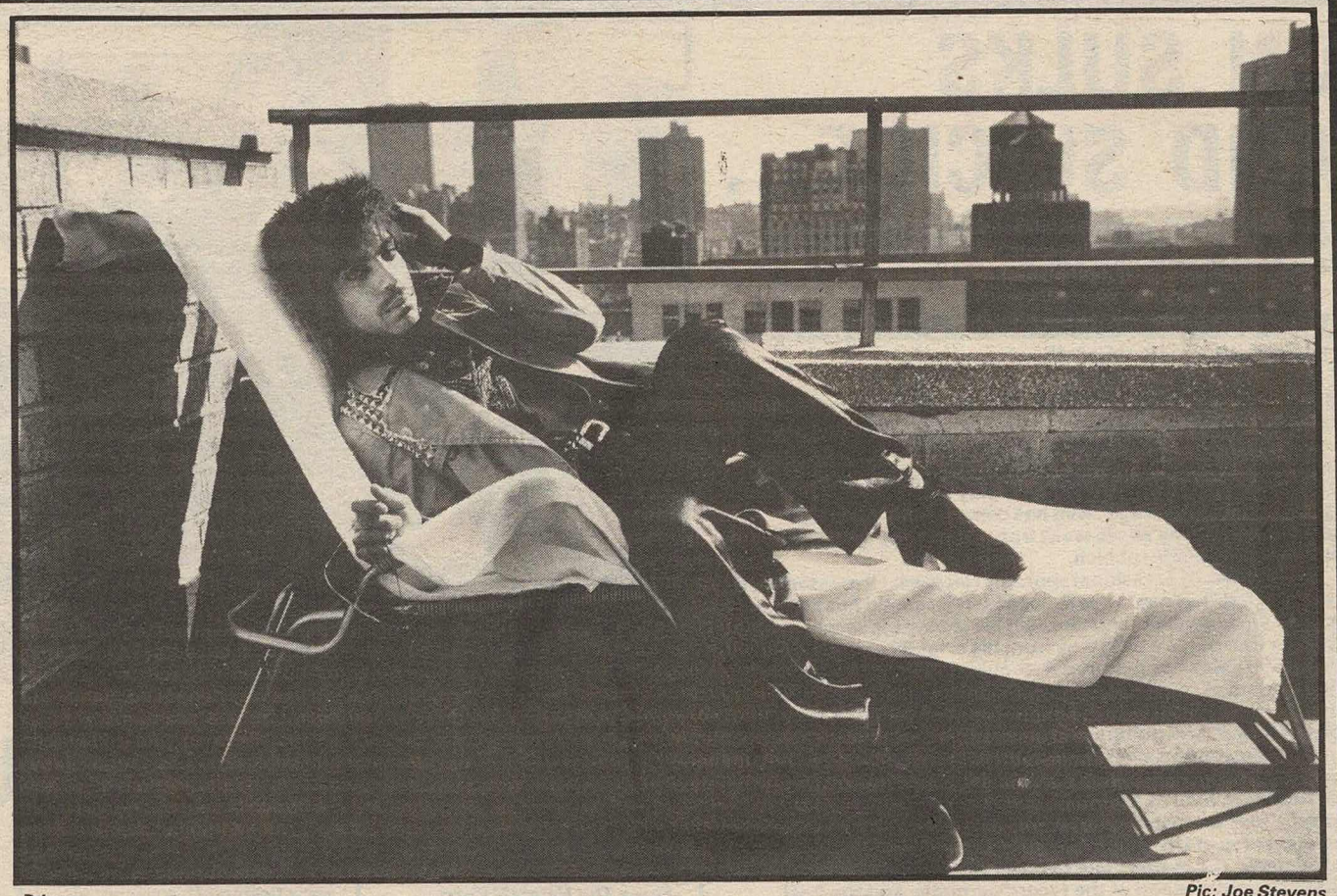
The Blitz LP is, at times, most reminiscent of the Clash's debut minus Strummer's howl and Jones' knack for a tune. It's a gratuitously unlovely noise that no amount of stereo trickery can tart up — the guitars are uniformly drone-like, the occasional Buzzcockian flourish only emphasising the date stamp. The bass is metallic and simplistic, the drums pure Terry Chimes. 'Singer' Carl Fisher, flipping through his 'Punk's Greatest Hits' collection, opts for the Jake Burns early SLF throat crucifixion mode of delivery.

In between boorishly flouting the mob call-and-response mentality, the band effortlessly slips into boogie gear — producing a Ramonic racket akin to Motorhead or a cranked-up Quo. For such a touted high energy music, an album's worth of Blitz has an increasingly soporific effect, dulling the senses in its relentless monotony. The single respite on the entire record is a brief, efficient reggae commencing 'Nation On Fire' — but, as if to sneer at us musical softies, they announce "Yeah, we can do *that* easy enough — now we'll do *this*", launching headlong into another fuzz barrage.

Perhaps Blitz's rivals will learn from this chartbound sound — deducing that the harder metallicisms should be forsaken in favour of rewriting a few chestnuts from '77; in which case, following this lead, the hit parade could soon be strewn with punky retreads.

The simplistic Blitz philosophy, when consumed at cult level, is a harmless, pitiable distraction raising only laughs — when it becomes big money fodder, however, it raises questions about youth, pop music, and the attitudes of a generation that aren't so funny.

Graham K Smith



Prince — *Pic: Joe Stevens*

FLASHER IN THE PAN

PRINCE

1999 (Warner Brothers)

DEAR Mixed-Up of Minnesota.

Well — don't you have problems!

Being the sole son and heir of Barry White and Jimi Hendrix is no easy burden for a young boy to bear — but when the only people who like you are the people who get their records free . . . Well, then comes the hour when the record company, in one last mad gasp of magpie marketing, puts out the "Specially-Priced Two Record Set" and almost audibly screams "Come and buy it, you bastards! It may stink, but at least it's free!"

You saw, you conquered, you came; that used to be your preoccupation, Prince, you pup! You were the Reeperbahn of rock; but now as you and your countrymen sit and contemplate your cold stores in the U.S.A.H (After Herpes) I detect a more chaste worldview, full of partying and vague romantic sadness rather than blow by blow cornporn. Yet even this can have its complications; you use partying, like many of your nasty nationality, as a carwash for the brain — having fun to hide from fear, most graphically in the title track. The end of the world — don't worry your pretty little head about it, Prince, leave the social comment to Grandmaster Flash and revel in your role of pretty boy's pin-up!

I also notice that you have one song — 'Little Red Corvette' — which implies that you want the world to know that you are a regular guy and not just a sex freak, a regular guy *pace* Noble, New Jersey, who always falls back on singing love songs to lumps of metal when he wants to show that he is as capable of having fun as the next guy; though falling in love with a lump of metal is a rather *recherche* way of having fun, I would venture, and far from normal!

I still remember your first communique — 'I Wanna Be Your Lover' — with some affection. You were the carnal castrati incarnate, there was a gurgling, glorious exuberance about you, all those sweet soaring runs and that nifty backcombed backchat — you were out of the closet and in your element, being just what you always wanted to be . . . a girl group! But now your songs sound like an interminable string of *Fame* B-sides — and considering how *Fame* A-sides sound, that's some insult.

There is an ancient Leninist dictum heeded in the early days of the Russian Revolution and kept alive by many Third World freedom fighters; the One Glass of Water theory, which young revolutionaries applied to S.E.X., your very own cottage industry, in deciding that sex is of no more importance than one glass of water to a thirsty man. Well, I'm sure these baby Spartans enjoy their sparkling sustenance when they get it more than you and your countrymen have enjoyed the rather joyless orgies in which you have been partaking for the last couple of decades and albums. Your problem, Prince, is commercial post-coital triste on a cosmic scale.

The antidote? Get thee to a nunnery, or at least to Donna Summer's songwriter. Few things are such bets chartwise as a Bible-bashing black, Born Again. Sex is no manifesto, no saviour and certainly no shock. As my colleague Confucius likes to say, "Nothing sadder than a flasher who no one notices."

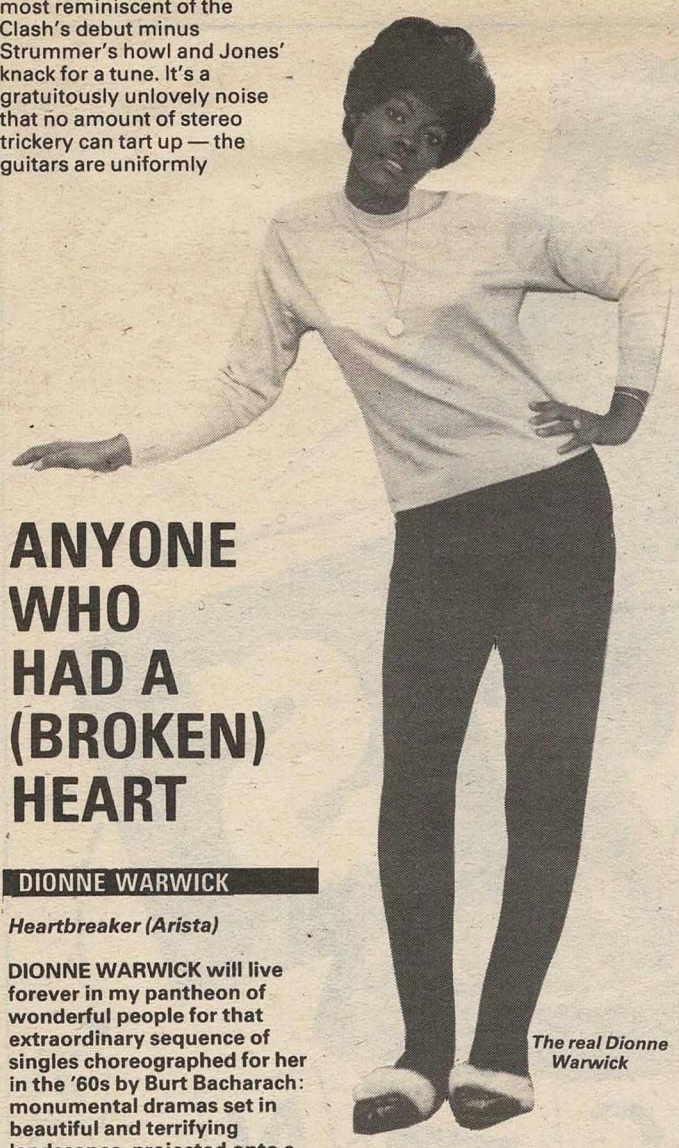
Julie Burchill

ANYONE WHO HAD A (BROKEN) HEART

DIONNE WARWICK

Heartbreaker (Arista)

DIONNE WARWICK will live forever in my pantheon of wonderful people for that extraordinary sequence of singles choreographed for her in the '60s by Burt Bacharach: monumental dramas set in beautiful and terrifying landscapes, projected onto a 45rpm screen. Records like 'I Say A Little Prayer' (the original, by no means invalidated by Aretha Franklin's subsequent better-known version), 'Walk On By', 'What The World Needs Now Is Love,' 'Reach Out For Me', 'Don't Make Me Over', 'Anyone Who Had A Heart', 'Do You Know The Way To San Jose' and 'You'll Never Get To Heaven' had a perfect, tanslucent, gem-like quality that rendered them utterly unique, strung midway between soul, pop and the timeless tradition of the American crafted popular song.



The real Dionne Warwick

Since then, her most notable achievement has been to add a terminal 'e' to her surname (on the advice of her numerologist, apparently, and now once again dropped) and to spend the '70s hiding out fairly lucratively in the lounges. She is now back in the charts with this collection of hideously soupy Barry Gibb concoctions, all tremulously forgettable departure-lounge fodder whisked to the consistency of synthetic cream by Gibb, Albhy Galuten and Karl Richardson.

The tunes are either by Gibb and his famous bros or by Gibb and Galuten, and pretty damn galutinous they are too. Sentimentally of the pop variety can be — as Bacharach and Hal David proved with Warwick's original hits — an exceptionally warm and affecting ingredient in popular song, but this stuff is merely slick and sickly. 'Take The Short Way Home' and 'Misunderstood' provide a few pleasant interludes, but the only performance in this collection that I would voluntarily hear again is a lazily sensual version of 'Our Day Will Come' (the only non Gibb effort on the album), and even that is marred by overindulgent string writing and Mr Gibb's quavering back-up vocals.

'The Very Best Of Dionne Warwick' is one of my favourite albums, and one day I would like another Dionne Warwick worthy to stack along side it. I'm still waiting.

Charles Shaar Murray

CRAPTICAL JOKERS

BAD MANNERS

Forging Ahead (Magnet)

FOR A while last year I really thought Bad Manners had it sussed. Their musical version of the proverbial inane craptical, er, practical joke seemed to cater perfectly for the infant school element of the commercial market.

Unfortunately, probably due to the projected mentality of the group, they also became the darlings of numerous fledgling bristle heads looking for something to whet their appetites on before moving 'up' to big bruvver's hardcore level. There was something vaguely paradoxical about nine grown men cavorting about on stage pleading the excuse SILLY BUT FUN while the front row of their pre-teen audience got their kicks (sic) from booting each other's brains out.

But even ignoring their tribal following, Bad Manners' songs have always struck me as too gormless to be entertaining, and their humour too strained to tickle the doziest fancy. It's as if the overtly foolish antics, the toying with the tasteless, and the forced jollity are all desperate apologies for the facile nature of the music. No wonder Trendle always wears that huge sheepish grin! And, judging by the recent bellyflop 'Samson And Delilah' made into the charts, it seems nothing will induce people to buy that same dead old two-tone tempo anymore.

It's time Bad Manners made a graceful exit.

Leyla Sanai

Mr Trendle's tongue, aka **Shivers** — *Pic: Peter Anderson*

ON SULKS AND SUICIDE...

PATRIK FITZGERALD

Gifts And Telegrams (Red Flame)

ANNE CLARK

The Sitting Room (Red Flame)

BACK IN 1979 Patrik Fitzgerald's first LP 'Grubby Stories' received a glowing review from Paul Morley. That was a time when it was acceptable to be unhappy with the world and to have a bit of a moan. Now, in these rosy days of the new pop where all is love and lightness, the only acceptable bit of "truth" is 'The Message'. Rap has come of age and that's great, but it seems all we want from everything else is the same old simplistic rubbish.

Three years of occasional sporadic releases, all greeted with growing indifference, have passed but Fitzgerald has still got a lot of worthwhile things to say. This is only his second LP, though he's come a long way from his original acoustic punky bash. The voice has matured — though it's uncomfortably (intentionally) rough — and the songs are now performed over a hauntingly barren backing, provided by Patrik himself on keyboards and guitars.

The songs themselves have also improved and matured, are no longer annoyingly whimsical. The observations are disturbingly vivid as he comments on the emptiness of the idea of 'love as cosiness', looks at suicide, sulkily shows the soullessness of the work ethic and has a sharp poisoned dig at politicians. The melancholy cover of Jacques Brel's 'My Death' fits the sombre mood of the record perfectly, and the final achingly desolate 'Island Of Lost Souls' (featured in the *Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed* film) is simply the best thing I've heard in ages.

It's not exactly the stuff Human League dreams are made of, but nor is it as depressing as it sounds. The music possesses a uniquely forlorn beauty, and there is some brightness in there. Still, it's hardly the type of stuff that's going to attract massive sales, and Red Flame boss Dave Kitson obviously ain't in it for the money because he's also putting out young London poet Anne Clark's debut mini LP.

She recites her perceptive, occasionally surreal, pieces in a nervously edgy voice, over a rather grandiose Gothic background. It works well, but is probably just a little too gloomy for her own good (and may be just as well that she no longer works with the group who provided the music for this).

Amid all this bleakness 'Short-Story', the one track which has a more poppy feel and a brisker vocal, is refreshingly bright and effective.

It's a promising debut, though I suspect both of these records will get virtually nil reaction. Maybe you don't want to hear such challenging and relevant records. That's your choice and your problem.

Kev Mc

The Swiss Family P-Orridge *Pic: Peter Anderson*

A FURIOUS VIGOUR!

PSYCHIC TV

Force The Hand Of Chance (Some Bizzare/WEA)

(THE PACKAGE also contains a record of Psychick TV themes — recordings made by Initiates of The Temple Ov Psychick Youth to accompany portions of The First Transmission, another PTV product now available on a 4 Hour Video-cassette. The music itself was designed not only as a soundtrack but also for subsequent use by Initiates of The Temple Ov Psychick Youth in their rituals as Functional Music intended only to aid in the process of making things happen. It is a practical tool.)

IN THESE pages, depending who wrote about it, depending what mood they were in, what fashions they were ticking off, a review of Psychic TV's first LP would say that it was either a sad roof drummed by a monotonous rain and as duff as academic senility, or clearly the most excitingly premature mix up of the inspired, the absurd and the obliterated ever heard on a record released on a pop label. And, obviously, it CAN be either. And we guffaw, or not. It is a record as important to its time as 'Blonde On Blonde', The Banana thingy and 'Bollocks' were to their time.

The way I hear it — this is my truth, and you're welcome to dismiss it, indeed I hope you do so — 'Force The Hand Of Chance' is a unique concern, chilly, witty, windy, black and white. PTV slip into the gay company conventions even more courteously than Throbbing Gristle — glossy cover, informative notes, slick design, unperturbed pleasantries, heroic politeness, nothing is hidden or shadowy until the prejudices of the prim and the proper, the satiated sociables, cover this 'civilised rock scene' with dust and bits — and they pull into these conventions as fully as anyone from The Velvet Underground to Siouxsie And The Banshees a theatre of gesture and provocation. And then more than that they re-define the concepts of vigour and fury and soak in the juices of priceless desolation as craftily as Beckett.

I have to be abrupt now: 'Guiltless', track one side two, sung by Marc Almond, is *the* sweetest, strangest, most intoxicating music — sad waltz, languid intoxication. It finds those spaces, those linings Weill, Reed, Buckley and Hammill knew and know so well, and takes it out further, drops in deeper, rubs it harder. The delights of The Song deconstructed.

Alluring, shimmering, troubled by pain indefinable, sheer sex, sex seen and smelt, sex pierced, soul penetrated, the monstrance personal. In here, this 'Guiltless', lies the key to this new magick: the kick. The song breaks open, poison pours, desire drips, vanity trip, it's a broken peace flushed with blood, a flamboyant sigh. Obscure, profound and vast.

Somewhere else, there's motion and emancipation, candles and criminals, violins and disciplines, semen and strength, orchestras and oral kicks, shrieks and rubs. A record so deliberate, spontaneous and liberated it immediately creates its own category, and then demolishes it. Available for a small fee: a fresh start. 'Force The Hand Of Chance' is a record of great tension, naked need, and much comprehensible action, and yet really there's very little there. An uncensored reflection, that's there, and in corners, beating and twitching, the vague gleam of a brilliant temptation, a realistic solution. Follow it or fall down?

'Force The Hand Of Chance' . . . 'is beautiful'. Even now, as the mediocre is merely padded at, prodded over, with sticks of asinine cynicism by the exhausted rock critic, as mor-ness spreads with a meek-madness, such a record can *matter.* Five people might understand. A deep, still pond might be disturbed. As Voltaire said, Dear God, give us often such rascals.

Paul Morley

THE
KINKS
NEW SINGLE
"COME DANCING"
ARISTA
'COME DANCING' TOUR Dec. 2nd EDINBURGH Playhouse, Dec. 3rd MANCHESTER Apollo, Dec. 5th LIVERPOOL Royal Court, Dec. 6th MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall, Dec. 7th BIRMINGHAM Odeon, Dec. 10th AYLESBURY Friars, Dec. 11th IPSWICH Gaumont, Dec. 12th NORWICH University of East Anglia, Dec. 14th NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre, Dec. 15th HANLEY Victoria Hall, Dec. 16th BRADFORD Caesars, Dec. 17th SHEFFIELD Lyceum, Dec. 19th BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens, Dec. 20th GUILDFORD Civic Hall, Dec. 21st BRIGHTON Dome. Dec. 22nd LONDON Lyceum Ballroom.

TEXAS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

JOE 'KING' CARRASCO AND THE CROWNS

Synapse Gap (Mundo Total) (MCA)

TEXAS HAS ever offered fertile soil for bands of the garage and psychedelic persuasions (Sir Doug's Quintet, Mouse & The Traps, The Moving Sidewalk, Kenny And The Kasuals, The Five Americans; the band of loonies at International Artists) — but post-Domingo Saumudio ('Sam the Sham'), it's taken Joe Carrasco to pioneer the *patio* outfit. Conjunto with corazon, if you get my drift.

'Synapse Gap' is the first LP of Joe's MCA contract. And it's awash in enough Farfisa voodoo to drown out all of los B-52's — which is who many listeners may be reminded of, particularly by tracks like the Inspired 'Bad Rap'.

That's not to say your first two or three spins of 'Synapse Gap' would cloak a wealth of studio trickery, trappings and multi-tracking, not to mention Michael Jackson wandering in from next door in Studio 55 to add the honeyed harmonies on 'Don't Let A Woman Make A Fool Out Of You'. Great track: in fact, simply 'No Woman No Cry' rendered into Tex-Mex and played fairly straight. But there's the touch of dub on 'Senor Lover's interlude, the full-blown *Jaws* backdrop of 'Person-Person' (over-gimmicky and silly), and a whole slice of solo on 'Bad Rap' that hails from somewhere within a Greek restaurant.

But so what? There are also seven absolute winners here — mostly the numbers authored by Carrasco and his 'Talent Co-Ordinator' Jimmy Perez (of which the lusciously soft-centred 'Wanna Get That Feel Again' and 'That's The Love' are straight swipes from below-the-border Top Ten tunedom).

Maybe one reason this disc sounded quirky enough to practically clean my room for me, do my laundry *and* deliver a pep talk about how "the very act of counting tempo can be an affirmation of self" (Lenny Kaye on garage bands) is that Liam Sternberg served as its Associate Producer.

Or maybe it's more how the spirit and cheer of the thing recalled those sleeve notes on my CGC Rationals LP. . . the one where brief descriptions of each player ('digs the basic and simple — doesn't dig complication and sophistication') each end with a solemn 'Music is his life'. I'd love to see El Rey's next rundown of personnel end each time with *'Enchiladas son su vida!'*. Ole, Jose.

Cynthia Rose

"Only" Joe King and his pals *Pic: Joe Stevens*

LIGHTNING STRIKES

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND

(And So On) (Plastic Inevitable — Australian import)

IN THE interests of your economy I will repeat in its entirety side one track five — a radio ad for Velvet Underground's third LP: *"How do you feel? You don't really know how you feel. Why? Because you haven't heard the new Velvet Underground. Here are expressions of a new dimension in honesty, purity and feeling. The Velvet Underground — not a probe. Not an exploration. Not an experience. But a whole reality. The Velvet Underground . . . The Velvet Underground. This is you. You'll find your love. Your hope. Your reality. The Velvet Underground on MGM Records will tell you how to feel. Listen."*

Now you have the best of '(And So On)' — the companion volume of VU fragments to 'Etc'. Cut it out and keep. Only collectors will need the rest which, at £8 plus, comes dear. But then, collectors usually get what they deserve. That is, nothing much at all.

Chris Bohn

SHAKATAK

Invitations (Polydor)

FACED WITH an almost fatal creative block on the part of Messrs Sharpe and Odell, the Shakatak songwriters, and thus with the bleak outlook on new material from the band in the foreseeable future, Polydor have decided after lengthy boardroom discussions to remix and repackage the hot jazz-funk outfit's now deleted debut album, eventually retitled as 'Invitations', to coincide with the band's live appearances as a big thank you to the long-suffering fans who've waited so long for a new record.

Amrik Rai

MIKE RUTHERFORD

Acting Very Strange (WEA)

NOT THAT it makes any difference, but Summer/Moroder collaborator Peter Bellotte has co-written two songs here, which leads me to another of Bohn's simple rules: never buy a Genesis-related record unless it's splattered with P-Orridge.

Chris Bohn

WISHBONE ASH

Twin Barrels Burning (AVM)

HARD ON the heels of Bill Nelson's Erik Satie piece comes this version of obscure English composer Eric Settee's opera 'Flames On Both My Waterbutts' (1911). Bore War veteran Jawbone Gnash, a tone-deaf schizophrenic from Glasgow and Penzance, has added his personal rhythmic patterns to Settee's misunderstood masterpiece, thereby ruining it. Gnash makes extensive use of The Geetar, an obsolete tribal instrument not unlike a chittarone. File under something too heavy to lift.

Ian McMillan

BILLY JOEL

The Nylon Curtain

WITH THE review copy of this album you get a little booklet of the lyrics "and some of Joel's comments". About the song 'Surprises' he says: "I was thinking it was a broad metaphysical statement which I'm not even sure I can explain ..." The case for the prosecution rests. Dammit, it doesn't even make a good curtain: can't get the rings through. Neither use nor ornament, as we say in Barnsley. That's Barnsley, California, of course.

Ian McMillan

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tour NEWS

SPEAR OF DESTINY, the new band formed by Kirk Brandon and Stan Stammers, have made one change in their debut tour itinerary announced last week. Their gig at Brighton Top Rank is put back from November 29 to December 12.

WAH! play their first UK dates this year at Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (November 30), Leicester Polytechnic (December 1), Liverpool Polytechnic (2), London University Union (3) and Manchester Polytechnic (4). They're pomoting their current single 'Story Of The Blues' on Eternal Records (through WEA).

ORANGE JUICE have added another date to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago, which promotes their new 'Rip It Up' album. It's at Lancaster University on November 27 and is open to the general public, with all tickets priced £3.

PALLAS, the progressive rock outfit who are about to announce a major label deal, begin a new one-nighter series this weekend — concentrating mainly on their native Scotland. Gigs confirmed so far are Aberdeen ABC (this Thursday and Friday), Dufftown Town Hall (Saturday), Glasgow Dial Inn (November 27), Wishaw Heathery Bar (December 4), Glasgow Mayfair (5), Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk (11) and Glasgow Dial Inn again (18). Between times, they travel to London to headline at the Marquee Club on December 8.

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR have just returned from their first series of European dates, and are playing two London dates before starting work on their second album for Albion Records — at Clapham 101 Club (November 25) and Islington Hope & Anchor (27).

THE SOUND are to headline a CND benefit show at London Camberwell Art College on Friday, December 3. This is an addition to their current UK tour, which promotes their new WEA album 'All Fall Down'. Another new date is at Coventry General Wolfe on December 2.

FASHION, who've just completed their first major UK tour, have now slotted in two more dates early next month — they are at Leicester University (December 3) and Manchester Apollo (4).

CHAS & DAVE have had to cancel their scheduled date at Edinburgh Playhouse this Saturday (20), due to a two-day promotional visit to Europe. They'll be re-arranging the concert for as early as possible in the New Year.

DURUTTI COLUMN are playing four dates during the coming week — at Kingston Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), two shows at London School of Economics (Saturday), Dundee Dance Factory (November 24) and Glasgow Night Moves (25).

SHALAMAR have, for the third week running, added another date to their current UK schedule. This one is at Southport Theatre, where they'll be performing two shows on Wednesday, December 1. Tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4.

SANDII & THE SUNSETZ, the top Japanese band who are now coming to the end of their UK tour as guests of Japan, are subsequently staying on here to play some dates in their own right. They're at Manchester Hacienda Club (November 26), Glasgow Strathclyde University (27), London Victoria The Venue (29) and Sheffield Lyceum (30) — tickets are available from box-offices priced either £2.50 or £2, and a couple more dates may be added later. The group's new single 'Dreams Of Immigrants'/'The Mirror Of Eyes' — taken from their current album 'Immigrants' is issued by Sire this week, either as a 7" picture disc or in 12-inch format.

FAT LARRY'S band had to cancel a couple of dates in their UK tour last week, when founder and leader Larry James was taken to hospital suffering from a bronchial complaint. The gig at Hitchin Regal has already been re-arranged for tonight (Thursday), but it hasn't been possible to re-schedule their date at Leeds Warehouse. Other dates are unaffected.

GARY MOORE BAND, who begin their debut UK tour next Wednesday (24), have now completed their line-up with the addition of noted keyboards man Don Airey — who has previously worked with Rainbow, Ozzy Osbourne and Colosseum II, among others. He joins Moore (guitar and vocals), Ian Paice (drums), Neil Murray (bass) and John Sloman (keyboards and vocals).

JOHN OTWAY has returned from his three-month "disappearance" in Canada — whence he travelled ostensibly in pursuit of his wife, though he says he doesn't wish to talk about it — and has brought along a three-piece Canadian band to accompany him on a handful of gigs. These are at London Victoria The Venue (November 24), Coventry General Wolfe (25), Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel (26), Farnham West Surrey College (27) and Oxford Pennyfarthing (28). He's promoting his single 'You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet' on Empire Records.

DENNIS BROWN has flown in from Jamaica, and is currently busy lining up a string of pre-Christmas gigs. He opens at Bristol Locarno on November 22, and the remainder are expected to be confirmed next week.

MARILLION, who recently released their debut EMI single 'Market Square Heroes', are set for their most important London showcase to date. It comes at the end of their current month-long tour, and it's a headliner at Victoria The Venue on November 26 (all tickets £3). After this date, the band start work on their debut album for spring release.

JIMMY WITHERSPOON, the near-legendary blues star, makes his first London appearance since recovering from his recent illness on December 2 — it's at Covent Garden The Canteen, and it marks the venue's first anniversary. Also appearing is young American bop singer Bobby McFerrin, and the whole evening is being filmed for Channel 4's jazz series *Four Up Two Down*, for screening on January 7 and 14.

FAME IS THE SPUR

HI, LEROY!

Kids play UK gigs

THE KIDS FROM FAME arrive in the UK right after Christmas to make their world debut concert appearances in this country. Their arrival follows hot on the heels of the enormous success of the TV series *Fame*, and the two chart-topping albums of its soundtrack. The troupe features Debbie Allen (Lydia), Lee Curreri (Bruno), Erica Gimpel (Coco), Carlo Imperato (Danny), Lori Singer (Julie) and Gene Anthony Ray (Leroy), plus ten dancers — all produced, staged and directed by Debbie Allen.

They play Brighton The Centre on December 28 (two shows at 4 and 8pm), London Royal Albert Hall on December 30 and 31 (two shows each day at 3 and 7.30pm) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on January 1 (one show at 7.30pm). Tickets are priced £10, £9, £7.50, £7, £5 and £3.50 (London) and £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 (Brighton and Birmingham). Booking arrangements are as follows:

BRIGHTON: By personal application to the box-office, or by post from The Fame Box Office, P.O. Box 141, London SW6 5AS — make cheques and POs payable to "Andrew Miller Concerts Ltd." and enclose SAE. WEMBLEY: By personal application to all Keith Prowse branches, or by post from the same address as for Brighton. BIRMINGHAM: By post from The Fame Box Office, P.O. Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ — Postal Orders only made payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises Ltd." and enclose SAE. Or by personal application to the NEC box-office, Cyclops Sound (Birmingham), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Records (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Goulds (Wolverhampton) or Coventry Apollo.

IMAGINATION'S XMAS SPECIAL

IMAGINATION — who toured here extensively earlier in the autumn, including a string of seven sell-out shows at London's Dominion Theatre, and have just returned from an extensive European tour — have this week announced plans for a special London Christmas show. It's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, December 26, and tickets are on sale immediately. The group, whose new single 'Changes' is released on November 26 in both 7" and 12" formats, will also have a full-length video titled 'Music & Lights' out this month.

Meteors in flight

THE METEORS follow their headlining appearance in the monster Hallowe'en ball at London Lyceum by going out on a national tour. Promoted by Head Music, they play Sheffield Limit Club (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Bierkeller (November 22), Manchester Gallery (23), Liverpool Warehouse (24), Feltham Football Club (26), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (December 1), Preston Warehouse (2), Retford Porterhouse (3), Middlesbrough Cavern (4), Leicester Horsefaire (6), Brighton New Regent (7), Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall (9), Norwich Gala Ballroom (10), Dudley J.B.'s (11) and Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (12). Then, after a short visit to Holland, they return to play Birmingham Power House (21) and Belfast Ulster Hall (28).

Sayer's UK spring marathon

LEO SAYER is to undertake a massive spring tour of the UK, starting in mid-March and running into May — it takes in 37 concerts, including a string of four in London, and there's a prospect of still more being added. Newly returned from the States, Sayer is currently recording a single for release by Chrysalis early in the New Year, and it's expected that he'll have a new album ready to coincide with the tour. He's also preparing his own series of one-hour shows for BBC-2, which start transmission on January 17.

Tour dates are Southampton Gaumont (March 18), Oxford Apollo (19), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Birmingham Odeon (24), Kendal Leisure Centre (25), Manchester Apollo (26), Nottingham Theatre Royal (27), Margate Winter Gardens (30), Brighton The Centre (31), Slough Fulcrum Centre (April 1), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (2 and 3), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (4), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (7-10), Bradford St George's Hall (13), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (14), Middlesbrough Town Hall (15), Glasgow Apollo (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Derby Assembly Rooms (20), Gloucester Leisure Centre (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Coventry Apollo (23), Cardiff St David's Hall (24), Sheffield City Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Liverpool Empire (29), Blackpool Opera House (30), Stockport Davenport (May 1), Southport Theatre (2), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Reading Hexagon (5), Southsea Kings Theatre (6), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (7) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (8).

Although it's four months until the tour starts, tickets are already on sale at most venues — and where they're not on sale, box-offices will be opening shortly. Further information, as well as ticket prices, can be obtained direct from the venues. However, we can tell you that tickets for London Dominion are £8.50, £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 and they are currently available.

DEAD KENNEDYS ON TOUR

'EXPERIENCE THE JOY OF SCREAMING'

NOVEMBER

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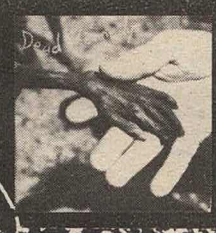
18TH SHEFFIELD LEADMILL
19TH LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
20TH LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
22ND BATH PAVILION
23RD BRIGHTON POLYTECHNIC
24TH NORWICH UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
26TH LONDON CENTRAL LONDON POLY
27TH LONDON CENTRAL LONDON POLY

DECEMBER

1ST SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY
2ND BRIXTON ACE

NEW SINGLE — OUT SOON
'HALLOWEEN/SATURDAY NIGHT HOLOCAUST'
7" AND 12" — STAT 27/STAT 2712

2ND DEAD KENNEDYS LP
'PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS'
AVAILABLE SOON — STAT LP11



Record News

The Who's rarities elpee

IMS, the import branch of Polygram, have a massive batch of new albums now available. Arguably the most interesting is 'Rarities' by **The Who,** a compilation of singles and B-sides from 1970-2, all previously unavailable on album. Another intriguing set is 'St Louis To Frisco To Memphis' by **Chuck Berry** with **The Steve Miller Band,** dating from 1969. Among other albums are 'The Killer Rocks On' by **Jerry Lee Lewis,** 'The Legendary **Jimi Hendrix**', 'If I Give You My Love' by **Ray Charles** and 'Loser For You Baby' by **Dr. John.** And 'Live In Japan' by **The Runaways** is now reduced to budget-price status.

● The movie *ET — The Extra Terrestrial* — which is breaking all records in the States, and opens in London on December 10 — has a theme written by the prolific **John Williams.** He also performs it on the MCA single, released this weekend. As already reported, the soundtrack album is issued on November 26.

● Noted Jamaican keyboards man **Gladstone Anderson** — who has worked with Bob Marley, Toots & The Maytals, Jimmy Cliff, John Holt and The Skatalites, among others — releases his first vocal album this weekend. Titled 'Songs For Today And Tomorrow', it's on Ijahman Levi's Jahmani label, distributed by Rough Trade and Jet Star.

● The first UK single from top South African vocalist **Crocodile Harris** is released by WEA International on November 26, 'Give Me The Good News'/'Night Life Letters'. It's his first recording for over two years, and he's currently working on an album.

● Leading French band **Taxi Girl** have their first UK album released on November 26 by Virgin, titled 'Seppuku' — this being the name of a form of Japanese ritual suicide! It was produced by Jet Black of The Stranglers, who also plays drums and percussion throughout.

MORE LABELS IN DEALS WITH IDS

IDS (Independent Distribution Services), one of the country's fastest growing distributors, have signed exclusive deals with five more labels — Solid, Kite, Ready Steady Go!, Saffron and Marina. Solid was launched by guitarist Martin Kershaw, and the first two singles are 'The Poke' by *Al Sharp* (7" and 12") and 'Can't Finish Me Song' by *Norman Albert Braithwaite*. First Kite release is the single 'Rich Men Don't' by Liverpool four-piece *Cooka Da Books*.

Ready Stead Go! is the brainchild of David Virr, the man behind UB40 and Graduate Records, and the debut single is 'Heartache Avenue' by *The Marionettes*. The first from Brighton-based Saffron is 'Eastern Palace' by Anglo-Indian girl singer *Risan*. And Marina, also based in Brighton, offers three albums — 'Next Stop On The Line' by *Johnny Young*, 'Dream Of Me' by *George Moody* and *'The Duffy Brothers'*.

Xmas releases

DAVID BOWIE & BING CROSBY join forces for the seasonal single 'Peace On Earth/Little Drummer Boy', issued by RCA this weekend. The unlikely pairing came about when Bowie guested on Bing's BBC-TV Christmas special in 1976, and these tracks are from the soundtrack of that show.

DAVID GATES' new single is titled 'Come Home For Christmas', and Arista have conveniently lifted it from his debut album for the label 'Take Me Now'. It's out this week.

PAUL FRENCH is front man with the group Voyager, and he has his own solo single out this week on Flying Records (through CBS). Titles are 'It's Christmas . . . And I Love You' and 'Nativity'.

FIRMAMENT & THE ELEMENTS release their single 'The Festival Of Frothy Muggament' this week on Armageddon Records (through Pinnacle). It comes complete with a free greetings card.

THE TWEETS, who were high in the charts last Christmas with 'Let's All Sing Like The Birdies Sing', have it reissued tomorrow (Friday) by PRT Records — and this time it's coupled with their previous hit 'Birdie Song'.

THE SNOWMEN, who scored a smash hit last Christmas with 'Hokey Cokey', try to make it a double with another seasonal offering called 'Xmas Party'. It's released on November 26, and they've now switched to the Solid label (distributed by IDS).

● **Dolly Dots,** a six-piece Dutch outfit who've achieved considerable success in their home country, have a new single out on WEA International on November 26 — their version of the old Manfred Mann hit 'Do Wah Diddy Diddy'.

● WEA Records are reissuing a further 12 albums in their 'X-tra Value' series this weekend. They include sets by **Crosby Stills & Nash, J Geils Band, Joni Mitchell, Hall & Oates, Van Morrison, Nick Lowe** and **Emerson Lake & Palmer.** With a dealer price of £1.99, they should retail in the shops for under £3.

COMPILATION LPs

● Y Records (through Rough Trade) release their first compilatiom album this weekend, aptly titled 'The Birth Of The Y'. Acts featured are **Pigbag, Pulsullama, Maximum Joy, Shriekback, Disconnection, Tymon Dogg, Diamanda Galas, Mouth, R.A.P.P. Sun Ra Arkestra, Promenaders** and **Chris Reeves** — the first four tracks in this list being exclusive to the LP, and unavailable elsehwere. It will retail for a maximum £3.99 — as, in fact, will all Y Records albums during the Christmas period.

● 'Touchdown' is a compilation on Phonogram's Fontana label, featuring nine up-and-coming British bands. They are **The Higsons, Farmers Boys, Animal Magic, Popular Voice, Maximum Joy, Vital Excursions, Dislocation Dance, Design For Living** and **Pinski Zoo.** It's available from this week.

● Bomp International (through Pinnacle) this week release a compilation of 16 Los Angeles hardcore punk bands — among them **Red Cross, Adolescents, Rhino 39** and **The Flesheaters.** Titled 'American Youth Report (Volume 1)', it contains lyrics, group information and photos. Volume 2, to follow shortly, will feature similar bands from the remainder of the United States.

● **Bobby O** is the alter-ego of writer and producer Bobby Orlando, and in that guise he has his single 'I'm So Hot For You' issued this week on his own O Records label. From the same source comes 'Jukebox (Don't Put Another Dime)' by New York girl trio **The Flirts,** again penned and produced by Orlando. UK distribution is by PRT.

All-star soundtrack

ELEVEN major artists appear on the soundtrack album of a new British film called *Party Party,* which is the first venture of A&M Sound Pictures, the movie division of A&M Records. They include *Bananarama* (who perform their version of The Sex Pistols' number 'No Feelings'), *Bad Manners, Altered Images, Modern Romance, Pauline Black* (who offers Bob Marley's 'No Woman No Cry'), *Madness, Midge Ure* and *Sting*. The LP is released by A&M on December 3, and the film itself is scheduled to open in February.

Siouxsie, Adam, Dexys, Soft Cell, Springsteen singles

SOFT CELL release their new single 'Where The Heart Is' on the Some Bizzare label on November 26 — it was written by Marc Almond and David Ball, and produced by Mike Thorne. The B-side is 'It's A Mug's Game', and there are extended versions of both tracks on the 12-inch format. The songs are a preview of the group's new album, due out in the New Year.

MAGGIE BELL's new single is her version of Willie Nelson's 'Crazy', coupled with an up-date of The Everly Brothers' classic 'All I Have To Do Is Dream'. It's another collaboration with B.A. Robertson, who produced it, and November 26 is the release date on Swan Song Records.

ALVIN STARDUST has chosen the Joe Brown classic 'A Picture Of You' for his new single, issued by Stiff this weekend in picture disc form. It was produced by Peter Collins, who was responsible for the sound on Musical Youth's recent chart-topper.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN releases a single from his acoustic album 'Nebraska' on CBS this weekend, titled 'Open All Night'. The B-side features a previously unissued track called 'The Big Pay Back'.

BAUHAUS are now releasing their live set 'Press The Eject And Give Me The Tape', which originally appeared as a limited freebee with their LP 'The Sky's Gone Out', as a separate album. It comes complete with a large poster and a live double A-side single 'Double Dare'/'Hair Of The Dog'. It's issued by Beggars Banquet on December 10.

BILL NELSON has joined the Yellow Magic Orchestra for the recording of their new album in Tokyo. Although members of the group have undertaken solo projects with other musicians, this is the first time the YMO have worked with anyone else as a unit. Recently drummer Yukihiro Takahashi played on Nelson's upcoming solo LP, and touring plans are being made to coincide with its release.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS' follow-up to 'Annie I'm Not Your Daddy' is 'Dear Andy', a new version of a song which originally appeared on their 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places' album. The two-tracks on the B-side are 'No Fish Today' and 'Christmas On Riverside Drive'. There's also a 12-inch discomix format with a fourth bonus track, a new version of 'Yolanda'. Both formats are released by Island on November 29.

THE PLASMATICS, whose two previous albums were released in the UK by Stiff, have now signed to Capitol Records. The controversial band's first LP for their new label is 'Coup D'Etat' — it's released this week, as is the album 'Spring Session M' by Missing Persons.

ADAM ANT takes a stab at the Christmas singles charts with 'Desparate But Not Serious', a track from his 'Friend Or Foe' album. The flip is 'Why Do Girls Love Horses?', and it's issued by CBS tomorrow (Friday) in a gatefold sleeve.

THE POINTER SISTERS have a new single issued by Planet Records (through WEA) on November 26. It couples 'He's So Shy' and 'Happiness', both titles taken from their recent 'Greatest Hits' album — though obviously, neither of them is so much as a mini-hit yet!

J. GEILS BAND follow their hit album 'Freeze Frame' with a live LP called 'Showtime', issued by Capitol next Monday (22). It was recorded in the summer during a six-concert run at Detroit's Pine Knob Theatre.

SAMSON release their debut Polydor album on November 26 — called 'Life On The Run', it contains their current single 'Before The Storm'. There's also a cassette version including one extra track. The band are currently lining up dates for late November and early December, and details are expected next week.

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES release their new Polydor single on November 26, coinciding with their current UK tour. It's a double A-sider featuring 'Il Est Ne Le Divin Enfant' (sung in French) coupled with a song from the current album titled 'Melt'. The 12-inch version carries an extra track titled 'A Sleeping Rain'.

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS head for the charts again with a double A-side single 'Let's Get This Straight From The Start'/'Old', issued by Mercury on November 26. The 12-incher contains a live version of 'Old', plus a bonus live track titled 'Respect'.

DONNA SUMMER's former smash hit 'I Feel Love' now appears as a 12-inch mega-mix track running almost 16 minutes — and the B-side is an edited version of the same song lasting about nine minutes. It's released by Casablanca (through Phonogram) on November 26.

CARLY SIMON's follow-up to her Top Ten hit 'Why' is a remixed version of the title song from her album 'Come Upstairs'. The B-side is another song from the same LP titled 'Jesse'. It's released by Warner Brothers on November 26 in both 7" and 12" formats.

● **Julia Downes** — whose last single 'Playing For Time' didn't make the charts, but nevertheless gained some good reviews — follows it up with 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie', a track from her upcoming debut album due in the New Year. It's on the Naive Records label.

● **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika** have their debut album 'Son Of The Soil' out this week. It's on sale at their gigs, pending a distribution deal.

● Preston-based band **Cavern** have their first release out this week on the newly formed Kay-Drum label, distributed by CBS. It's a three-track EP, on which the main title is 'No Reason To Cry'.

● **Catherine Andrews** releases her debut album 'Fruits' this weekend on her own Cat Tracks label, distributed by Pinnacle. All the songs are self-penned, and backing musicians include Gordon Giltrap and Nik Turner.

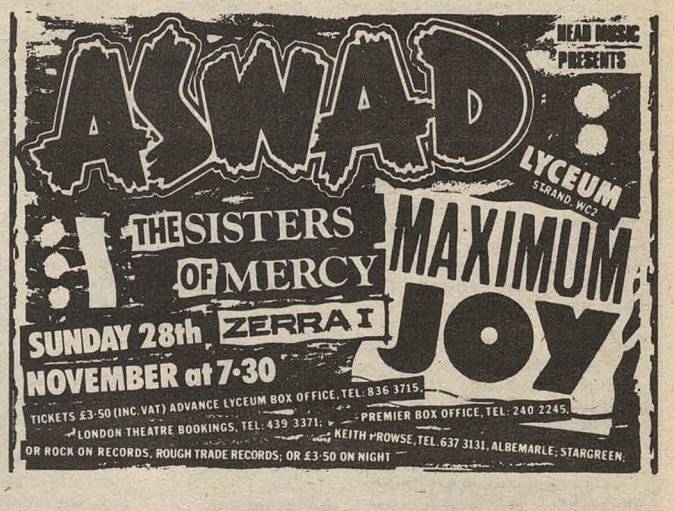
● The first punk recording to emanate from a Hull band is a four-track EP by **Born B.C.** Title is 'The Power And The Privilege', and the featured tracks are 'Dear Jesus', 'Proud Father', 'What Glory' and 'Euthanasia'. It's on X-Centric Noise Records, through Red Rhino and The Cartel.

● A new **Thomas Leer** single is released by Cherry Red tomorrow (Friday), in both 7" and 12" formats. It couples 'All About You' and 'Saving Grace'.

● The second single from **The Violators** is 'Summer Of 81', out this weekend on No Future Records. Issued at the same time is an eight-track 12-incher by **The Crux** and **The Crash,** one band per side.

● Phab Music of Weybridge have launched their own Phab Records label, and the first release is a single by rockabilly singer **Dave Ballard** — it's a Marty Robbins song titled 'Sugaree'. Distribution is by CBS.

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD. W.1.
Lindisfarne
WITH GUEST
jane cassidy
THURSDAY 2nd
DECEMBER at 8.00
TICKETS £4.50, £4.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE DOMINION BOX OFFICE, TEL: 580 9562 OR 323 1576; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282; OR ON NIGHT


ASWAD
HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
THE SISTERS OF MERCY
MAXIMUM JOY
SUNDAY 28th NOVEMBER at 7·30
ZERRA 1
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; KEITH PROWSE, TEL. 637 3131, ALBEMARLE; STARGREEN; OR ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS; OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD. W.1.
with special guest
NONA HENDRYX
GANG OF FOUR
MONDAY 6th DECEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £4.00, £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE DOMINION BOX OFFICE, TEL: 580 9562 OR 323 1576; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245; KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282; OR ON NIGHT

TBA International and Derek Block Concert Promotions present

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

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WEMBLEY ARENA
Tuesday 7th December at 8pm
Tickets £7.00 £6.00 £5.00 (Restricted view)

MANCHESTER APOLLO
Wednesday 8th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
Thursday 9th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00

COVENTRY APOLLO
Friday 10th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00

BRIGHTON CONFERENCE CENTRE
Sunday 12th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50

Available for Wembley by post from Wembley Box Office, Wembley, Middx enclosing SAE and cheque/postal order made payable to Wembley Stadium Ltd or by personal application from Wembley Box Office 01-902 1234 (10am-9pm Monday to Saturday), all branches of Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Albermarle. Tickets for all other shows available from the Box Offices: Manchester 061 273 1112, Edinburgh 031 557 2692, Coventry 0203 25122 and Brighton 0273 202881

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Chief Barker ANNABELLA. Pic: Chris Bates

NO SIGN of any let-up in the frenzied activity on the gig circuit, with another seven big tours getting under way this week, and joining the numerous other attractions already on the road. BOW WOW WOW — who originally intended to begin their travels over three weeks ago, but were delayed by recording commitments — have finally revised their schedule and now open at Exeter (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday). This will come as a relief to the hundreds of ticket-holders who've been clinging on to their tickets for some time — though it hasn't been possible to re-arrange a few of the band's original dates and, in these cases, cash refunds must now be obtained.

SIMPLE MINDS have been enjoying one of the most successful years of their career, particularly on the strength of their recent 'New Gold Dream' album — and their new UK tour is obviously a case of striking while the iron is hot. They're in action initially at Glasgow (Thursday and Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Belfast (Monday) and Dublin (Tuesday).

UK SUBS, now in the veteran category as far as the new-wave movement is concerned, are still going strong — even though with a re-shaped line-up. The evergreen Charlie Harper, who's believed to be even older than Mick Jagger, remains the linchpin — and you can catch the new-look band at London Klub Foot (Thursday) together with The Vibrators, followed by Retford (Friday), Nottingham (Saturday), Sheffield (Monday) and Norwich (Wednesday).

Like Bow Wow Wow, top reggae outfit ASWAD were forced to postpone their tour planned for earlier in the autumn — though, in their case, it was due to the illness of a couple of their members. But they've now succeeded in getting their itinerary together again, and it kicks off at Birmingham (Friday), Sheffield (Saturday), Norwich (Sunday) and Loughborough (Wednesday).

Metal freaks will welcome the return of the MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP who, earlier this year, looked as though they might be on the point of splitting. But after a drastic personnel upheaval, which sees the introduction of renowned drummer Cozy Powell (among others), they've come up fighting again. Hostilities commence at Bristol (Sunday), Southampton (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday) . . . And in much the same vein, this week also sees the beginning of the debut tour by the new GARY MOORE BAND, who start displaying their wares at Guildford on Wednesday.

RANDY EDELMAN is always a welcome visitor from the States, and his latest concert series starts in Sunderland (Tuesday) and Stockport (Wednesday).

Remember also that, although we've now listed the seven new tours, another major outing is starting its second leg — with KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS back from Europe, they resume UK activity at London Lyceum (Sunday and Monday) and Shepton Mallet (Wednesday) . . . And finally to the top one-off of the week, for which we nominate the London concert by JOSE FELICIANO on Saturday.

thursday 18th

Aberdeen ABC Ballroom: **Pallas**
Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **The Raincoats**
Birmingham Odeon: **ABC**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Dali's Car/Mr Liquorice/Choir Dement**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The New Venue: **Ruby Turner Band/Adverse Wares**
Blackpool Scamps: **Afraid Of Mice**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Okeh Band**
Bradford Caesar's: **Dead Or Alive/The March Violets/Collenso Parade**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Lazerazor**
Brighton Dome: **Shalamar**
Brighton Gardner Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Brighton New Regent: **The Alarm/Standard Issue**
Brighton Fusions: **Orchestra Jazira**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Alexei Sayle**
Bristol Redland Polytechnic: **Mind Tunnel**
Chelmsford Broomfield Community Centre: **Crimea**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester Affair Club: **Irrelevant Time**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Warriors**
Corby Willow Room: **Convenience Factor/Creation 7**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Higsons/Mummy Calls**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Belle Stars**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Cry Wolf**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Pete Allen Band**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
Feltham The Airman: **Grubstreet**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Ultravox**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Simple Minds**
Great Yarmouth Big Apple: **Mickey Finn**
Great Yarmouth Tiffanys: **Bad Manners**
Guildford The Horncastle: **Roaring Jelly**
Guildford Surrey University: **Larry Miller Band**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Fugitive/Ash**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Hanley The Vine: **The Bible For Dogs**
Hemel Hempstead Rock Club: **2 A.M.**
Hull University: **Level 42**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Durutti Column/Swallow Tongue**
Leeds Cosmo's Club: **Mirror Boys/Ow My Hair's On Fire/Chumba Wamba**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Yorkshire Actors/the Tramp**
Liverpool Left Bank: **Aurava**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Hey! Elastica**
Llandudno Arcadia: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Music For All**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **A Bigger Splash**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Undertones/Weekend**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Culture**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **Outboys**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials Club: **Talisker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Big Nick Nicholas (until Saturday)**
London Eltham Yorkshire Grey: **English Rogues**
London E.14 The White Swan: **Cha Cha Royale**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Identity Crisis/The Playn Jayn**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot: **UK Subs/The Vibrators/Soldiers Of Destruction**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **William Blake & The Eternals**
London Islington Pied Bull: **A Popular History Of Signs/To The Finland Station**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **One The Juggler**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Cayenne**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Elaine Delmar (until Saturday)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
London Marquee Club: **Baron Rojo**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Time Dances**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Freehand**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The 4 Skins**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Pauline Melville/Little Dave/Proper Little Madams/Oxy & The Morons**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Harry Beckett & Friends/Static**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Trimmer & Jenkins/Brandt & Dodds/Hazardous Pets**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gregory Isaacs/Michael Smith**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wealdstone Railway Hotel: **Gary South & The Prisoners Of Rock'n'Roll**
London Wembley Arena: **Dr. Hook**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Beatroots**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Peter Sarstedt**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **The Dumb Waiters**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Southside Blues Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elton John**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Steve Lacey Group/Keith Tippett**
Manchester The Gallery: **True Life Confessions**
Manchester UMIST: **Kissing The Pink**
Northampton White Elephant: **Precious Little Idols**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Marillion**
Norwich Talk of the East: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Nottingham Bramcote Leisure Centre: **Page Two**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Mendes Prey**
Preston Polytechnic: **Dr. Feelgood**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **King Kong & The Empire State**
Ryhope The Ryburn Arms: **Passion Trade**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Scunthorpe Berkeley Club: **Saracen**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Dead Kennedys**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Orange Juice**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield University: **Hank Wangford Band**
Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion: **Duran Duran**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Talk Talk/Music For Pleasure**
Stirling Avant Garde: **Bang/Very Loud Shoes On The Simon Bates Show**
Sunderland Fusion: **Blue Rondo**
Sutton Militant Meeting: **Jah Douglas & His Medusa Touch**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Nashville Teens**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 19th

Aberdeen ABC Ballroom: **Pallas**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Davey Graham/Dave Roberts/Bill Boazman**
Barrow Rugby Club: **Room 101**
Bath University: **The Higsons / The Apollinaires**
Birmingham Carlton Cinema: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Poly Jungle**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
Birmingham The New Inn: **Headbolt / Alfie Noakes**
Bournemouth Manhattan's: **Confessions '82/Coming Of Age/Arranged Marriages**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Juice On The Lose**
Bradford Caesar's: **Nico & The Invisible Girls/Sisters Of Mercy**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Bitter End**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Brighton Centre: **Duran Duran**
Brighton New Regent: **Mystery Boys**
Bristol Colston Hall: **ABC**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Culture**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Ghost**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Shalamar**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Bottles**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Yorkshire Actors/The Tramp**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Max Boyce**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **From Eden**
Dunfermline Chimes: **August 1804**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Torpedoes**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Nolans**
Edinburgh Queen Margaret College: **Side Effects**
Feltham Football Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Fife Arts Centre: **The Chieftains**
Folkestone Springield Hotel: **Maroondogs**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Wrek**
Glasgow Playhouse Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Glasgow The Venue: **Blaze**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Simple Minds**
Gravesend Red Lion: **English Rogues**
Gt Yarmouth Big Apple: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
High Wycombe South Bucks College: **Martial Law**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Dr Hook**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Liam Og O'Flynn/Andy Irvine**
Lancaster University: **Level 42**
Leeds Polytechnic: **The Dead Kennedys**
Lincoln Art College: **Jab Jab**
Liverpool Left Bank: **Subliminal Cuts/Candy Opera**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Afraid Of Mice**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Nik Malham**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Mattandan**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G B Blues Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **John Agard/Proper Little Madams/Pauline Melville/Oxy & The Morons**
London Brixton The Garage: **The Stingrays/The Changelings**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fourteen Karat Soul Stylee 22**
London Camden Dublin Castle: Doctor K's Blues Band
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Maggie Nicholls/Lindsay Cooper**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London City University: **Dagaband**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Remipeds**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **Via Vagabond**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Laslo & The Leopards/TA Republique**
London Eltham Harrogate Rooms: **A Certain Ratio**
London E14 The White Swan: **Play For Today**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/Fortune**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45s**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wrathchild/TNT**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Marquee Band: **Baron Rojo**
London NW2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Little Ginny Band/Sante Fe**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **The Breakfast Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes New Band**
London Roehampton Garnett College: **Alvaro/The Starfighters/The Universal Indians**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London Southall Friends: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Kokomo**
London Strand King's College: **Tribesman/Khubla Khan**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **The Pink Umbrellas/Catch 23**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion: **Talk Talk/Music For Pleasure**
London University Union: **David Thomas/The Go-Betweens**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gregory Isaacs/Michael Smith**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **C-Saim/Bone/The Diving Club**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Biz Internationale**
London W1 (Sackville St) Thompsons Arms: **Well Knit Frames/The Kray Brothers/Simon Bligh**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elton John**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Dagarti**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Chas & Dave**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Hey! Elastica**
Manchester The Gallery: **Prime Cut**
Newbury Corn Exchange: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts/Tranzzam**
Newcastle City Hall: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
Newport (Shrops) Harper Adams College: **The Nightingales**
Norwich East Anglia Unversity: **Vital Disorders/Happy Few/Terminal Fun/Unity Series**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Farmers Boys**
Norwich White's: **Emergency Exit**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **And Also The Trees**
Nottingham University: **Blue Rondo**
Oldham The Pennine Lounge: **Syncopation**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Blackfoot Sue**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Belle Stars**

CONTINUES OVER

Reading Tilehurst Youth Community Centre: **Great Mistakes**
Retford Porterhouse: **The UK Subs**
Ripon College: **Dr Feelgood**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Adicts**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **The Beatroots**
Warwick Red Lion: **Bright Red Teeth**
Whitehaven The Whitehouse: **The Sinatras**
Wokingham Angie's: **Broadcast**
Yeovil Rainbow Club: **Crossfire**
York University: **Lindisfarne**

saturday 20th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Nolans**
Aldershot West End Centre: **John Etheridge/Ric Sanders/Chris Newman/Steve Richardson**
Aylesbury Friars: **Talk Talk/Music For Pleasure**
Bath Moles Club: **The Beatroots**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Ackee/Dance Naked In The Sun/Bill Cavanagh**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gregory Isaacs/Michael Smith**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Jack The Bard**
Brighton Centre: **GBH/Blitz/Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Brighton New Regent: **Maystery Boys**
Brighton Rhythm Club: **Vital Disorders**
Brighton The Kensington; **Rhythm Fringe**
Brighton Zap Club: **John Dowie/Swine & Pearls/The Deckchairs**

SIMPLE MINDS (Newcastle)

Bristol Granary: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Cambridge St. John's College: **Fox In Socks**
Cardiff University: **The Belle Stars**
Cheriton White Lion: **Mal De Mer**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Essex University: **Orange Juice**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **ABC**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Kissing The Pink/Businessmen**
Coventry Warwick University: **Secret Seven/The Cherry Boys**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Adicts**
Dufftown Town Hall: **Pallas**
Dunfermline Glen Pavilion: **Big Country**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Marillion**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Gruff Men**
Glasgow Technical College: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Dolphins**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Recruits**
Guildford Peasmarsh Social Club: **Crossfire**
Hartlepool Gemini Club: **The Sinatras**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Ultravox**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **The Three Degrees**
Keele University: **The Escape**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Steve Lacy Sextet/Keith Tippett**
Kidderminster (Bewdley) George Hotel: **Ricky Cool Band**
Kingston The Swan: **The Alternator/Axis 37**
Leeds Pack Horse: **Geoff Jackson & The Huns**
Leeds University: **Gillan/Spider**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Culture**
Leicester University: **The Dead Kennedys**
Liverpool Left Bank: **The Membranes/Crosstalk A/V**
Liverpool Mountfort Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Black/Justine**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Creamics/The Escorts**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Art Themen/Dave Quincy**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Larry Miller Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **D. Funk/Richard Salmon/Eskimo Nell On Ice/Dagarti Art/Area 212**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pinkees/Shea Ramach**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Danny Adler Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lee Fardon**
London E.14 The White Swan: **Mightier Than Kong**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cobras/Step By Step**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Little Sister**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Manufactured Romance/Brothers Of Beat**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Brian Knight Group**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Spies**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Unlimited Source/The Classics**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Pauline Melville/Lol Coxhill/Proper Little Madams/Oxy & The Morons**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Putney Half Moon: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Roaring Jelly**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London School of Economics: **Durutti Column**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Don Rendell**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Jose Feliciano/Flying Pickets**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Nico**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **African Dawn/Tilt**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Decorators/Perry The Gook**
Londonderry Union Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Loughborough University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Ozzie & The Zappas**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Level 42**
Manchester The Gallery: **Any Trouble**
Millom Cumbria Club: **Room 101**
Newcastle City Hall: **Simple Minds**
Newton Aycliff Working Mens Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **The UK Subs**
Nottingham Whispers: **OK Jive**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dealer**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
Reading University: **Twelfth Night**
Retford Porterhouse: **Saracen**
Richmond (Yorks) Georgian Theatre: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Alexei Sayle**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Jimmy Martin Band**
Warrington Owl Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Warrington Spectrum Arena: **Shalamar**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brian Carrick's Heritage Hall Stompers**
Waterlooville Football Club: **Gerry Hackett & The Fringes**
Weymouth Rock Hotel: **Subhumans/Admass/Tears Of Destruction/Dead Popstars**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Motley Crew**
Yelverton Village Hall: **The Works**

sunday 21st

Aldershot West End Centre: **Adrian Neville (afternoon)/Pepe Martinez (evening)**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Travelling Riverside Blues Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Dome: **ABC**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Bristol Locarno: **Orange Juice**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **Hydro**
Corby Festival Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Rules Of Croquet**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Falkirk The Burns: **Side Effects**
Glasgow Maestros: **The Sinatras**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Culture**
Glasgow Pavilion: **The Nolans**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Hey! Elastica**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **The Chieftains**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Level 42**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Saracen**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Dr. Hook**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**

KID CREOLE (London Lyceum)

London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jim Barclay/John Hegley/Hubert & Hilary Haddock/Akimbo**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Swamp Creatures (lunchtime)/The Zodiacs (evening)**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Nightingales/Futile Hurling/Formica Tops**
London Charing Cross The Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Next Step Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Paul Brady Band**
London Finchley Torrington: **Kokomo**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Our Bohemian Lodgers**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Isangoma**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Worried Parachutes/The Stygian Eels**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea**
London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E-Types**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jo Ann Kelly Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band (lunchtime)/Rio Grand Hot Tango Orchestra (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Salt**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Shalamar**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Dave Curtis/Pauline Melville/Proper Little Madams/Oxy & The Morons**
London W.1 (Crawford St) Crawford's Wine Bar: **Zoot Money**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Digby Fairweather Quintet**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Pets Of Friction**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Manchester Hazlitt Theatre: **Jimmy Giuffre/Geoff Castle Trio**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Martial Law**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Lloyd Watson**
Poole Arts Centre: **GBH/Blitz/Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Slip Jig**
Preston Charter Theatre: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Dr. Feelgood**
Sheffield Crucible Studio: **Mirror Crack'd/Tsi Tsa/Neutral Stars**
Sheffield Leadmill (lunchtime): **Sweet Fire**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Swansea Copperman's Arms: **The Beatroots**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Isengard**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Africa**
Whitney Palace Theatre: **Marillion**
Wokingham Angie's: **The London Apaches**
York Theatre Royal: **Alexei Sayle**

monday 22nd

UK SUBS (Sheffield)

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Level 42**
Bangor University: **Talk Talk/Music For Pleasure**
Bath Pavilion: **The Dead Kennedys**
Bedford Five Bar: **Precious Little Idols**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Simple Minds**
Birmingham The Junction: **Fast Relief/Mandip**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Little Demons**
Brighton Top Rank: **Orange Juice**
Canterbury Kent University: **Marillion**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Shalamar**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Culture**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Dr. Hook**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Ultravox**
Hull City Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Keighley Fun House: **The Adicts**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **GBH/Blitz/Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Lincoln Lindsays Disco Bar: **The Ties**
London Barnes Bull Head: **Terry Smith Blues Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crocodile Tears/Sad Among Strangers/Naughty Thoughts**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Tooting Frooties**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Blue Zoo**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Double Trouble**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Twelfth Night**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Strategy/The Escorts**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Rhythm Methodists**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Salisbury/The Answer**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Blancmange**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Norma Winstone/John Taylor (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Thomas Dolby**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chico Freeman Quintet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Mike Elliott Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete Corrigan's Band Of Hope**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jimmy Giuffer Quartet (until next Sunday)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pleasure & The Beast/The Cover Versions**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Disorder/The Varukers**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Operators**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Frantic Elevators**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Drifters (for a week)**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Gregory Isaacs/Michael Smith**
Manchester Library Theatre: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **The Nolans**
Manchester The Comanche: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **No Tears**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Caricature**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Cleo Laine & John Dankworth**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The UK Subs**
Sheffield University: **Kissing The Pink**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **The Chieftains**
Southport Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Duran Duran**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Trowbridge Crown Hotel: **Pantha**
West Bromwich The Galaxy: **Sub Zero**

tuesday 23rd

Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Lennie Best Quartet with Terry Smith**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Negativez**
Bridlington Brentwood Hotel: **Rules Of Croquet**
Brighton Moulscombe Pavilion: **The Dead Kennedys**
Bristol Granary: **Marillion**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Disorder/Chaos UK/Amebix/Lunatic Fringe/Violent Uprising/The Varukers**
Cardiff Nero's: **The Beatroots**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Cardiff University: **Lindisfarne**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **GBH/Blitz/Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Dublin SFX Hall: **Simple Minds**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Level 42**
Exeter University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Dr Hook**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Nagovius**
Gloucester Cambridge Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Herne Bay Kings Hall: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**
Ipswich Dukes: **Emergency Exit**
Leamington Spa Centre: **Alexei Sayle**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Ultravox**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **UK Players**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Living Room/Trees And Beasts/The Flips**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London City University: **Animal Magic**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **John Etheridge Quartet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Watusi Brothers/The Earwigs**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Triangle Nile**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **ABC**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Screaming Lord Sutch**
London Marquee Club: **Cold Chisel**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Stop Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Hanoi Rocks/The Gymslips**
London Putney Half Moon: **Cayenne**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Milestones**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Cliff Richard (benefit concert)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
London Victoria The Venue: **Nico/The Room/Vision**

NICO (London Venue)

London Woolwich Tramshed: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Henry Gorman Band**
Loughborough University: **Yorkshire Actors/The Tramp**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Talk Talk/Music For Pleasure**
Manchester Tramps: **The Frantic Elevators**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **The Sensible Pencils**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Nottingham University: **Kissing The Pink**
Portsmouth Milton Arms: **Reaction**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishman**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Randy Edelman**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Air Crew**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 24th

Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Saracen**
Bradford University Union: **Blue Feather**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift (until Saturday)**
Cardiff University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Animal Magic**
Dudley Prole Club: **XL5/Strange Boutique**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **Nagovius**
Edinburgh Echo Muse: **Burlesque**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Dr. Hook**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Duran Duran**
Guildford Surrey University: **Gary Moore Band**
Hull City Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Keele University: **Orange Juice**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**

GARY MOORE (Guildford)

Leeds University: **Alexei Sayle**
Leeds Warehouse: **Kissing The Pink**
Liverpool Left Bank: **Alternative Entertainment**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Meteors**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Corporation**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Spy vs. Spy**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Starry Eyed & Laughing**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Waller — Stevie Smith Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **I.C.Q.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Passion Puppets/The High Tide**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **ABC**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Rory McLeod**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Slow Fade**
London Kings Cross Pinder of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Cold Chisel**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Time Dances**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Crannog**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Yazoo/Boys Own**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Otway**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Cobras**
London W1 (Dean St.) The Gold Dust Club (Gossips): **Highlife International**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Loughborough University: **Aswad/Spartacus R**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ultravox**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester John Bull Club: **Red Shoes**
Newcastle Bierkeller: **Darkness & Jive**
New Romney Seahorse: **Jack Pound & Henry McCullough**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Dead Kennedys**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The UK Subs**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Drains/The Chimneys**
Nottingham Rock City: **Shalamar**
Nottingham Whispers: **Medium Medium**
Oxford Bacchus Wine Bar: **Walking Wounded**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Nolans**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Equalisers**
Ripley Devonshire Arms: **Silly Wizard**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **The Out**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Breakfast Band**
Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Lindisfarne**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Randy Edelman**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Marillion**
Swanley Woodlands Theatre: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**
Swansea Top Rank: **GBH/Blitz/Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Swansea Wagon & Horses: **Marillion**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Walsall Hardy's Club: **Sub Zero**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Frontier**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 18th & Friday 19th November (Adm £2.50)
Spain's Top Rock Band
Two Nights Only!
BARON ROJO
Plus Scarecrow & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 20th November (Adm £2.00)
THE TRUTH
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 21st November (Adm £2.50)
CHELSEA
Action Pact & Jerry Floyd

Monday 22nd November (Adm £2.50)
Special November Residency
THOMAS DOLBY
Plus guests & Nick Henbrey

Tuesday 23rd & Wednesday 24th November (Adm £2.50)
From Australia
Two Nights Only
COLD CHISEL
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd
On stage 8.30pm

Thursday 25th November (Adm £2.50)
GRAND PRIX
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

Klub Foot

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR-OPENING HOURS) ALBEMARLE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE ROUGH TRADE RECORDS ROCK ON RECORDS
LATE BAR TILL 12.00

£2.50
U.K SUBS
THE Vibrators
SOLDIERS OF DESTRUCTION
THURSDAY 18th NOVEMBER 8.00

£2.00
MARCH VIOLETS
RITUAL BRIGANDAGE
THURSDAY 25th NOVEMBER 8.00

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MONDAY
THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING INTO OUR LIVING ROOM...

TUESDAY
60's SOUL NIGHT
Entrance £3
Members £2
Plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS 25p

THURSDAY 18TH NOVEMBER
LIVE MUSIC from
DUMB WAITERS
Thursday 25th November
THE BANNED FROM UNCLE

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
EVERY SATURDAY IS NEW YEAR'S EVE AT LE BEAT ROUTE.
All drinks 50p **All** Night.
Live Cabaret. Entrance £4.50

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TICKETS FOR 8th NOV. VALID FOR 19th.
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MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
DOMINION THEATRE LONDON
FRIDAY 19TH NOVEMBER 8.00 P.M.
Tickets £3·50 Available from B/O 01 580 9562 and all usual agents

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Friday 19th November
HEY! ELASTICA
Monday 22nd November
GREGORY ISAACS
Thursday 25th November
ORANGE JUICE
Friday 26th November
SANDII & THE SUNSETZ
Monday 29th November
PALAIS SCHAUMBERG
Wednesday 1st December
Special guests ring for details
Monday 6th December
DILLINGER
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FROM JAMAICA, FOR 2 NIGHTS ONLY
CULTURE
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FRI 19
FROM NEW YORK CITY
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FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL
SUPPORTED BY
STYLEE 22 £3.50

SAT 20
'DANGER GAMES' NIGHT
THE PINKEES
SUPPORTED BY £3.50
SHEA RAMAH

NEW! Sunday 21
DINGWALLS COMEDY NIGHTS START HERE!
JIM BARCLAY

JOHN HEGLEY
HUBERT & HILARY HADDOCK
WITH THEIR FISH & FIRE FANTASY!

AKIMBO DOORS OPEN 7-11.30 PM ONLY
ADMISSION £4 INCLUDES MEAL.
COME EARLY, GRAB A TABLE AT THE FRONT.

MON 22
CROCODILE TEARS, SAD AMONG STRANGERS NAUGHTY THOUGHTS

TUES 23
U.K. PLAYERS

WED 24
FROM MOTOWN, U.S.A.
MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS

THUR 25
PRINCE FAR I

WED 1 DEC
DILLINGER

TUES 7 & WED 8. FROM USA
ETTA JAMES

THE TUNNEL

Thursday 18th November £1.00
MUGSHOTS
+ Fred Uruguay

Friday 19th November £1.00
STOLEN THUNDER
+ Rock Squad

Saturday 20th November £1.50
YO YO
+ The Flying Barclays + Snatch

Tuesday 23rd November £1.50
DOCTOR & THE MEDICS
+ Spy v/s Spy

THE MITRE
338 TUNNEL AVE., GREENWICH, SE10
Tel. 858 0895 (200 yards southside Blackwall Tunnel)

MCP presents SLADE

EXTRA SHOW 18th DEC.
Plus Guests
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 17th/18th DEC 8.00 p.m. Tickets £4.00 £3.50
Available from: B/O Tel. 01 748 4081, LTB, Premier B/O Keith Prowse B/O's and Albermarle

Jazzcentre

100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST W1
Friday 19th November 8-30 pm - 1.00 am
BREAKFAST BAND
+ HUBBARDS CUBBOARD
Adm £2.00 JCS/100 £3.00 others
Monday 22nd November 8.00 pm.
Only London appearance.
CHICO FREEMAN QUINTET
+ 7 RPM
Adm £4.00 JCS/100 £5.00 others.
Tickets available in advance, ring Jazz Centre, 01-580 8532 for details, or on night

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

REMPEDS
FRIDAY 19 NOV. Aim for comedy and border on Madness. Whirlygig of influences - 'Oi' to 'over-the-top'. But your feet will like it.

Lee FARDON
SATURDAY 20. Singer/Songwriter/Guitarist. Echoes of Reed, Springsteen in his vocal delivery and narrative pieces. But he has more imagination and vitality than run-of-the-mill plagiarists highly recommended.

SUNDAY 21st. MON. 22. TUE 23 WED 24. & THU. 18th NOVEMBER
Downstairs is closed for major re-furbish The restaurant is open as normal.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1927 FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

ROCK CITY

Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm - 2pm

Wednesday 1st December £3.00 Adv
GARY MOORE

Wednesday 8th December £3.00 adv
BOW WOW WOW

Tuesday 14th December £3.00 adv
BLANCMANGE

Tuesday 21st December £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

CHRISTMAS EVE and NEW YEAR'S EVE FUTURIST PARTIES TICKETS NOW ON SALE
Must be over 18 years of age

Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selecta Disc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords, Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

OUTLAW and HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS present
BLANCMANGE
+ supporting attractions
MONDAY 20th DECEMBER
○○○○○ 7.30pm ○○○○○
ALL TICKETS £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, CENTRE TICKETS and PRICE BUSTERS (Hammersmith)

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441
Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 18th November £5.00
GREGORY ISAACS

Friday 19th November £5.00
GREGORY ISAACS
Extra Show

Saturday 20th November £3.50
KOKOMO

Monday 22nd November £3.00
Pleasure & The Beast
+ Cover Versions

Tuesday 23rd November £5.00
N.Y. Scratch 'n' Rap feat. D.J.
AFRIKA BAMBAATAA, DONDI WHITE, ROCK STEADY CREW
+ More

Wednesday 24th November £3.00
JOHN OTWAY

Thursday 25th November £3.50
MEN AT WORK

COMING SOON

Friday 26th November £3.00
MARILLION

Saturday 27th November £4.00
MARTHA REEVES

Monday 29th November £2.50
SANDII & THE SUNSETZ

Tuesday 30th November £3.00
DRAMATIS

Wednesday 1st December £3.50
QUEEN IDA & HER ZYDECO BAND

Thursday 2nd December £3.00
THE CHURCH

Friday 3rd December £3.00
OK JIVE

Saturday 4th December £3.50
BEGGAR & CO
+ The Corporation

MCP presents
MSG
THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
plus Guests
VANDENBERG
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 26th/27th NOVEMBER 8.00 p.m. Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 LTB, Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle

Live Ads.
in NME
are read by
more people
than those
in any other
music weekly

SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

ITB presents

ABC

DEESIDE LEISURE CENTRE Sat 27th Nov at 8pm
All tickets £4.50. Box Office 0244 812311

Available from: **Liverpool:** T.L.C.A. Royal Court Theatre, Penny Lane; **Ellesmere Port:** Rox; **Crosby:** Crown; **Birkenhead:** Skeleton, Rox; **Formby:** Quirks; **Chester:** Waasp; **Manchester:** Piccadilly; **Hanley & Newcastle under Lyme;** Mike Lloyd Records; **Stafford:** Lotus; **Rhyl:** Tavern Records; **Porthmadoc & Bangor:** Cob Records, or by post from Deeside Leisure Centre, Queensferry, Deeside, Clwyd.

LEEDS QUEENS HALL Sun 28th Nov at 7.30pm
All tickets £4.50. Box Office 0532 431961/460646

Available from: **Leeds:** Barkers, Cavendish; **York:** Sound Effect; **Wakefield:** Record Bar, J.A.T.; **Hull:** Gough & Davey; **Halifax:** Bradleys; **Bradford:** H.M.V.; **Grimsby:** Solid Ents, Pride; **Sheffield:** Lyceum, Virgin, Cavendish; **Middlesbrough:** Hamiltons, Cavendish; **Manchester:** Piccadilly; **Doncaster:** Ashley Adams; **Lincoln:** The Box Office; **Scunthorpe:** Record Village; **Louth:** Music Centre, or by post from Queens Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds 1.

Check with above outlets for details on coaches and other transportation.

P.L.P. and OUTLAW PRESENT

ELVIS COSTELLO and the ATTRACTIONS

and special guests

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT 21st DEC.
tickets £4 from box office tel. 708 7411 and usual agents

ROYAL ALBERT HALL 24th & 27th DEC.
tickets £5.80 · 3.80 · 2.80 includes booking fee
cheques and p.o.'s payable to ELVIS COSTELLO CONCERTS at P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW. and usual agents

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ACE BRIXTON

A CONCERT FOR T.V. — BRIXTON £100's
TEL: 01·274·4663
(NEXT TO THE TOWN HALL) Brixton Hill RD. S.W2.

UNDERTONES

+

18th Nov	WEEKEND	£2·50
25th Nov	BIRTHDAY PARTY + VIRGIN PRUNES	£2·50
2nd DEC	DEAD KENNEDYS + THE RED SKINS	£2·50
9th DEC	STIFF LITTLE FINGERS + THE PASSIONS AND JANES PLANE	£2·50

—TICKETS ON SALE NOW—
AT PREMIER BOX OFFICE + LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS + ROUGH TRADE + THE ACE.
OR ON THE DOOR - ON THE NIGHT.—
ALL CONCERTS — DOORS 8·00 - SHOW 8·45. UNTIL 11·00.
ALL CONCERTS ARE TO BE RECORDED FOR CH 4 T.V. "WHATEVER YOU WANT"

Lindisfarne
The Concert

"SLEEPLESS NIGHTS" ON THE ROAD

Nov. 19th	York – University Central Hall	Dec. 5th	Dunstable – Queensway Hall
Nov. 20th	Liverpool – University Mountford Hall	Dec. 6th	Nottingham – Royal Concert Hall
Nov. 22nd	Swansea – Brangwyn Hall	Dec. 7th	Glasgow Apollo
Nov. 23rd	Cardiff University – The Great Hall	Dec. 8th	Edinburgh Playhouse
Nov. 24th	Slough – Fukrum Theatre	Dec. 9th	Aberdeen Capital
Nov. 25th	Cleethorpes Winter Gardens	Dec. 10th	Dundee – Caird Hall
Nov. 26th	Loughborough University	Dec. 11th	Sunderland Poly.
Nov. 27th	Sheffield University	Dec. 12th	Middlesbrough Town Hall
Nov. 29th	Leicester – De Montfort Hall	Dec. 13th	Sheffield City Hall
Nov. 30th	Southport Theatre	Dec. 14th	Leeds – Queens Hall
Dec. 1st	Bournemouth – Winter Gdns.	Dec. 15th	Carlisle – Market Assembly Hall
Dec. 2nd	London – Dominion Theatre	Dec. 16th	Manchester Apollo
Dec. 3rd	Oxford – Apollo Theatre	Dec. 17th	Newton Aycliffe – Recreation Centre

Sole Representation.
The Agency - Ian Sales 01-278-3331.

December 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

The Legendary Lindisfarne Newcastle Christmas Shows

Newcastle City Hall
Tickets for 19th, 20th and 21st available only from City Hall Box Office.
Tickets for all other shows by mail order only – £5.00, £4.00 and £3.50, to: Lindisfarne Christmas Show, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle NE99 1LT.
Crossed cheques and P.O's should be payable to L.M.P. Ltd.
Please enclose S.A.E. and allow 14 days for delivery.

Lindisfarne
The New Album

'SLEEPLESS NIGHTS'
LMP/PRT RECORDS GET 1 A (ALBUM) 2c GET 1 (CASSETTE)
AVAILABLE NOW FROM ALL GOOD RECORD DEALERS

FRIARS
AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 20th, 7.30pm

TALK TALK

+ MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
+ JANE GOES SHOPPING

Tickets 3.50 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Strings 'n' Things Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Record City Luton, DJ Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Happy Days Banbury, Music Market Oxford, or 3.50 at door on night. Life membership 25p.

Reservations: Phone Aylesbury 84568 or 88948 (We don't require credit cards)
Have You Heard The News

The LYCEUM

Derek Block presents
The Strand, London WC2

ORANGE JUICE

THE FARMERS BOYS
STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE

THURSDAY 2nd DECEMBER
7.30pm

ALL TICKETS 3.5C
ON SALE NOW - FROM BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715 KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Camden Lock. Chalk Farm Road. London NW1.
267 4967

COMEDY STARTS HERE!
DINGWALLS CAMDEN LOCK
Sunday 21st November
Tickets £4.00 inc meal

Guest comedy from Jim Barclay, John Hegley, Hubert and Hilary Haddock and their fish and fire fantasy and akimbo.

And coming on Sunday 28th from Los Angeles 'Comedy Store', 'the greatest show on legs' featuring the OTT balloon dance and Andy de la Tour.

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Wednesday 24th November	Wednesday 1st December
KISSING THE PINK	ORANGE JUICE
Tuesday 30th November	**Wednesday 8th December**
BOW WOW WOW	JAH WOBBLE

Late Bar 9-2 am

U.L.U. PRESENTS

DAVID THOMAS
Ex Pere Ubu
+ THE GO-BETWEENS
+ Ambient Disco
Friday 19th November 7.30pm
Tickets £2.00 adv. £2.50 door

THE HIGSONS
+ THE HIGH FIVE GROUP
Supported by THE CORPORATION
Friday 26th November 7.30pm
Tickets £2.50 adv. £3.00 door

THE ONLY LONDON APPEARANCE OF

WAH!
+ IT'S IMMATERIAL
+ BLACK
Friday 3rd December 7.30pm
Tickets £2.75 adv. £3.25 door

SECTION 25
Supported by EYELESS IN GAZA
Friday 10th December 7.30pm
Tickets £2.00 adv. £2.50 door

U.L.U., MALET STREET, LONDON WC1
Tubes: Goodge St, Euston Square & Russell Square

Live Ads. in NME
are read by more
people than those
in any other music weekly

SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

MCP presents

Imagination
Plus Special Guests

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SUNDAY 26th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £7.50, £6.50, £5.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 LTB, Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle

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KENNEDY STREET
ENTERPRISES LTD Presents

The Nolans
Plus Guest Fogwell Flax

DOMINION THEATRE Tottenham Court Road
01-580 9562
MONDAY 29 & TUESDAY 30 NOVEMBER at 8pm
Tickets: £6.00, £5.00, £4.00

Barry Dickins & Rod Macsween for ITB present

Whitesnake

DEESIDE LEISURE CENTRE Fri 17th Dec at 8pm
All tickets £5.00. Box Office 0244 812311

Available from: **Liverpool:** T.L.C.A. Royal Court Theatre, Penny Lane; **Ellesmere Port:** Rox; **Crosby:** Crown; **Birkenhead:** Skeleton, Rox; **Formby:** Quirks; **Chester:** Waasp; **Manchester:** Piccadilly; **Hanley & Newcastle under Lyme;** Mike Lloyd Records; **Stafford:** Lotus; or by post from Deeside Leisure Centre, Queensferry, Deeside, Clwyd.

LEEDS QUEENS HALL Sat 18th Dec at 8.pm
All tickets £5.00. Box Office 0532 431961/460646

Available from: **Leeds:** Barkers, Cavendish; **York:** Sound Effect; **Wakefield:** Record Bar, J.A.T.; **Hull:** Gough & Davey; **Halifax:** Bradleys; **Bradford:** H.M.V.; **Grimsby:** Solid Ents, Pride; **Sheffield:** Lyceum, Virgin, Cavendish; **Middlesbrough:** Hamiltons, Cavendish; **Manchester:** Piccadilly; **Doncaster:** Ashley Adams; **Lincoln:** The Box Office; **Scunthorpe:** Record Village; **Louth:** Music Centre, or by post from Queens Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds 1.

Check with above outlets for details on coaches and other transportation.

ASGARD PRESENTS

CLANNAD
IN CONCERT

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON
Haymarket SW1. Tel: 930 6606
MON 13 & TUES 14 DEC 1982 at 7.30 pm
TICKETS £6.00, £5.00 & £4.00 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

Fri 19th November
Fri 26th November

WIPEOUT
Live R&B
at the
HOPE & ANCHOR
307 Upper Street
ISLINGTON

Janus

SAT. 20th NOVEMBER
at ST GEORGE'S HALL
KINGSGATE ROAD, NW6
7-11.30pm
Tickets £1.50

MOONLIGHT
100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sundays 7.30-10.30

Wednesday 17th November	£1.50
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS + Committee	
Thursday 18th November	£1.50
THE BEATROOTS + Zip Code	
Friday 19th November	£1.50
C-SIAM + Bone + Diving Club	
Saturday 20th November	£1.50
A BIGGER SPLASH + Run Run	
Sunday 21st November	£1.50
PUS + Treatments	
Monday 22nd November	£1.50
VARUKAS + Support	
Tuesday 23rd November	£1.50
THE CLIMB + Thin Men	
Wednesday 24th November	£1.50
PSYCO & THE NEW YORKERS BAND + Support	

MCP presents

GARY MOORE
Plus Guests
FEATURING
IAN PAICE
NEIL MURRAY,
JOHN SLOMAN & DON AIREY

ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
Sat 15th Jan, 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.00
Available from B/O Tel. 01-748 4081 & Usual Agents

LIVE ADS

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE
OUTLAW & PLP present
A LITTLE BLACK EVENING WITH
Marc and the Mambas
FEATURING
MARC ALMOND
MATT JOHNSON
ANNIE HOGAN
SUNDAY 5th DECEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS 5.00 & 4.50 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

TOP RANK SUITE READING
Grizzly Gus Presents
BOW WOW WOW
+ Special Guests
Friday 26th November, 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 adv. £3.95 on door available from Top Rank Box Office, Station Hill (0734) 57262, David's Records Bracknell, Ken's Aldershot, Opus One Maidenhead, Revolution Windsor, Star Records Farnborough, Knights Basingstoke, Lazer records and Pop Records Reading.
No boots or studs admitted — R.O.A.R.

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are read by
more people
than those
in any other
music weekly
SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 18th November	£1.00
BARNEY'S 50's DISCO	
Friday 19th November	£1.50
WRATHCHILD + T.N.T.	
Saturday 20th November	£1.50
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE + Brothers Of Beat	
Sunday 21st November	£1.00
WORRIED PARACHUTES + Stygion Eels	
Monday 22nd November	£1.00
SALISBURY + The Answer	
Tuesday 23rd November	50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY	
Real Ale Served 7.30 – 11.00pm	

The LYCEUM The Strand, London WC2
Derek Block presents
SIMPLE MINDS
PLUS **CHINA CRISIS**
TUES-WED 7th-8th DECEMBER 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £4.25
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715 KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 18th November	£1.25
ONLY AFTER DARK + The Playn Jayn	
Friday 19th November	£2.00
NO DICE + Fortune	
Saturday 20th November	£1.50
THE COBRAS + Step By Step	
Sunday 21st November	£1.00
60's & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO	
Monday 22nd November	£1.25
STRATEGY + The Escorts	
Tuesday 23rd November	£1.25
THE WATUSI BROTHERS + The Earwigs	
Wednesday 24th November	£1.25
PASSION PUPPETS + The High Tide	

LSE ENTS presents
SAT. 20th NOV **Durutti Column** plus support
Two Shows 6pm & 9.30pm Tickets £3.00
SAT. 27th NOV
PALAIS SCHAUMBERG + AMAZULU
Tickets £2.00 adv. £2.50 door. Doors open 7.30pm
SAT. 4th DEC **DR. FEELGOOD**
plus support plus 2 films 7.30 - 2 am Tickets £3.75
Available from LSE Students Union, Houghton St. London WC2
Holborn/Temple Tube Enquiries 405 8594

Saturday 20th November
DUDU PUKWANA ZILA
FUNKY AFRO JAZZ SOUND
100 CLUB, 100 OXFORD ST, W1
8.30-1am £3 (£2.50)

GEORGE ROBEY'S LITTLE RAINBOW
Finsbury Park Tube
Fri 19th
SOLDIERS OF DESTRUCTION
Stress + Revolt
Sat 20th
W. KITCHEN STAFF INT.
+ Support
Sun 21st
GUILT EDGE
+ Domestic Bliss
Mon 22nd
RIOT CLONE
+ Lost Cherries
Tue 23rd
PASSING STRANGERS
+ Fenzyx

FELTHAM FOOTBALL CLUB
Friday 19th November
PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES
(Sparton Youth)
THE METEORS
Friday 26th November
FELTHAM BR OR TUBE TO HATTON CROSS +90B or 285 (Bus) 5 mins
01-751 2807
890 6979
890 9218

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St: 736 1413

Thursday 18th November	£1.50
THE JAZZ SLUTS	
Friday 19th November	£1.50
THE 45'S	
Saturday 20th November	£1.50
LITTLE SISTER	
Sunday 21st November	£1.00
OUR BOHEMIAN LODGERS	
Monday 22nd November	£1.00
RHYTHM METHODISTS	
Tuesday 23rd November	£1.00
TRIANGLE NILE	
Wednesday 24th November	£1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND	

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney, SW15 : 01-788 2387

Thursday 18th November	
JUICE ON THE LOOSE	
Friday 19th November	
CAROL GRIMES BAND	
Saturday 20th November	
GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES	
Sunday 21st November	
JO–ANN KELLY BAND	
Monday 22nd November	
MIKE ELLIOT SHOW	
Tuesday 23rd November	
CAYENNE	
Wednesday 24th November	
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND	
Thursday 25th November	
GERAINT WATKINS BAND & LAVERNE BROWN BAND	
Tuesday 30th November	
QUEEN IDA	

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE,
MARGERY ST., LONDON WC1
(Five minutes from Kings Cross Stn)

Thursday 18th November	£1.00
SOUTHSIDE BLUES BAND	
Friday 19th November	
CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION	
Saturday 20th November	£1.50
THE DECORATORS + Perry The Gook	
Sunday 21st November	£1.00
PETS OF FRICTION	
Monday 22nd November	£1.00
THE OPERATORS	
Tuesday 23rd November	£1.00
HENRY GORMAN BAND	
Wednesday 24th November	£1.00
DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS	
Saturday 27th November	£2.00
DAVE KELLY BAND	

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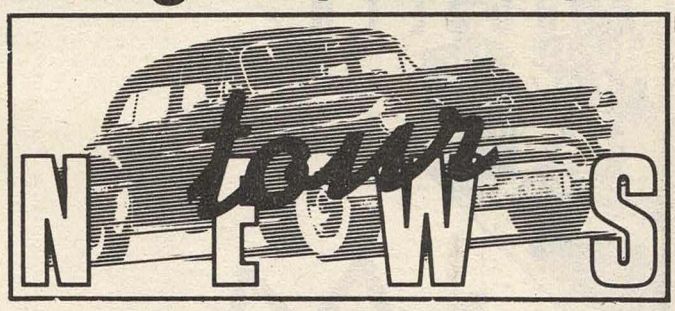
SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982

Extra by Stranglers, Isaacs, Coconuts



THE STRANGLERS, whose New Year UK tour was reported two weeks ago, have now added two more dates to their schedule — they are at Chippenham Goldiggers (January 28, all tickets £4.50) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (29, all tickets £4), and these now become the first two dates in the itinerary. Release date of their debut single for Epic Records 'European Female'/'Savage Breast', originally planned for early this month but subsequently delayed, has now been set for Christmas Eve — which could mean that it won't be available until after the holiday. Both tracks were written by the band and recorded in Brussels.

■ GREGORY ISAACS has added five more dates to his UK tour, which opened this week with two nights at London Victoria The Venue. The reggae star now plays a third show at The Venue tomorrow (Friday), and other new gigs are at Sheffield Top Rank (November 23), Brighton Top Rank (24), Nottingham Palais (29) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (30). Admission is £5, and dub poet Michael Smith is special guest. It's likely that a further two gigs will be added.

■ KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS, who return from Europe to resume their UK schedule this weekend, are back to their old tricks of adding more dates! Latest to be confirmed are a third night at Sheffield Lyceum (December 4) and a second night at Leeds University (5).

BRIXTON NOW GIVING ITSELF A FAIR DEAL

BRIXTON in South London is finding some compensation for the loss of its giant Fair Deal venue. Two new venues have opened in the area, and there's a chance that the Fair Deal itself may re-open in the New Year — at any rate, that's what brewery company Watneys (to whom, as principal creditors, the theatre has now reverted) are hoping.

Meanwhile, the Ace Cinema has been chosen as the venue for the filming of Channel 4's in-concert series *Whatever You Want* — and the latest bookings are The Undertones and Weekend (tonight, Thursday), The Brithday Party and The Virgin Prunes (November 25) and The Dead Kennedys (December 2). The Prunes will be featuring tracks from their long-awaited debut album 'If I Die, I Die . . .', issued by Rough Trade.

Flushed with this success, the Ace has now decided to launch out as a full-time venue. First confirmed bookings, not connected with the TV show, are Pigbag (December 1), Misty In Roots (3), The Cimarons (12) and Rip Rig & Panic (15).

A mere stone's throw away, a new club called The Garage has opened at the Frontline Theatre in Atlantic Road. It operates every Friday, with admission £1, and the line-up so far is The Stingrays and The Changelings (tomorrow), The Milkshakes and The Corvettes (November 26), The Stingrays and Killed In Action (December 3), The Cannibals and The Changelings (10) and The Milkshakes again (17).

SIMPLE MINDS, who open their UK tour with two nights at Glasgow Tiffany's this Thursday and Friday, have slotted in a third date at that venue — which now becomes the closing night of their schedule. It's on Tuesday, December 21.

DR. FEELGOOD have added another two dates to their previously reported UK tour, promoting their current Chiswick album 'Fast Women And Slow Horses' — they are Newcastle University (November 27) and Lancaster Sugar House (December 8).

THE ROOM have extended their current tour to take in gigs at Brighton New Regent (November 25) and Weymouth Dorset College (26) — and they're also appearing as guests of Nico at London Victoria The Venue next Tuesday (23). The band have their new single 'One Hundred Years' issued by Red Flame on November 29 (through Rough Trade and The Cartel).

KISS fly into the UK early next week for a whistle-stop promotional tour, in connection with their new single 'Killer', out this weekend. For starters, they're making a personal appearance in the full make-up next Tuesday (23) at 4.30pm at the Virgin Megastore in London's Oxford Street.

DIRE STRAITS, shortly to begin a sell-out UK tour, have dimissed a misleading report in a national newspaper suggesting that Mark Knopfler is about to leave the band. He said he has absolutely no intention of leaving, and added: "I'm simply planning to cut down on outside projects so that I can spend more time at home."

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG, who've only appeared in Britain once, before, play two dates — at London School of Economics (November 27) and Manchester Hacienda Club (29) — to tie in with their newly released Phonogram album 'Lupa'.

WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS and their new band play two rare gigs at London Marquee Club next weekend, November 26 and 27. The line-up also features ex-Pirates guitarist Mick Green, plus Alan Platt (drums) and Russ Strutter (bass).

THE MOBILES are playing a few dates in support of their current Rialto Records single 'You're Not Alone'. They are at Nantwich Gregory's (tonight, Thursday), Blackpool Barons (Friday), Newcastle University (Saturday), Hailsham Bowship (November 25), London Mile End Queen Mary College (26) and Wolverhampton Polytechnic (27).

RECORD NEWS

● **Transporter,** the band featuring Claire Hamill, have their double A-side single 'Kids On The Run' / 'Halfway House' out this week. It's the first release on the new High Force Records label, distributed by Pinnacle, and it comes complete with a free bottle-top badge.

● Following the release earlier this year of **The Method Actors'** double album 'Little Figures', Armageddon Records are now putting out a single LP of the same title, containing the best tracks from the double set. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● London-based Ghanian band **Kabbala,** fronted by trombonist Michael Osapanin, have their debut single 'Ashewo-Ara' / 'Voltan Dance' issued in 12-inch form this week by Red Flame (through Rough Trade and The Cartel). They'll soon be going on tour to promote it.

● **The Electro Gnomes** are described as "a cross between The Chipmunks and Depeche Mode", if you can imagine it! Alternatively, "a hip version of The Wombles". Judge for yourselves from their single 'The Elctro Gnome Dance', issued by EMI next Monday (22).

● Barry Collings Agency launch their new Orbit Records label this weekend, with the release of the single 'Do You Love Me' by **Drama,** distributed by CBS. The Southend - based agency, besides handling bookings for many well-known acts, also has its own publishing division — and now with the launch of the label, artists' careers can be looked after from under one roof.

● **Cock Sparrer,** who were quite a force on the punk scene in the heady days of 1977, have now re-formed. Their first single following the reunion is released by Carrere this week, and it couples 'England Belongs To Me' and 'Argy Bargy'.

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Creepshow: *An everyday tale of Herpes sufferers.*

THE HORROR!

George Romero and Stephen King, masters of the chilled spine, bring back a few Tales From The Crypt

Creepshow
Directed by George Romero
Starring Hal Holbrook, Adrienne Barbeau, Leslie Nielsen, E G Marshall, Viveca Lindfors and Stephen King (Alpha)

"I recognise terror as the finest emotion, and so I will try to terrorise the reader. But if I find I cannot terrify him / her, I will try to horrify; and if I find I cannot horrify, I'll go for the gross-out. I'm not proud."— **Stephen King,** ***Danse Macabre***

THERE'S A moment in Kubrick's film of Stephen King's book *The Shining:* Shelley Duval discovers that her husband, with whom she has spent the past three months in snowy isolation, has not been writing his book at all, but has been typing, over and over again for page after page, the ominous phrase "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Now *that* is a moment of terror!

In a film that makes explicit play of dreams and premonitions, it's the one truly unsettling manifestation. From then on, there is only the screaming descent into horror and revulsion. Terror, and its handmaiden, suspense, is not easy to achieve. It rarely occures in the Hollywood shockers, whose aims appear to be to perfect a kind of pornographic fast-food of Horror.

And for different reasons, it occurs not at all in *Creepshow,* a film which, rejoicing in the marvellous paradox of one of its advertising blurbs, is calculated to 'give maximum terror with a minimum of build-up.'

Everyone, especially Stephen King, who wrote the screenplay and appears in a brief cameo, knows this simply can't be done, since terror exists in direct ratio to build-up. But *Creepshow* is not to be measured against such films as Robert Wise's *The Haunting,* which is pure spine-chilling terror with no horror at all; or Carpenter's *The Thing,* a film entirely without the merit of terror, but otherwise just great (so bleak! so remorseless! so monstrous!); or even against director George Romero's singular achievement with *Night Of The Living Dead,* a film that commences with horror and works its way unerringly back to terror.

Rather, *Creepshow* is a Horror movie for children. And though, in a way, so are all Horror movies, *Creepshow* was born of and pays homage to childish appetites: a kind of Punch and Judy show, full of fearful grimaces and characters identified by their hats, but one in which Punch always gets his come-uppance. It's an anthology of five ghoulish and gruesome tales, a bag of sickly sweets. The credits dissolve with unreadable speed — children are impatient — and after a quick aside to the adult viewer where a father scolds his young son for reading such trash, the trash comes to lurid and grisly life.

Creepshow marks the unexpected alliance of Stephen King ('the world's best-selling novelist') and George Romero, writer and director of the soon-to-be-completed trilogy of the Living Dead and the sorely neglected *Martin,* a low-key modern vampire tale that dares to touch on the repressions that lie beneath the appeal of Horror.

Three of King's novels have been films: *Carrie,* with ruthless efficiency, by Brian De Palma; *The Shining,* rather pretensiously, by Stanley Kubrick; and *Salem's Lot,* made into a limited but effective TV film by Tobe Hooper. Apparently dissatisfied with the fate of his stories in the big studios, King approached Romero to make *The Stand* independently. In the meantime, they chose to draw on shared memories of the infamous EC comic-books of the early '50s, and their successors, TV shows like *The Twilight Zone* and *Night Gallery,* to concoct the *Creepshow.*

Omnibus films — the best of which is still the Ealing Studio's *Dead Of Night* of 1945, featuring the unforgettable story of a ventriloquist (Michael Redgrave) who is possessed by his dummy — are an occasional hazard for the Horror fan. Short stories of the macabre, the gruesome, and the supernatural work supremely well in print (as the umpteenth *Pan Book Of Horror Stories* attests), very well on TV (which is suited to concise or episodic narrative), but not so well on film. The effort of what Stephen King calls "suspended disbelief" is somehow short-changed by the short Horror story on film, especially those that, unlike the story of the ventriloquist's dummy, deal in the flagrantly supernatural. There is not enough time for disbelief to evaporate, not enough time to reach the point where one accepts (or not) such things as the uterine passage to the Other World in *Poltergeist.*

And so, children, you can rest assured that the *Creepshow* holds no terrors. Horrors, yes — by the cupboard full. *Creepshow* is a horror comic brought to the screen, unavoidably, as comic horror. King has based his screenplay not on his own short stories (collected in *Night Shift),* but on the archetypal fare of EC Comics; stories which were turned out once a day by Al Feldstein, with some anonymous help from Ray Bradbury.

Inevitably these stories — four or five per issue, introduced by the mordant cackle of the Old Witch — ran to formula; based on Edgar Allan Poe's practise of the short story 'planned to achieve a single effect and ceasing when the effect has been achieved.' The effect was the Old Testament favourite of bitter fruit: the nephew who inherits the castle only to be locked in it forever; often it was heavily dramatised: the Thing From Beyond The Grave that returns, dripping with slime and irony, to exact a just and terrible revenge.

Thus, in *Creepshow,* a bumpkin named Jordy Verill (Stephen King) discovers a meteor in his cow-patch, dreams it will make him rich, but wakes up covered in an itchy hot-house space spore. Not very ironic, I grant, but with a schedule of a story a day, E C's standards varied, and King is possibly being faithful to this. Truer to form is the story of a television producer (Leslie Neilsen) who buries his wife and her lover up to their necks in the sand of a tidal beach, and then videotapes their ghastly fate, which turns out to be very ghastly indeed — for him. And, of course, you just know that the scolding father at the start of the film is going to have to eat his words . . .

Using the familiar faces of veteran TV character actors to echo the heyday of the TV creepshow, King and Romero have created a brisk, humorous, low-brow Horror feast, lit and cut in a warty, lurid comic-book style after EC artist Graham Ingles, shaded from the broadly comic to the sublimely bizarre, and nicely over-the-top in an unassuming sort of way. An in-joke for the addict, perhaps, but an antidote to the lavish and oh-so serious Horrors of recent years. In this respect it resembles (and could be neatly billed alongside) *An American Werewolf In London.*

I wonder about Stephen King though ... One would have thought the 'world's best selling novelist' could afford to credit his sources. But no. I can see them now — Poe, Stoker, Lovecraft, Leiber, Finney, Bloch, Bradbury and poor Al Feldstein — ghostly, rotting figures surrounding a bedraggled and half-mad King, forcing him to sew their stories into an epic narrative that no publisher could ever bind, no scriptwriter ever condense, and no reader ever finish. *"That's it, Stephen. You wanted to join us; and so you shall!"* Heh, heh, heh ..

Paul Rambali

Creepshow: **"Excuse me, dear — could I fill my bucket from your tap?"**

MAI LIFE!

"OF COURSE the whole thing has to be packaged as simple entertainment for the benefit of the financers — they always say 'Oh my God, you don't want to actually *say* anything, do you?' It's always difficult getting to make a film with any sort of content — but it's worth it in the end."

Mai Zetterling lights another cigar and smiles with the quietly confident air of someone secure in her ability to make people come round to her way of thinking. Behind her gentle manner and regulated voice there's more than a trace of a toughness.

Born in Vasteras, Sweden, Mai was taken to live in Australia when only a few months old, only to have to return seven years later and learn her mother tongue virtually from scratch. She left school at 13 for a factory job, the monotony of which was only interrupted when she found a part in the production of a professional children's theatre. By 15 she was working with the National Theatre in Stockholm and subsidising her meagre income by singing in a nightclub.

After an appearance in Ingmar Bergman's *Frenzy* she moved to England to sign a contract with the Rank Organisation and from there moved to writing and directing with a series of highly acclaimed documentaries for the BBC.

"I really am grateful for my upbringing," she says with reference to her first British feature film *Scrubbers,* "because it enabled me to understand the backgrounds of the characters. It's all working class girls in Borstals. I understand their hopelessness and that made me sympathetic for them. I wanted people to understand them, not just to condemn."

MAI CLEARLY approached the groundwork for this stark but sensitive film of life in a closed women's Borstal with a documentary maker's passion for unearthing every aspect of her subject matter. In its representation of the defiant splashes of human colour against the dull grey background of an archaic institutionalised system, *Scrubbers* succeeds in shocking its audience all the more because it evades the two-dimensional trap of the 'concerned liberal' tradition of film-making that it could so easily have fallen into. The film stands as a bold indictment of the 'system' of so-called Borstal training but also, on another level, it stands as a remarkably perceptive piece of cinema. Behind the 'social

The Evil Dead: *Richard Cook enjoys a nice tasty bowl of soup.*

THE HORROR!

The Evil Dead
Directed by Sam Raimi
Starring Bruce Campbell, Ellen Sandweiss and Hal Delrich (Palace)

Hot from the London Film Festival, Richard Cook shivers through the debut offering from Romero's spiritual son Sam Raimi

THE ANSWER to all manner of important questions are thrown up by *The Evil Dead:* like what's the colour of the average stomach lining, how long it takes to turn a door handle (a *long* time), how sharp the edge of a spade is . . .

A disgraceful and hugely enjoyable ride through every shriek and creak in the book of horrors, *The Evil Dead* contrives to set up all the familiar blunders in the genre — gushing bodies, unsightly shocks from behind closed doors, unspeakable terrors summoned by ancient incantations — and blows them all up in the audience's face.

The bewhiskered plot's dozy enough: five young hotheads (all pretty dumb, though not quite hatefully stupid) rent an isolated log cabin up in the Tennessee woods, discover a book of demonic resurrection rites and are systematically overtaken by the awakened spirits. But the treatment is original and fanatically involved enough to effortlessly dump all over the usual trash exploiter.

The audacious opening frames are enough to arouse expectations, yet this is only one of a fistful of visual aces. The first entry to the cabin is drawn into a chilling spiral that heaps on tension to the point of crescendo, an object lesson in making something from almost nothing. When the blood starts coming out (and believe me, there's a river to get through) it's only after every conceivable screw has been turned on.

21-year-old Sam Raimi's the director and centre of a production team youthful enough to carry off every carve-up with an almost vivacious enthusiasm. They're sufficiently eager to easily surpass the tired 'horror' garbage that the US drive-in circuit gorges itself on (and which ends up in the more putrefying pages of our video catalogues — ask Andy 'Plasma' Gill, the only known connoisseur of this field); but their seriousness equally avoids the parable.making of cynical prophets like David Cronenberg and Wes Craven.

It's like Raimi's saying — okay, it's drivel, but we're sure as hell gonna make it as smart and scary as possible. You bet, even if some of the joins do slip through. If you want proof of the director's talent, try a dip in the drenching waves of surreal paranoia which accompany the heroic Ash's search for the final demon. I loved every disgusting minute.

Richard Cook.

Don Watson interviews Mai Zetterling, director of *Scrubbers*

action' front of the film there is a minutely observed three-dimensional representation of the people involved, inmates and warders alike:

"What surprised me in the research I did," Mai explains in a measured Scandinavian sing-song, "was the curiously ambivalent relationship between the screws and the girls; there was an extraordinary *need* of one another which I didn't expect to come across — I expected discipline, obviously I knew it wasn't going to be black and white, but I did find a level of complexity that I didn't expect and that I found highly fascinating.

"Often the screws are rather disappointed and bitter women, like the girls become bitter when they are imprisoned at such a young age — all that pent-up energy is turned into hate and anger and bitterness. The warders frequently have failed marriages, they come from backgrounds not dissimilar to the girls', and they have to put up with the same conditions for a lot of time, but the thing that I sensed which fascinated me was that the warders would feed on the energy of the girls — that they, in a way, had given up.

"It's a highly complex situation — and I don't think it's a healthy one."

EVEN THIS level of research and will to understand, however, was not going to make the film a success. Ultimately the power of the film comes from the forceful performances of virtual unknowns like Chrissie Cotterill, whose clear conviction in their roles brings a necessary sense of unity to the film:

"First of all I wanted working class girls, because I wanted the real language that you find in a Borstal, not some middle class approximation — that would have broken it completely.

"I also wanted girls who had lived some, even though they were only sixteen, girls with some tough background who had to fight for themselves. Also I didn't want any known people — I wanted people who would depend on one another.

"I wanted to build up a sense of togetherness within the girls, I felt it was very important to get them to care for one another and get to know each other very well, because they were supposed to be a small group stuck together in one place and I wanted them to genuinely feel like that. I didn't want one actress to come one day having never seen the others — I wanted them to be together almost all the time, which was very important and very good.

"A lot of the girls still see each other now, and I still see about four or five of them — it's a very strong bond that we

CONTINUED OVER

Mai Zetterling

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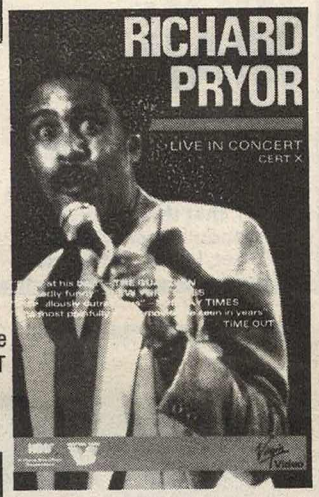

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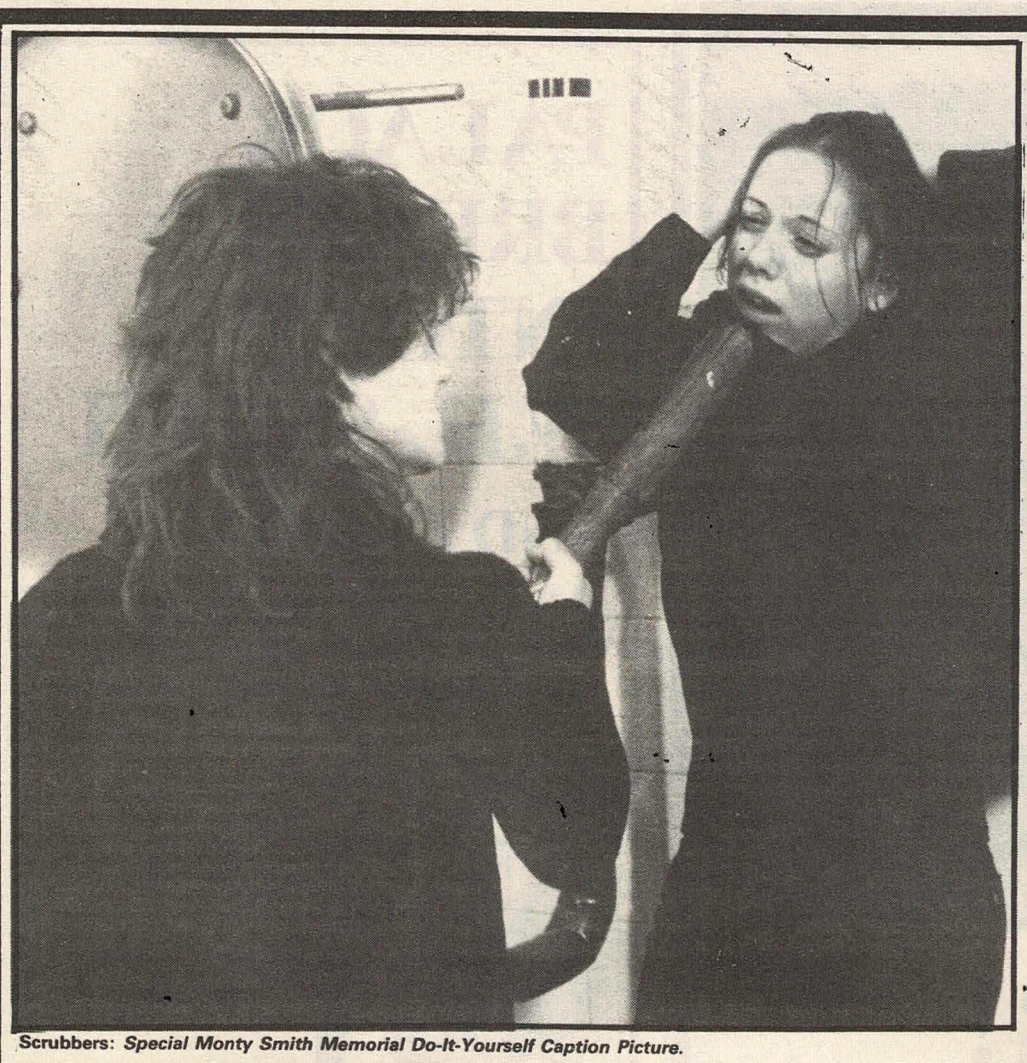

Scrubbers: *Special Monty Smith Memorial Do-It-Yourself Caption Picture.*

MAI, MAI, MAI!

FROM PAGE 45

built up. During shooting, even the soundmen noticed that this was very unusual as a film, that there was this tremendous feeling about it.

"That, I think, is the only sense of hope that comes over in the film, the contact between the girls — that they are not just selfish bitches, that they are in it together.

"I think that's the only positive aspect of the film — because I don't believe in giving easy solutions. I like an audience to go out and work something out for themselves. I like to disturb an audience and send them out feeling angry — as long as it's a positive anger, that's fine.

"Sometimes I believe a director has a great chance to actually start something off with a great big bang, like fireworks — to get angers going and debates going, and I think that's good because we're generally so lazy about things.

"There are films, of course, that are just pure entertainment, that you'll enjoy at the time but forget as soon as you come out. I don't think there's anything wrong with that. I just hope that with *Scrubbers* there'll be something more."

ON THE BOX

Richard Cook considers the case for getting a video.

Thursday November 18
The Tuttles Of Tahiti (Directed by Charles Vidor 1942). An obvious potboiler dredged up as part of BBC2's misguided Charles Laughton season. The old ham's probably in 'uproarious' form here as father figure to a family of Tahitian oddballs. Charles 'I Wish I Were King' Vidor lets him waddle riot, I'll be bound. **(BBC2)**

Friday November 19
Charlie Chan In Shanghai (James Tinling 1935). Quite good fun, these stately old Chinese puzzles. Warner Oland investigates the theft of a shipment of fortune cookies on its way to Gerrard Street. **(BBC2)**

The Bridge At Remagen (John Guillerman 1969). Another one of those delusory fantasies that World War II was won by entire regiments of movie stars. George Segal, Robert Vaugn, Bradford Dillman and a zillion others, but watch out for Ben Gazzara — he's great in Peter Bogdanovich's upcoming *They All Laughed.* **(BBC1)**

Danger: Diabolik (Mario Bava 1967). When do the good ones start? Terry-Thomas obviously embarrassed at sinking to a cut-rate *Italian Job* caper movie. Inspector Michael Piccolo whistles up his bobbies to clear up the mess. **(BBC1).**

The Devil Commands (Edward Dmytryk 1941). Another Boris Karloff B-pic, but this one has the capable Dmytryk on board and an interestingly downbeat other-world view on the supernatural as Dr Boris attempts to contact his missus on the other side. **(C4)**

Saturday November 20
The House On 92nd Street (Henry Hathaway 1945). Typically heavy-handed entry from Hathaway about Hoover's FBI busting up a Nazi spy circus. Cardboard pros like Lloyd 'Zip' Nolan and Leo G. Carroll stand about looking concerned. **(C4)**

The Razor's Edge (Edmund Goulding 1947). Anne Baxter is excellent and Tyrone Power isn't (so what else is new?) in this depressingly maudlin account of Mauhgam's novel of truth, misery, alcoholism, suffering etc. **(C4)**

Please Turn Over (Gerald Thomas 1959). A good one. Seasoned grab-bag of latter-day music hall comics (Ted Ray, Leslie Philips, Joan Sims) are infuriated by a scandalous novel that drags their good suburban names through the mud. Old rope made charming by an aura of post-war Britain that has forever gone. **(BBC2)**

The Mortal Storm (Frank Borzage 1939). In a downright bizarre double bill with the above is this considerable rarity. Young James Stewart dallies with Margaret Sullivan in Hitler's Germany and the emotional tide swells to epic proportions. **(BBC2).**

The Hounds Of Zaroff (Ernest Schoedsack & Irving Pichel 1932). The impact of this once remarkable prototype of the sadistic sportsman hunting human beings has been undeniably dimmed by age, but its cobwebbed atmosphere has if anything grown even more eerie. Joel McCrea and Fay "EEEEEEEEEKKK!!" Wray do their best.

Sunday November 21
Goodbye Mr Chips (Sam Wood 1939). Errs seriously towards the lachrymose, but Robert Donat's portrayal of the kindly schoolmaster is so well observed that it's hard to dislike. **(BBC1)**

Cinderella Liberty (Mark Rydell 1973). Witty and stinging comedy of bad manners put in top gear by Rydell's swinging direction and excellently hard-nosed playing from James Caan (as a mixed-up sailor) and Marsha Mason (streetwise bar-room girl with uppity son). This 'American Picture Show' season looks like being the best slot of the week. More! **(BBC2)**

Monday November 22
Magic Town (William Wellman 1947). James Stewart again in a finely etched look at small-town USA in the forties. Jane Wyman is an attractive foil for Stewart's opinion poll student who finds his statistical perfect town. Full of little insights of the kind Hollywood got so used to they eventually slipped away. **(BBC2)**

Pulp (Mike Hodges 1972). Looks interesting. Michael Caine and Mickey Rooney(!) in tale of mystery writer who gets mixed up in . . . hold one, sounds like **Deathtrap. (BBC1)**

Tuesday November 23
Two Mules For Sister Sara (Don Siegel 1970). Overlong and rather muddled, but Siegel predictably makes all the action in this amusing vehicle for Eastwood and Shirley MacLaine go with a real crackle. Drifter meets fake nun, winds up taking on half of Mexico. Shot with the glowing elegance of the great Westerns — pity the director's not tried the genre again. **(IBA)**

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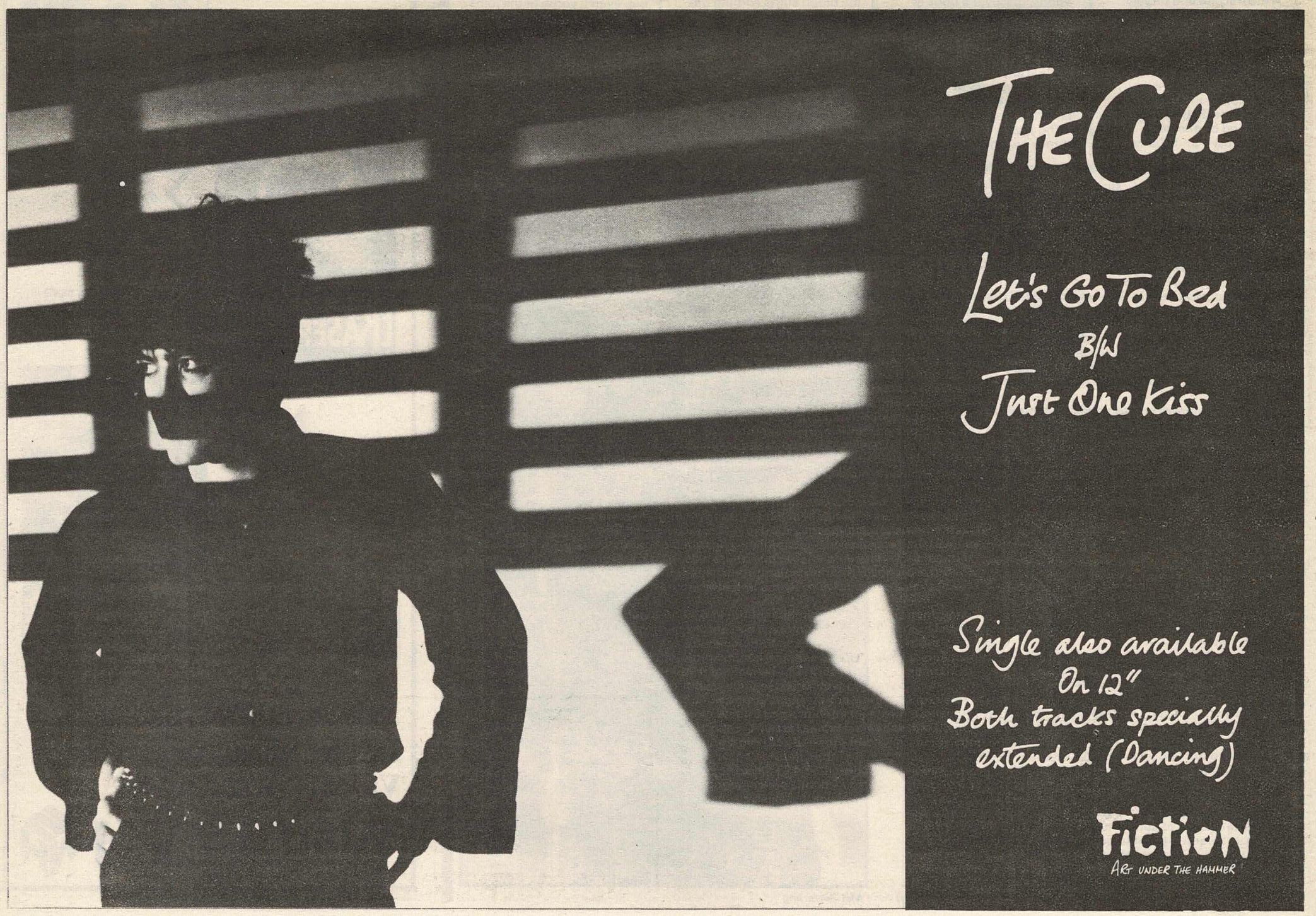

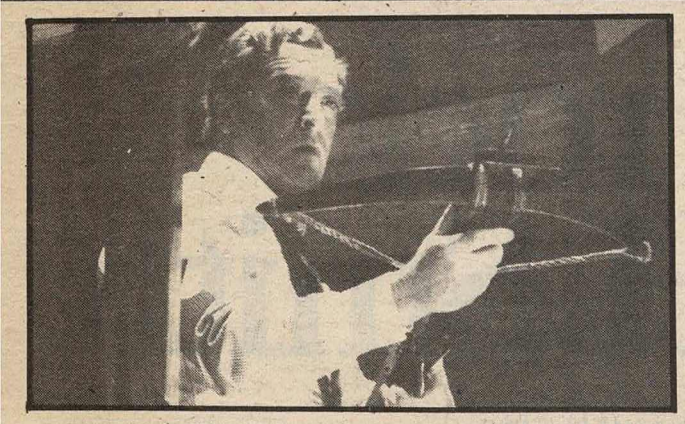

IN THE CAN

Deathtrap (Sidney Lumet 1982). For sheer good fun this slight conundrum picture beats almost everything else around at present. Caine, Reeve and Cannon are all rampantly over the top and nobody will guess *all* the twists. Treat yourself!

The Fog (John Carpenter 1979). For some reason this is going out doubled with Petrie's ponderous *Fort Apache The Bronx*, but a welcome opportunity anyway to review what is arguably Carpenter's most personal film, a mysterious voyage through a coastal town invaded by murderous ghouls. If it seems inconsistent as either chiller or thriller there's a compensatory sense of wonder that pervades every swirl of the eerie mist.

The German Sisters (Margarethe Von Trotta 1982). It seems that this is about to go on the art house circuit, so try and catch this thoughtful and provocative essay on the resonance of history and women in revolt seen through the eyes of personal tragedy. Striking and uncomfortable.

Nutcracker (Anwar Kawadri 1982). Or, cashew on delivery — which is more than can be said for the goods in this affixing of low-life sleaze on to high-life (or so the bourgeois say) respectability. Joan Collins moves from being rag-and-bone man's daughter to Madame of a Ballet Company and great are the blessings thereupon.

Hammett (Wim Wenders 1982). Dark, dingy and fascinating, Wenders' terrific movie sketches out a labyrinthine Chinatown spilling over with old men, greed and hopeless dreams. Through it all ambles Fredric Forrest's Hammett, gumshoe turned hack crime writer forced to expose the limits of fidelity and friendship. An extraordinary cast infuses all the stereotypes with genuine pain and the director's tribute to a Hollywood that never really existed is affectionate without being sanctimonious. Sombre, subtle, immaculate.

Vice Squad (Gary A Sherman 1982). Obvious rubbish. If this cheesy mainstream slug of prurient violence is all that's on offer at your local . . . well, the cinema must be in trouble.

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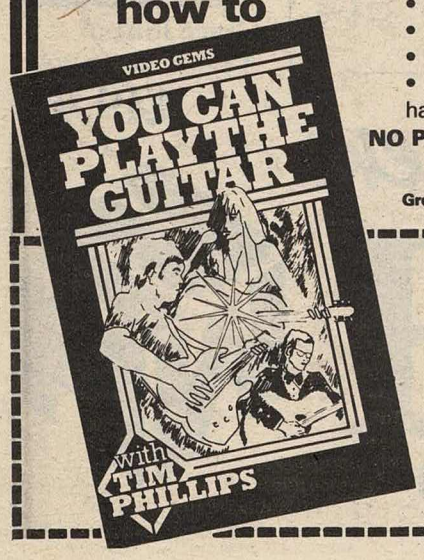

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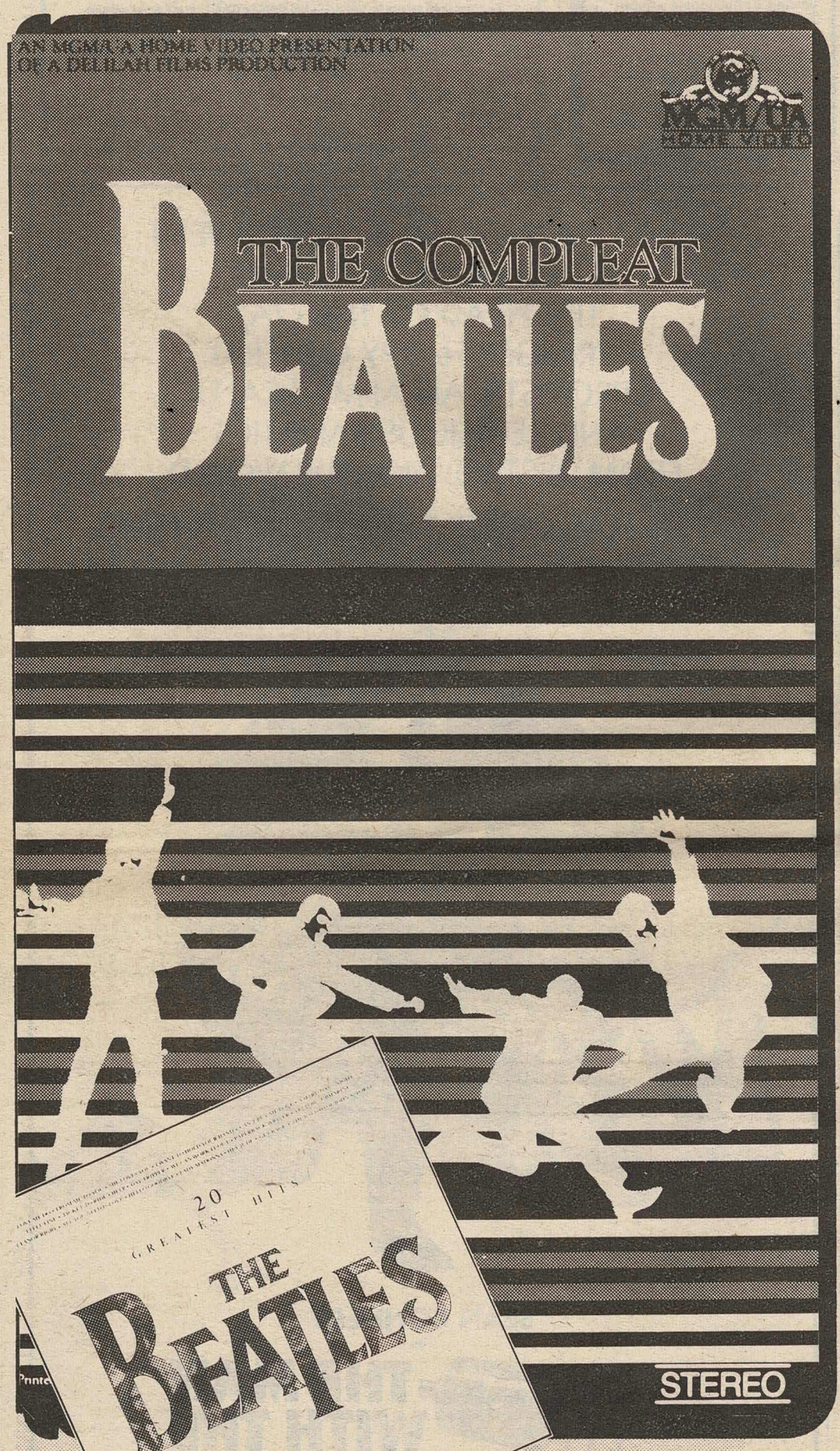

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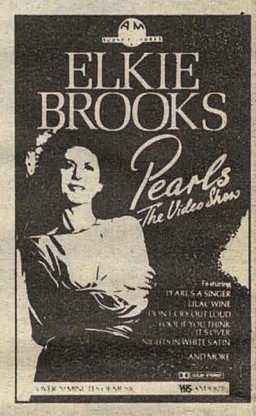

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OLD RUBBER LEGS IS BACK

Shalamar

Dominion

JUST A MATTER of months on from their last visit, the legs, the face and the voice of Shalamar were back in London to confirm their status as the hottest band to climb out of the black American mainstream and into the British chart since Kool and the Gang.

1982 has undoubtedly been Shalamar's year: their 'Friends' album, released back in February, has already produced three hit singles — each one superior to its predecessor — with a fourth now surely on its way in the title track; their *Top Of The Pops* appearances gave us the dance steps of the summer courtesy of the elastic-limbed Jeffrey Daniel; on top of that, their chart triumphs have revitalised the prospects of their record label, Solar, widely tipped two years ago as the natural heir to the Tamla Motown tradition but, until recently, unable to capitalise on early successes like 'Take It To The Bank' (Shalamar) and 'It's A Love Thing' (The Whispers).

Shalamar's standing today is in some ways similar to that of the Chic organisation of couple of years ago. They are a disco act, but one respected for their sense of quality and their intelligence rather than for brainless banality. This doesn't mean we should be looking to such a group for any socio-political guidance; Shalamar certainly aren't going to right the world's wrongs.

The strength of Shalamar lies in moments of magic like the first 30 seconds of 'Night To Remember', a brilliant marriage of music and lyric, from the tension between Ricky Sylvers' gritty guitar and brother Leon's lush orchestration to the powerful simplicity of the opening line: *"When you love someone it's natural, not demanding . . ."* Awesome!

The spectacle of Shalamar entertaining an audience of 'highstreeting hipsters' at the Dominion stood little chance of matching the sheer perfection of the singles — these things *never* do — but Jeffrey Daniel, Jody Watley and Howard Hewett did manage better than most. It was *almost* a night to remember.

With the sturdy Hewett supplying a dependable base for some of the more ambitious vocal sequences — the delightful double refrain during the chorus of 'Night To Remember' being a good example — the stunningly beautiful Watley and the bodypopping Daniels ensure that there is always something actually worth *watching* on the stage.

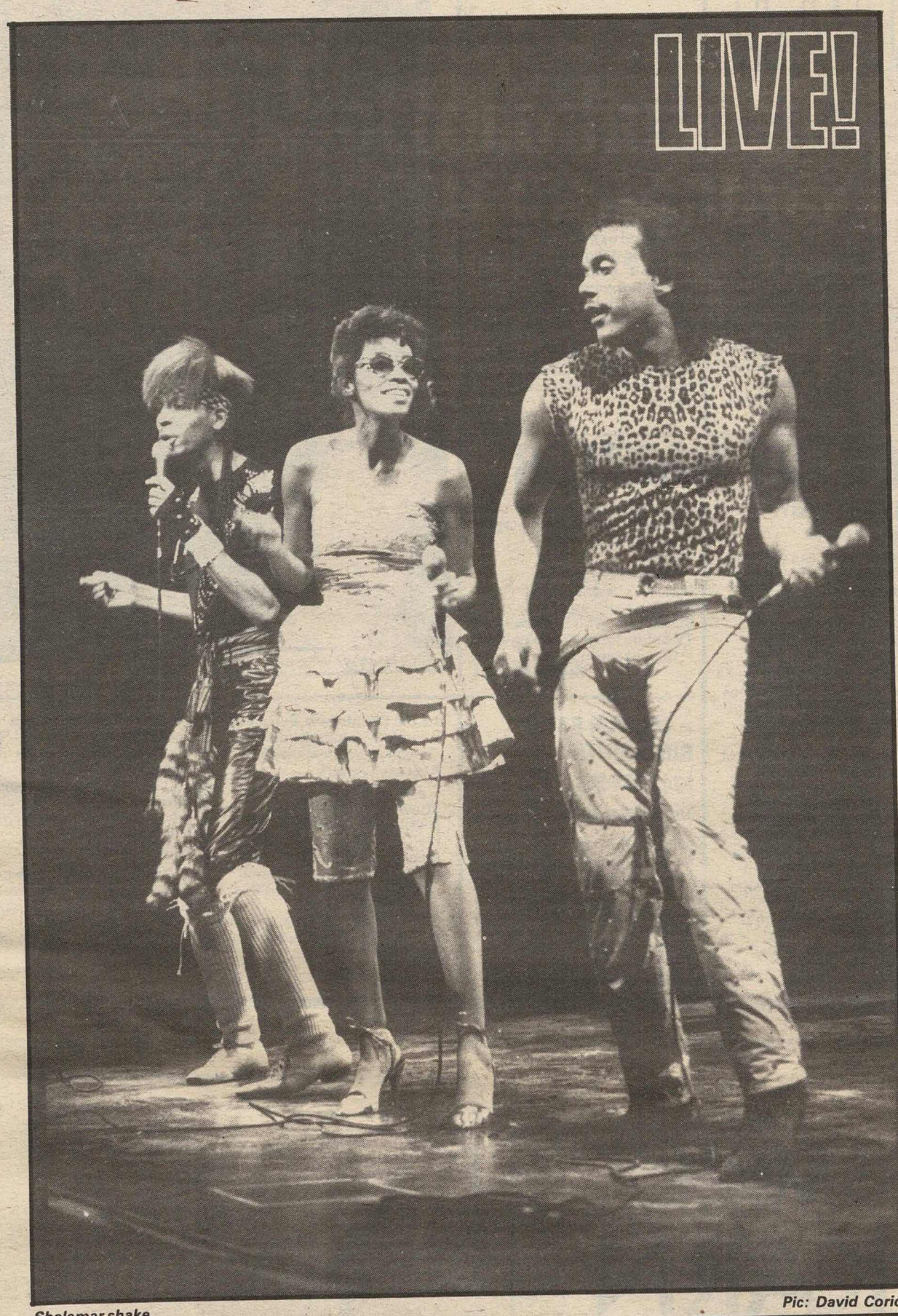
Jody might be the jewel in the Shalamar crown, but Daniel is the real star of the show, a leathered, feathered stick insect with glazed eyes, a crimped wedge coiffure and rubber legs that defy the laws of anatomy. He is incredible to watch, his deceptively languid stage gymnastics surpassing even his television appearances — can this really be the same bloke who was captured posing on the sleeve of 'Friends' with a classic mid-'70s Afro cut and a Flying Vee guitar?

The backing band, all American, are controlled and concise, obligingly keeping all the usual instrumental solo spots to a minimum, although singles like 'There It Is' and 'I Can Make You Feel Good' are inevitably going to lose something once they are stripped of the studio trickery employed by Leon F Sylvers III.

Even on the London stage, however, those songs still shine through the bouts of cosmic bullshit and patronising 'We Love London' protestations with all the purity in which they were originally conceived — a positive reiteration of the power of love.

There is nothing particularly radical or new about what Shalamar do. At this moment in time, they simply do it better than anyone else.

Adrian Thrills



Shalamar shake — *Pic: David Corio*

Belinda Carlisle goes to a gogo. — *Pic: David Corio*

GO AGOG A-GOGO!

THE GOGO'S

Lyceum, London

WHETHER *The Tube* or *a* tube brought them. Sunday evening's audience was agog for The GoGo's from the moment the lights went down — and no one came away shortchanged. The Gogo's delivered a punchy, full-throttle, 24-song set (that's two pairs of encores included which finished up their four-month tour with panache.

The set kicked off with a determined 'Skidmarks On My Heart', had the audience cheering wildly by round three ('How Much More') and never struck a bum chord until number ten, 'Automatic'. ("For months I've had to beat around the bush about this song," prefaced lead singer Belinda Carlisle. "It's *not* about machines — it's about fucking."

Belinda is the valuable centrepiece of this tight, tough, happily commercial quintet — incidentally the most succsessful all-female band in rock history; less incidentally signed by Miles Copeland on April Fools' Day, 1981. It's the trio of her Teen Angel-with-grit voices, lead guitarist Charlotte Caffey's assurance, and drummer Gina Schock's go-for-it assurance which direct the band through their professional handling of each hit, segue and run.

Caffey and Schock originate every takeoff, allowing for the more effervescent side of the instrumentation — punky bassist Kathy Valentine (adept co-vocalist on the likes of 'Vacation' and 'We Don't Get Along') and sprightly guitarist Jane Wiedlin.

Wiedlin handled the majority of secondary vocals, perching over her mike with one Joan Crawford-style eyebrow arched under a mop of black curls, and often twirling or hopping 'cross stage, Belinda bopping non-stop beside her. It's Jane who demonstrated the (not so) 'Cool Jerk': physically she was all over the place on the last number, 'Can't Stop The World', and vocally gone-as-a-Chipmunk with her high harmonies during 'This Old Feelin'.

The most delightful aspect of an altogether pleasurable evening, though, was this band's *mutual* enjoyment of their repertoire and the audience response. Carlisle, whose voice held up well though it roughened or broke occasionally, initially seemed in charge, and the statuesque Caffey appeared a mite more solemn than anybody else, but once The GoGo's warmed up, it was *everyone* and partytime.

The most particular musical empathy lay between Caffey's showy surfer leads and Valentines punkier bass playing (Charlotte sported a black cotton waistcoat, Kathy's was black leather). But every GoGo stayed on her toes — and every girl delighted in checking out her colleagues. A high level of in-jokery was certainly evident onstage but never at the expense of the audience; this band worked to win over every ear, taking some of their hits (a rave-it-up 'We Don't Get Along', a sparkling 'Vacation') at a slightly faster clip than on record.

By the time Andy Summers was wheeled out for a brief guest spot during the final encore, Belinda was correct to introduce him as a 'wallflower'; the evening belonged entirely to this girl group who showed where our love went.

Cynthia Rose

FASHION

Hammersmith Odeon

FASHION's carefully constructed attempt at seduction flatters with elegance, but ultimately it just deceives. They're an effective nightlife sedative at the end of a real life day.

Fashion emerge in their shiny black slacks, a sleek quintet embellished with belts and plaits and the sultry accessories of a very wholesome decadence. The stage is a designer's delight. Clean white screens are tastefully dotted amongst the chill black squares of monitors

CONTINUED OVER

LIVE!

FROM PAGE 49

and amps. It's a precision-polished vision of the perfect leisure residence; a gleaming dream of tomorrow, or maybe just an optimist's daydream for today.

But what treasures lurk inside? Nothing too profound. Fashion are maybe too preened and passive to raise interest beyond their own exterior. They execute their floating-rhythm tunes with a flawless efficiency which matches their recurring theme of easy success. Unruffled and serenely assured, Fashion sing of sex, of smooth glides down the street, a suave sense of independence, the odd brush with sentiment — and still more sex.

It's such a seamless slumber. The way the group can so readily replace a vital component like departed singer De Harris is perhaps a tribute to the cunning which has sprung them from the fringes. Or maybe it's an indictment of a fatal flatness. His successor Troy Tate lies even more flush with Fashion's honed surface.

Fashion are too stolid for deception or intrigue. Their surprised delight at having "made it" betrays their straightforward aims and interests. They are revealed as a sleepy breeze masquerading as an air of mystery. Fashion weave a pretty pattern — but, close up, the cloth they're cut from bears a fatal lack of starch.

Dave Hill

DOLBY DAZZLER

THOMAS DOLBY

Marquee, London

ALL RIGHT, you can wake up now, there's something out here that deserves your attention.

It's Thomas Dolby.

I could say that Dolby's cherubic expression and almost bashful approach belie his general scientific leanings and substantial command of the electronic software he employs.

I could say that he is void of pretentions and fuses his music with emotion and feeling so often missing in synthesiser based acts. Or that his liquidic and clear vocals along with the purest of melody, counter melody and harmony are a welcome elixir in this cesspool of popular music. But I won't.

What I will say is that Thomas Dolby treats his audience like adults, considers himself an entertainer not a politician, fulfills his purpose and plays every Monday in the Marquee.

You will see the video, featuring Magnus Pike, of Dolby's new single 'She Blinded Me With Science' on TV before long. It's a biggie.

Go and see him.

Regine Moylett

A male fantasy? Who me? Pic. Ebert Roberts

NOW FOR THE NAUGHTY BITS

THE TIME
VANITY 6

New York

FEMINISTS and good-taste merchants may balk, if not actually barf.

But Vanity 6 — three foxy girls in flimsy negligees and body suits — while acting out a male fantasy, are not just another male-manipulated girl group, a show-piece for some male conception of soft-porn glamour and titillation.

Men usually script that sort of thing much more crudely, and never with as much humour as Vanity 6 display.

The girls write their own stuff — nobody taught them to talk that way — and seeing them live it's clear that nobody taught them to move that way either. The lyrical perspective is definitely from the girl's side.

Vanity 6 may overact in their attempt to assert their brassy independence and badness, but they can't be accused of being anyone's puppets.

On their album only 'Nasty Girl' bears repeated hearing (some of the other songs work as novelties, funny once or twice) but live the whole act comes together. It's helped by the fact that they keep it to the best songs, a very short set. And The Time do a much better job as backing band, pouring out a solidly-grounded, searing wall of funk sound.

On the album sleeve the girls are identified only as Vanity, Susan and Brenda; on stage Vanity is the main girl, a dark-haired beauty with a not-bad voice and a (ahem!) way with an audience.

Vanity 6 accomplish quite a coup. They milk a burlesqued version of sex-pot behaviour for all it's worth and wind up with a funny and good-spirited entertainment, a comic/absurd romp through an imagination let loose.

The Time have an interesting line in sex-funk-rock themselves, and lead singer Morris Day is a character. Processed hair, moustache just so, Liberace jacket. The man is smooth as silk, dapper as Dan. He takes an eloquent stab at combining the roles of Stagger Lee, Cab Calloway and minstrel-show clown.

And The Time can play it very tough. Especially when they've got some good material, like last year's mini-anthem 'Cool'. But their songwriting generally lags behind their ambitions (pretensions?) which is why their albums fall into that one or two good cuts plus filler trap.

If they had kept their set to the best 20 minutes, as Vanity 6 did, they would have impressed me as brilliant instead of brilliant-to-boring. But headliners can't do that, can they? Not at these prices.

Richard Grabel

One third of Vanity

A CERTAIN RATIO
BIG COUNTRY
52nd STREET

The Lyceum, London

52nd STREET are definitely of the ilk of Herb Alpert, Ronnie Laws, Jeff Lorber and the like, colouring the air with music to cruise by; warm and lilting tunes on an avenue that leads to the borders of the Big Country.

How incongruous a filling the Big Country are. Each note is carefully rammed into the set with all the dexterity of an Aberdeen Angus.

Adamson's deft vocals are drowned by the mud hole sucking of the drums and the fearful, wailings of the dead man, guitar grinding. Swords clang on the 'Harvest Home' and the silent air is cut with a steely guitar and the pounding of the war drum. Eh, Stuart, do you remember Culloden?

A Certain Ratio are eager to please with their abstract remembrance of the late '70s soul boy. The rumblings of percussion, the odd whistle (still), shakers, quakers, pluck, strum and scratch bass; all the warped and wired nostalgia of a soul weekend or an allnighter at Southend.

Ratio have toned down, yet honed up. Every note, every coded distortion is a crystal of soul; a shard of Herbie Hancock here, a splinter of Chic there.

David Dorrell

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SHAKATAK

Hammersmith Odeon

AS THERE seems to be no precedent for Shakatak in the annals of Britfunk, the blame for this misguided distillation of Jazzfunk must lie squarely with our miscreant relations in the States. Soya substitutes such as Grover Washington Jr and Rodney Franklin seem to have produced the root material for this line of crudely cut aural narcotic. Indeed, when it comes to somnolent sounds Shakatak take the cake (and the Ovaltine), leaving the few greats in the field, such as Lonnie Liston and Sadao Watanabe, to ponder their commercial failure.

Like Imagination, Shakatak offer a certain feel, a sense of lush, conservative security; time becomes immaterial, the new LP sounding no different from the last or the next. Consistency is the keynote for record sales.

Passive acceptance of this fact seemed the order of the day; hands twitched, feet shuffled, heads nodded almost indiscernibly to the sound that floated limply from the PA. The crowd seemed smothered in imaginary quilts and crumpled pillows. It seemed that nothing, not even the modestly erotic gyrations of the pac-a-macked dolly birds, would rouse these sleepers from their soporific state.

As catatonia closed the eyelids of even the most devoted fan, a refreshing change came over the stage. It had emptied. This left the way for bassman George Anderson to inject some pure energy into the set, plucking at the audience's sinews, breaking, stopping, running some raw cuts into the corpse. An alarming solo slot like that took everybody by surprise, it even woke some people up. Then the real alarm went, I woke up and realised that it had all been a terrible dream.

David Dorrell

It's a doddle for Tilbrook *Pic: David Corio*

SQUEEZING THE LAST DROP

SQUEEZE

Lyceum, London

AND SO . . . Squeeze have squoze their final shows.

At least, this *was* the last date on the goodbye tour. And so, barring a few gigs abroad (and the chance of one more English appearance), tonight's occasion was one of fond farewells, the old pals' act, tear-stained hankies and beer-stained trousers. Champagne bottles popped onstage, balloons cascaded on the crowd. Feelings ran high; so did bar-takings. The gents' urinals clogged. Hearts leapt, pulses raced, and the buses ran to Streatham Garage only.

From 'Mussels From A Shell', 'Another Nail' and 'Up The Junction' the set revved up and shot off — along on a dizzying spiral through the seven-year history of this estimable group. Leading Squeezer Christopher Difford peers out and proudly announces a top five placing for the '45s' LP — "And here, from it, is a single that never even reached 103". Whereupon 'Annie' got her gun and Squeeze got on with it. The live 45s show, this was: hardly brave, but brisk and brash, fast-paced pop from a five-man jukebox.

Deeper in, as lumps grow in throats, young couples sway sadly: *"The past has been bottled, and Labelled With Love"*. They sure pushed the poignant-button with that one. Friends and guests appear and disappear, notably ex-keyboardist Jools Holland (as seen on TV) who goes through his hilarious MC routine for ol' times sake, lauding each member with ever more preposterous hyperbole. Suddenly, there's Dave Edmunds up there as well.

From here on out it's rockist party style boogie; jam and jump and old Motowns and instant 12-bar bopabout. ("It's in E!") And such fun it all was, that I'm sorry Squeeze won't be around, but optimistic that Difford and Tilbrook might find a fresher medium for their songs.

Paul Du Noyer

Those smirks, those solid gloves, the truth is as obvious as the symbolism; 'Man' George has come home to proclaim and protect his title, Mr Boss Man, The Champ.

For a novice, George boxes clever. He skanks about the ring with the tenacity of the heir apparent yet never dominates the audience completely. He strokes their hands, he clutches at their love letters and cuddles their toys. A beer can is thrown and later he returns the gift. His attraction, his appeal lies between the ambivalent nature of 'bestest friend' and 'worstest bully', his soothing lyrical overtones flow between the warmth of maternal instinct and the sting of paternal advice.

You want to dance, but you have to think carefully about what exactly you are dancing to. George and the Club are offering, or at worst selling, something worth thinking about. Beneath the superficiality, George is selling harmony, and succeeding.

David Dorrell

The boy can't yelp it *Pic: David Corio*

CULTURE CLUB

The Lyceum, London

THE demi-god of this play, 'Boy' George, enters to a deafening, hysterical roar. The spotlight catches him and he smiles. He grins a sleazy, cheesy grin. Silently he's saying, 'I've got one over you'.

That coy, boy smile has won this crowd. No wonder then that over his shoulders he sports his brother's boxing gloves.

PLIGHT OF THE LIGHT

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Uxbridge Brunel University

THE Jazz/Funk/Soul triumvirate of Beggar And Co, Light Of The World and Incognito has now firmly broken apart.

Each element has to try and establish themselves in their own right, and Light Of The World have decided to try and install some soul into the tired rock/college circuit.

Good to see a Student Union hall packed with enthusiastic soul people. The supporting disco created a great party atmosphere, with the gold/farah/gabicci brigade in full swing by the time Light Of The World took the stage.

The competent eight-piece were greeted with 'Wowa, Wowa Somebody Help Me Out' chants. Obviously an audience determined to enjoy themselves despite being blind to the fact that LOTW are not Beggar And Co.

These soul fellows are not interested in details and were more than happy with LOTW's stagnant US delivery of songs such as 'I Shot The Sheriff'. Long self-indulgent instrumental breaks resulted in increased lager consumption, but attention was cleverly regained by interspersing with familiar material.

Full 12" dance-mix versions of numbers such as 'Time' went down a storm, and for the crowd, this predictable and dull outfit could do no wrong.

LOTW provided an adequate live dance beat to finish the evening with, the audience left wanting more of the same, and I left wanting a little something more.

Alan Marke

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LIVE!

CLINICAL BOY

MARSHALL CRENSHAW

Venue, Victoria

THE MUSIC of Marshall Crenshaw is an accessible commodity, which fulfils one vital element of popular music: it sounds like something previously heard before, though exactly what and where . . .

There is already discussion regarding Crenshaw's source. Buddy Holly transposed through Elvis Costello; The Everly Brothers meet Jonathan Richman; The Beatles via Bruce Springsteen.

One thing is certain, Marshall Crenshaw is barely himself, though he has a way with a song and a nice turn of phrase. It is this transparency which irks. In spite of the pleasing quality of his music, there is something too posed, too obviously self aware and finally unconvincing about him that casts aspersion on the durable quality of his art. Perhaps all that is really lacking is greatness.

Certainly it is appealing. A good sized crowd at the Venue signalled that word had spread among parties likely to be receptive and, tutored by the album 'Marshall Crenshaw', it sang along in impromptu chorus of his songs: the current 45 'Someday Someway', rendition of Presley's *GI Blues* rocker 'Gotta Lotta Living To Do', 'She Can't Dance' — *"she can't sing, but she's got to be part of this pop music thing"* —and 'Cynical Girl'.

Marshall Crenshaw is, besides Marshall on guitar, also brother Robert Crenshaw playing drums and Chris Donato, bass. Vocals are fulfilled by the whole trio. Their sound is quite sharp, attractive and with striking harmonies, though an excess of emphasis on the guitar.

Each song meets with warm applause and the crowd demand two encores: his best tune 'Usual Thing', which garners the reception of the evening, followed by rendition of Cliff's 'Move It' before bowing out.

Penny Reel

THE PASSAGE

Sheffield Art College

PERSISTENT in their ransacking of the electro-pop corridor, The Passage have graduated from the 'Pindrop' album's solemn celebration of sweaty nihilism to the breezier posturing of the succeeding 'XOYO'.

Tonight the audience is strictly Art School cool, the surroundings suitably seedy, and the Passage password is accordingly aggressive.

Even the twee glamour of recent single 'Wave' — a prime example of dolled-up synth fetishism — is thrown to the winds to make way for a baser, tart hostility. Instead of indirect insinuation the live act rivets yet another edge to Manchester's ailing Joy Division / Fall / Buzzcocks / Slaughter punky polygon with a blast of fast, driving fury.

Dick Witts, a most unseemly ranter judging from his diabolically inept presentation of the now deceased Oxford Roadshow tele programme, sneers with a seething derision from his stacked keyboards as, from the onset, The Passage spike their comely pop with a spartan authoritarianism.

Meshing Andrew Wilson's gristly stabs of guitar with Witt's equally sharp and calculatedly overstated keyboard melodies, The Passage hedge their live bets daringly on a heady confrontation with Paul Mahoney's military tattoo of a drum pound and to hell with rhythmic repercussion.

Live, The Passage represent the purest punk derivative — anarchic, angry and decently frustrated. They use tapes in a singularly unpretentious fashion; using the additional embellishments to accentuate the immediacy of their cut throat invective without ever turning to stylised arty sloganeering.

Where the recorded output, especially 'XOYO', radiates a coy charm that's often polite enough to be bland, the live performance is an exhibition that's at once blatant and offensive.

Amrik Rai

Saxual healing *Pic: David Corió*

LEMON — DROPS PITH AND ESSENCE

STEVE LACY

Round House

IT IS no irresponsible claim to say that Steve Lacy is one of the greatest figures in world music.

Only Don Cherry has pursued as many avenues and settings, but while the trumpeter's exploration has been fired by a spacious, freewheeling joyfulness, Lacy has probed the darkest and most difficult recesses of played music.

That's not to say the soprano player is a man of mirthless temperament. Lacy is actually an outlandish humourist: his world is one of grimace cracking into uproarious laughter.

The points lies in the way it is informed by a profound intelligence, a concern for pitch and essence, a love for the detail of the skeleton and a suspicion of mere rhetoric. It's not for nothing that one of his finest masterpieces, an extended and still ongoing set of variations, is called 'The Way'.

In his Round House recital, Steve presented his usual working sextet, which you can hear on the 'Ballets' recording.

There was a great deal of outstanding playing — I took unfair pleasures in Jean-Jaques Avenel's bass conversations, in pianist Bobby Few's rushing swarms of dissonance and the sudden snapping tug the rhythm section would summon — but I confess I felt a little sorry for such obviously proficient players.

They are so inculcated by Lacy's music that it can seem like mere puppetry.

What Lacy has done is tutor his players much as Beefheart raised his Magic Band. They have to play tunes that sound like inebriated runs up and down a wrong scale, brace themselves to accommodate impromptu descents into squawky cacophony and be ready to hit attention on the cue of a single lemon-drop note.

They are asked to perform what seem to be algebraic essays on the song form and have the chops to take off on their own improvisation and wind it up on time.

In one way, Lacy's group is the clearest expression of his aims, because it plays like himself times six: all the parts he'd like to play but can't fit in he allots to them. In another, these shadows of himself obscure his own quintessential playing at the hub of things.

Steve Potts, the second horn player, is an accomplished saxist and gets plenty of space to himself; yet I longed to hear the leader deliver more of his own playing in isolation.

Lacy has put his whole life through his soprano and that unforgettably affecting, silvery shaft speaks like a voice of ages.

Richard Cook

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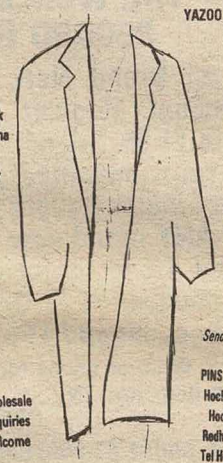

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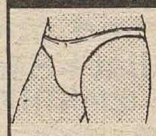

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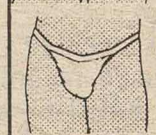

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W·O·B·B·L·E

FROM PAGE 25

shut, put out the music they want, kept their dignity. They've earned my respect. The other bands from that time — The Clash, they're happy-go-lucky geezers but they're one of the biggest embarrassments.

AND NEXT

NOTHING SEEMS to bother Wobble much — the world is there to be given to, learned from, worked with. What plans or ambitions does he have left?

"I've started to plan a bit more ahead now," he says, stroking the two cats that pad delicately over the floor. "A couple of months, anyway, and always to have something happening, a continuity of action. This next year will probably be my busiest.

"The Human Condition was like a celebration of the end, but now this band is much more about release — a rush of the old spirituality up the arse. It's uplifting. A lot of these instrumental bands that are about now don't understand about holding a groove and turning it inside out, knocking out notes without even thinking about it.

"Those cassettes did about 7,000 or 8,000. I thought the cassette market would take off a lot more than it did. People still just like vinyl. I like small, contained things like cassettes, they're more refreshing. The Human Condition was a contained band like that too.

"One thing that Jim Walker (Condition's drummer) and me agreed on was to be around for 20 or 30 years. The rock industry is about the quick burn-out and when you meet rock stars you realise they're very scared people. They know they could be on the way out. People like me and Holger, we get a small and steady little following and we're alright."

JAH WOBBLE

"IT'S WEIRD. I gave up Catholicism when I was 13, 14 and had a lot of battles with my family about it. I've talked to other Catholics about how it's haunted them — you get guilt feelings instead of a sense of discipline. It was always an ecstatic religion.

"I went through a very tough Catholic primary school and sometimes those images come back to me, in dreams or something. God seemed like something to be feared, an indiscriminate slapper.

"We were all scared of the altar, like it was somewhere you didn't wanna be on your own. Rotten turned it into a vogue, to be a tortured Catholic, but it really bothered me when I was young.

"They taught me well but it fucked me up then. They want you to feel guilty and unclean. I don't disbelieve in the strength of the religion but I think a lot of the mystery went out of it when they changed the Latin mass to English. The Latin mass gave people a release, anywhere in the world, and bringing it down to a chat on the doorstep wasn't too clever.

"I can push bad experiences away and then in the middle of the night they'll come back to me. I used to do the requiem masses for meths drinkers and that. We'd have to prepare the altar for some geezer in a coffin with no mourners. An image like that stays with you forever.

"People don't want everything brought into the light of day. They need mysteries. We're not that far advanced. We're nearer to the jungle than we are to a brave new world."

He jumps up to play a tape of a Latin mass taken off the radio. The rosary is being said. The celebrant intones the grave elegance of the words as Wobble's bass lowers ominously in response to the other voices. The spirit sings.

Suffused with memory, fuelled on the here and now, Jah Wobble has a long, long way to go yet. I hope he's still here in those 20 or 30 years to come.

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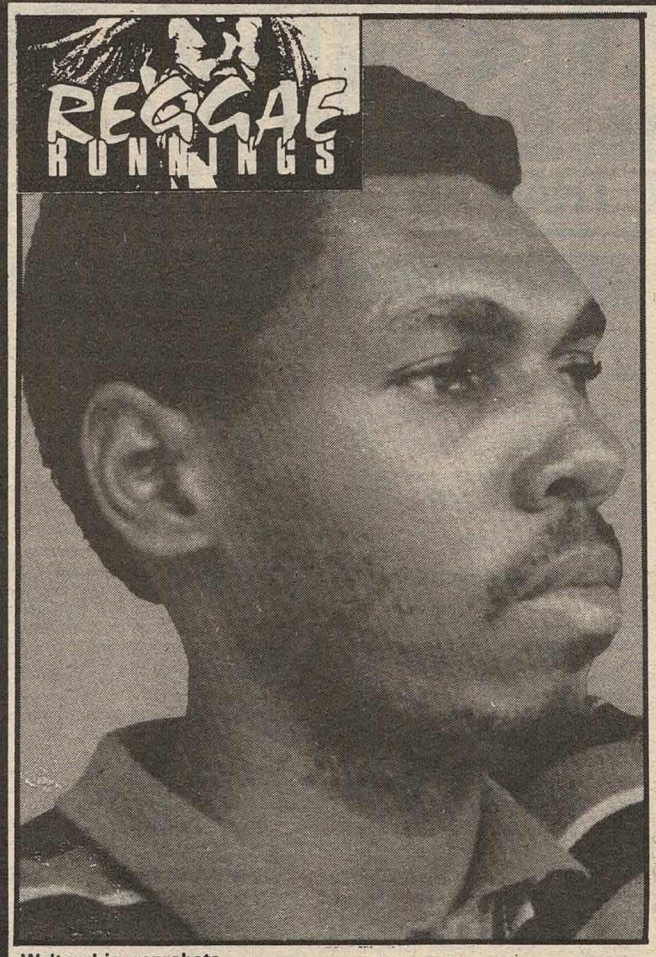


Welton Irie: reprobate

DJ CONNECTION

"Well watcha, Lord Comic connected to King Stitt; King Stitt connected to Dennis Alcapone; Alcapone connected to the man Scotty; Scotty connected to Prince Jazzbo; Jazzbo connected to Big Youth; Big Youth connected to the teacher U Roy; U Roy connected to the man I Roy; I Roy connected to the man U Brown. So on your way up and on your way down stop a lickle while and listen this a yound. U Brown connected to Dillinger; and Dillinger connected to Ranking Trevor; Trevor connected to the Lone Ranger; Ranger connected to Clint Eastwood; and Eastwood connected to the man Toyan; Toyan connected to the man Lee Van; and Lee Van connected to Purple Man; and Purple Man connected to Yellowman; say Yellowman connected to General Echo; Echo connected to the one Ringo; Ringo connected to the youth Jungo; Jungo connected to Peter Metro; Metro connected to Billy Boyo; Boyo connected to Papa Kojak; Papa Kojak connected to Mama Liza; Liza connected to Sister Nancy; Nancy connected to Trinity; Trinity connected to the man Nicka D; Nicka D connected to Lui Lepke; Lepke connected to the man Squiddly; Squiddly connected to Welton Irie; then what about the Brigadier Jerry?"

NINEY produced albums with toasters **Lui Lepki** and **Welton Irie** issued on the Hit Bound label are currently circulating local pre specialist outlets.

Laid by Soljie at Channel One and mixed by Scientist at the same atelier, both sets feature musicianship from the Radics group and nine titles apiece.

The Welton Irie set entitled 'Reprobate' (JJ 086) showcases his reference to the 'Obeah Man' and 'The Almighty' both, as well as making the 'DJ Connection' quoted above and bemoaning 'Guns Out Of Hand'. The self referential 'Mr Irie' track is further variation on the 'Real Rock' rhythm, while 'You I Love' paraphrases U Roy's 'Wake The Town' in the teacher's own style.

'Willie Red' (JJ 085) is the title of Lui Lepke's set commenting on his New York experiences with 'Brooklyn Jogging' and '42nd Street', plus utterance on 'Chicken Farm' and 'Bank Clerk'.

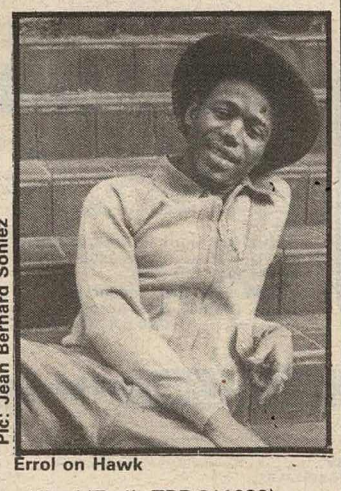
TRACKING

THIS WEEK'S discomix releases include two titles on the Music Hawk imprint: **Errol Dunkley** adapting 'How Could I Let You Get Away' (MH03); and **Lion Youth** singing 'I Don't Like It' and toasting 'Government Dub' (MH04) on its flip. Both waxings produced by Sonny and Jackal.

Issued on Greensleeves: **Peter Ranking & General Lucky,** 'Beverley Black' c/w 'Walk & Talk' (GRED 98) — produced by Henry Lawes; and **Fathead** in a solo capacity with 'Rat Trap' c/w 'Come Me A Come' (GRED 103) — produced by Lloyd Campbell.

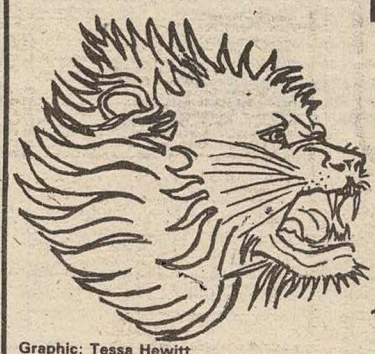
Out on Starlight of Harlesden: **Sonia,** 'The Boy I Love' c/w **Arletta,** 'You Beat Me To The Punch' (SLD 522); and **Natural Mystic,** 'Follow Me' (SLD 524). While pressed on the company's Black Music subsidiary are **Johnny Osbourne & Peter Yellow** with 'Reggae On Broadway' (BM 707) — produced by Prince Jammy.

Also released: **Lloydy Bell,** 'She Will Be Waiting' (Copasetic — COP DIS 7); **Errol Mattis,** 'You're Much To Blame' c/w 'You're Gone' (Ben Gad — CB 013); **Dennis Brown,** 'If This World Was Mine' (Tad's TRD 311082); and **Dennis Alcapone,** 'Three Wise Men' (Winston Curtis — EMP DC 317).



Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

Errol on Hawk



Graphic: Tessa Hewitt

HIGH PRIEST OF DUB

SCIENTIST is the accredited artist featured on a new dub LP released on the Kingdom label of Covent Garden and entitled 'High Priest Of Dub' (KVL 9011).

Produced by Roy Cousins and recorded at Channel One the LP divides between a side devoted to such as 'Gad Man The Prophet', 'Rueben First Born', 'Ethiopian High Priest' and a side that castigates 'The Vatican', 'The President', 'Their Hands In Blood' and more. The sleeve depicts presumably Scientist on a podium addressing an audience in which vaguely identifiable representations of Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan, The Pope and various men of detective demeanour sit amidst red, gold and green attired peoples of Third World aspect.

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — I hope and feare, I pray and hould my peace . . . currently in town and ensconced in a Notting Hill flat together with a fresh bag of works for Greensleeves are Henry Lawes, Linval Thompson, Eek A Mouse and Billy Boyo . . . **now freeze my thoughtes and straight they frie againe** . . . also arrived and variously settled in Finsbury Park and Harlesden are the three Heptones, who carry forth their recent Shanachie works for issue by Fitzroy Sterling's Tottenham based Body Music . . . **I now admire and straight my wounders cease** . . . in town too are toasters Captain Sinbad and Nicka D, who have lined up an appearance together on November 26 at Club 200 in Balham . . . **I loose my bonds and yet my selfe restrainte** . . . Culture brings the Lion Rock tour to an intermission this week when they begin a fortnight stint in Holland, Belgium and France, before returning for more dates in December. Last Saturday at Reading the group treated its audience to an introduction of three full-blown instrumental workouts: 'Love Jah', 'Give Jah The Glory' and 'Sounds Almighty', before proceeding with Joseph Hill giving utterance to the grounation 'So Long' chant and exacting great variation on a set of his own songs, bringing his performance to its climax with a 'Judge Dread' trial of Margaret Thatcher and one other prominent politician. Lined up behind Hill are the Soul Defenders comprising Frederick Thomas (first guitar), Ronald Campbell aka Jah Privie (second guitar/vocal), Louis Bailey (drums), Fez Walker (bass), Vincent Morgan (keyboards and vocals), Harry T and Junior (percussion), Evrald (trombone), Barnes (trumpet) and Christopher Daley (engineer) . . . **this likes me most that leaves me discontent** . . . meanwhile, at the Venue on the same night, the Royal Rasses — including Studio One sessioneers Bagga (bass) and Pablove Black (keys) — determined 'San Salvador', 'Blessed Are The Meek', 'Kingston 11', 'Old Time Friend'. 'One Common Need' . . .

★ ★ ★

MY COURAGE SERVES and yet my heart doth faile . . . Champagne Entertainments invites you all to their 40/50's Dance on Friday — 9pm to 2am — at the New Ambassador Hotel, 12 Upper Woburn Place, WC1 (opp Euston Station), introducing Soul To Soul . . . **my will doth clime whereas my hopes are spent** . . . greeting! I Bro Gad II and I Sis Gad II of the Twelve Tribes of Israel cordially invites you to a night of rejoicing in the tents and gathering of the people at Lewisham Boys Club, Brookmill Road, off Lompit Vale, Lewisham on Saturday — 4pm till 4am — with cultural sounds by Jahlovemuzic. Adm: £1. . . . **I laugh at love, yet when he comes I quaile** . . . also on Saturday night M&P present a black & white dress river boat cruise — 1 to 6am — aboard MV Valulla down the Thames in tune to the sweet sound of Soul Incorporated Roadshow with the best in soul, reggae and waistwinding calypso. Food and bar. Coaches leave Stamford Hill, Hackney Town Hall and Kings Cross at midnight . . . **the more I strive, the duller bide I still** . . . this Monday in Scotland the Ital Club presents on tour from Jamaica Culture with support by Mystical 13 at the Playhouse Theatre, Leith Walk, Edinburgh. Doors open: 6.30; concert at 7.30 . . . **I would be thrald, and yet I feedome love** . . . Dickie Dread, Jah Biggs and Jerry Ranks present live and direct from Bennetts to Celebrities, Romford Road, E7 every Wednesday — 8.30 till late — Coxsone Outernational Sounds with Blacker at the controls. Ladies free before 2 am . . .

★ ★ ★

I WOULD REDRESSE, yet hourly feede myne ill . . . set for release this Friday on the Jahmani imprint is a vocal LP from otherwise noted keyboards player Gladstone Anderson entitled 'Songs For Today And Tomorrow', recorded at Channel One, remixed at Tuff Gong and produced jointly by Gladdie and Ijahman Levi . . . **I would repine, and dare not once reprove** . . . meanwhile, Lloydie Coxsone has laid 16 tracks with the Studio 1 musicians who backed Freddie McGregor on his tour here, for a forthcoming album to be entitled 'Dub Road' . . . **and for my love I am bereft of power** . . . this Friday at the Battersea Arts Centre, Old Town Hall, Lavender Hill, SW11 is a forum *The Future of Black Theatre In Britain* with James Fenton, Mustapha Matura, Charlie Hanson, Farouk Dondy, Jatinda Veer and others at 7pm . . . **and strengthlesse strive my weaknes to devoure** . . . newly published in the States is the fourth issue of newszine *The Reggae Connection,* featuring Sister Nancy, Yellowman, Mikey Dread interview, Sugar Minott, news and reviews from Real Authentic Sound (RAS) Records, PO Box 40804, Washington, DC 20016, USA price $1 with guidance from Doctor Dread . . . **One Love** . . .

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1 SIDE WALK TRAVELLER, Hopeton Lindo (Gussie 80's)
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4 SUPER STAR GIRL, Barrington Levy (All Roots)
5 SKATE LAND GIRL, Alton Ellis (Volcano)
6 LOVERS RACE, Sugar Minott (Observers)
7 PROVERBS, The Mighty Diamonds (Bad Gong)
8 WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER, Roland Borrel (Observer)
9 RUBY, Junior Murvin (Blue Mountain)
10 CHILDREN OF ZION, Winston Wonder (Harmonic)

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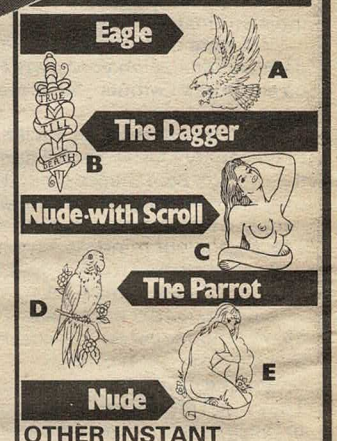

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E·D·D·Y FROM PAGE 18

have a top ten record you must be smart, or intelligent. Yet people tend to connote one with the other.

"All the heroes of contemporary rock music basically achieve their notoriety through adopting a bad stance. There are millions of these stars, and I don't want anything to do with them. But the gems . . . there are one or two of them. But because of the peculiar nature of our business, to create *those* kind of people is very very difficult — because the media aren't interested. They don't glorify them, because they think it's too staid, too ordinary. But the very ordinariness is, I think, what we need."

And if people see *you* as a star, what quality would you like to think they're drawing from you? Common sense?

"Common sense. Just ordinary, plain, unadulterated common sense. You see, a person will see you how they see you. I can put on a nice shirt, and nice pants, and go onstage and try to be really something. But at the back of the audience there'll be somebody sitting there who can see through all of that, and he'll know you like you don't even know yourself. So why put on any airs and graces?

"I went through the whole thing of dressing up. I've dressed up more, probably, than any artist you can imagine. I understand what dressing up is all about. It's like a man who drives a very beautiful car — nobody ever sees the man. So I started thinking, rightly or wrongly, that if I wear all these fancy clothes people will never see *me*. And it's me that I want them to see, not the clothes. Because long after I'm dead and gone, they can have a million people can afford to buy those clothes — but not anybody else can be me. There's only one of you in this world."

Do you ever feel, nowadays, that you've arrived? That you're at the top of the mountain at last, looking down?

"No. How could I feel that? I haven't made, in any one quarter, a million pounds. I haven't sold all the zillions of records that The Bee Gees have sold. Nowhere near it. I've probably made better *use*, dollar for dollar, than other people have. And it's perhaps brought me a lot more happiness. I'm contented.

"But as for feeling that I've arrived, no. Every time I play my guitar, or my piano, I realise that I am still ignorant, that I've got to go on, until I feel that I've overcome whatever impediment I had before and I've learned one more thing. Those are the things that mean something to me. *That* motivates me.

"And I know that I'll die and I still won't reach the mountain-top."

THOMAS

FROM PAGE 19

components of the late '70s music scene. They were a funny, fearful response to all kinds of crises, from the tyrannies of language to the terror on the doorstep. The '80s, though, saw the band floundering. The tension slackened, the best tracks lacked conviction, the rest sloped off into jerky, jokey, self-regarding artiness.

The band acknowledge that they went astray, but insist that 'Song Of The Bailing Man' is the LP that's put them back on course, the record they've been striving towards.

Critical response has been less enthusiastic, some people regarding the LP as less of a revival than a final proof that Ubu have lost their marbles.

Richard Cook in his *NME* review described 'Bailing Man' as trivial, tricksy, whimsical — a "giggly batch of squeals and jingles . . . concerned with hats, dogs, insects." The group, he suggests, have "moved from the city to the country" and are unlikely to return. 'Bailing Man' is their one-way ticket to the funny farm.

He puts it harshly, but it's a view of 'Bailing Man' with which I generally concur. Certainly the new Ubu can be left to tick away coolly in the background in a way the old Ubu would never have allowed.

David Thomas disagrees strenuously with all this, and offers his own version of Ubu's changes.

"We've changed a lot, I think. And we've always tried to change a lot. Sometimes we failed at it, but we were always dissatisfied with the idea of staying where we were.

"We did 'Modern Dance' and we did it well, so we tried something a bit different, and that was 'Dub Housing'. And then we didn't wanna repeat *that,* 'cause you should try to do things you *can't* do, right?

"Sometimes we failed, OK. But 'Bailing Man' we were all very pleased with, not least because it evidently has finally killed 'Modern Dance'; and all the people who would always wanna hear 'Modern Dance' are — judging by the *NME* reviewer — now off the ship.

"I mean, things have gotten much more subtle in the band. We've tried to deal with more complex scenarios. The Mind Dance is better than the Body Dance, so we've tried to do music that's more fun because you dance to it with your mind, as it were, to its puzzles and problems."

Er, hang on, I don't see how songs about hats and dogs are subtler and more complex than your earlier songs.

"Well, because they're not about hats and dogs!" Thomas laughs uproariously. "That's one reason. I guess that's all I can say. They're not about hats and dogs. What else can I tell you!"

Well . . . you could tell me what they *are* about, Professor Thomas.

He glances heavenward. "Uh huh, I knew *that* was coming."

OK, just stick with 'My Hat'. Not a literal exposition, just an outline.

"Er . . . 'My Hat' works in conjunction with, is thematically related to, 'Thoughts That Go By Steam' on side one. It's just a picture, it's related to mental discipline, to personality. It's an emotional picture, not necessarily an intellectual one, a series of feelings and images that combine into something else that couldn't be expressed in words, so I won't.

"I mean, I know they're not popular images. People say, 'Aw, that's *cute'* or 'he's lost his . . .' something or other. But I'm tired of dealing with simple things. I can *do* simple things.

"Some of the songs are *frivolous;* our songs have always had that element. 'My Hat' tends to be a bit frivolous, but . . . PERSECUTE US, OK!"

He bursts out laughing, the shoulders pumping wildly, the voice rising to a squeak. "I mean, BIG DEAL! So there's a song that's frivolous. We gotta right, you know."

Talking of changes, you once said . . .

Thomas groans theatrically. "Oh *no,* I hate quotes from the past. Let's hear what this one is."

You said you only had three themes.

"Three ideas, yeah!" He lets loose a great guffaw. "That's my *favourite* quote. I listed two of 'em and couldn't remember the third." He relapses into helpless giggles. "Yeah, yeah, it's true, I guess. But there are so many things you can say about one thing. Or I'll write a song and see what I did wrong, or I'll see a whole other aspect of it that's much neater, so why not rewrite it?

"I'm one of those people who'll repeat something for ever for the sheer enjoyment of hearing it repeated. It drives the wife crazy, but that's OK." *(Oh yeah! I'll see you later — Mrs Thomas).*

You'd agree though that Ubu themes have undergone a change which, broadly speaking, could be described as a move "from the city to the country"?

"I really don't agree with that. There's been some shifting of themes vaguely, but I think it's been over-reacted to. Most of the stuff's about Cleveland."

Surely there's been a drastic change. The early records were dealing with things like fear, confusion, the effects of industrialisation. Now you're writing about birds, dogs, insects, the sand and the sea — things which are completely different.

"From my point of view they're not, because of what Cleveland is. All those things you mention are part of Cleveland. Cleveland's on a lake and it's a very unusual lake, the atmospheres are very unusual."

How do you mean?

"Oh, I dunno. 'Cause of the winter . . . it's hard. I mean, it's a dull old town, I suppose, but Edgewater Park is very beautiful."

He pauses a moment, lost in thought. "I can't be afraid any more. I'm not afraid, why should I pretend to be afraid? I'm not confused, why should I pretend to be confused?

"Hmm . . . well . . . that's not true. I am confused at times, I am afraid at times, but it's my experience — and this goes back long before 'Bailing Man' — that those things were counter-productive.

"If you don't learn from your fear and confusion, what's the point? I don't wanna do what we used to do, 'cause we've *done it.* You cannot conquer these things, as it were, by wallowing in them. I don't feel it's right that people should endorse those emotions by being so obsessed by them. That's what it is, an obsession.

"Something I realised right after 'Modern Dance', in the middle of 'Dub Housing' — or prior to 'Dub Housing', 'cause 'Dub Housing' is really the solution, is coming out of the woods of 'Modern Dance' — is that it's . . . er . . . not healthy, it's just not healthy to dwell on those emotions.

"Solutions are more important than problems. If you fall down, you get up again. That's more important than moaning about how you've fallen down and are rolling on the floor."

But solutions still have to take account of problems.

"I think we do that. You question that?"

I think you used to do it more convincingly before.

"I disagree. So, OK. Sorreee," he sings it out, falsetto. "I can't convince you. I can't help that.

"I want to be an entertainer who entertains with positive ideas and feelings, rather than be a depressing person. It's indulgent to inflict depression and fear on people. Isn't there enough of it? 'cause ther are plenty of, you know . . . *(sings) 'I'm a tortured genius, pity me, pity me'.* I'm just not interested in that. I mean, let's be serious about this" — he grins broadly — "they make up all those stories, anyway. How you gonna feel sad when you know the stories have been made up?"

There are no tortured young geniuses?

"Nah," he laughs, "it's all made up. There's very little truth in music."

"Harry burst the bubble"

"IT'S LIKE chess," says David Thomas, looking around for a metaphor with which to better describe the kind of entertainment he's aiming for, the kind of teasing puzzle he imagines 'Bailing Man' to be.

Hardly your orthodox rock'n'roll idea of a good time, but then Pere Ubu were never your orthodox rock'n'roll band. He also points out that Ubu's new concerns are less in tune with these times than their earlier records were with the late '70s, when urban decay was all the rage as a pop topic.

"People expect the wrong thing from us now," he says, with a shrug. "We're in the unfortunate position that we don't fit anywhere."

It's a problem; but those who regard 'Lost In Art', from Ubu's previous LP, as a kind of ironic epitaph for the band are reading the last rites a little prematurely.

David Thomas strikes me as prone to getting lost in thought, perhaps, but that's not the same thing at all. Besides, his keen sense of the absurd, his fondness for all nuances of humour, make it likely he'll always find his way home.

The chess game is a neat analogy for current Ubu work, though, not least because it's so hard to tell the difference between a banal move and one of fiendish cunning. I'm already half-sold on 'Bailing Man' 's wonderful complexities etc, when I remember the mysteriously absent title-track.

Why, I ask, are the lyrics printed on the album sleeve when the song itself doesn't actually appear on the LP?

"Oh, that," smiles Thomas. "Simple reasons. A) The song never got done. B) We wanted to call the album that and we didn't want there to be various misinterpretations. C) We needed to fill the space, to line up the columns of type on the sleeve. That's the main reason."

Really? To fill up space? But . . . huh? I'm totally nonplussed by this answer.

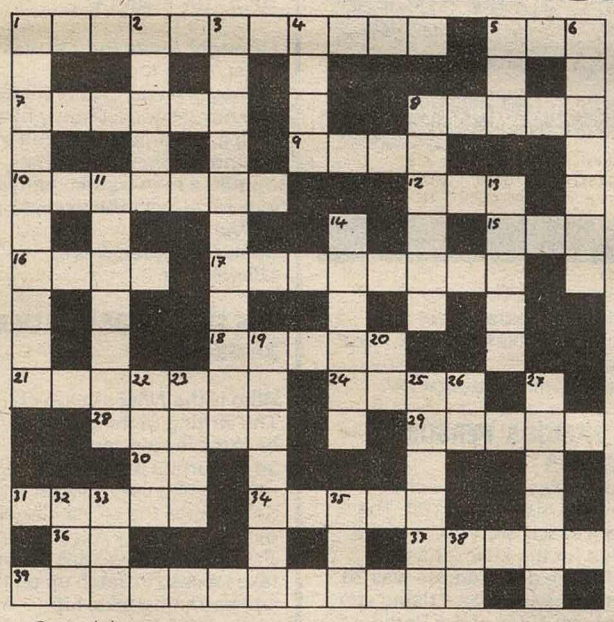
Thomas laughs so hard he almost falls out of his chair.

"Yeah! Isn't that a good enough reason? What more do you want? Come *awnnn!"* He's convulsed with glee, breathless with mirth, making a noise like a car engine turning over on a frosty morning. "Yep! You've just had a glimpse into the weird inner world of the way Pere Ubu works. It was there to fill the space!"

The Professor gulps down a last, throaty chuckle.

"Sad, but true."

NME X-Press Word



CLUES ACROSS

1 and 29A Madness float downriver in Egypt. (5,4,2,5)
5 T.G dead before they get there. (1,1,1)
7 Snap Allez Allez's label. (6)
8 Word/image associated with the Village People. (5)
9 One of them knows there's something going on. (4)
10 What De Palma and Kiss are to kill. (7)
12 Sheepish contribution from Paul McCartney. (3)
15 Rueful Midge. (3)
16 "California —— Alles". (4)
17 Where at Erics? (8)
18 Marley's Dread. (5)
21 What you have to be if you want to get on. (7)
24 Squeeze side story. (4)
28 Just one member of the U.S washed and ironed band will do. (5)
29 See 1 Across.
30 What through the out door. (2)
31 Siddhartha was one of his. (5)
34 Where the M.A.N was from. (1,1,1,1,1)
36 And this is where the Androids hail from. (2)
37 Santana album in the singular, friend. (5)
39 Those celebrating Burroughs at the end of this month. (5,7)

CLUES DOWN

1 Talking of Bill, another group name inspired by one of his books. (5,5)
2 Hot on the achille's of love. (5)
3 The maker of "Alien" does it again. (5,6)
4 A continent (?) group big in the U.S. But not here. (4)
5 What's up. Bugs Bunny? (3)
6 and 13D The Buzzcocks find it in a different kitchen. (7,5)
8 Mr. Gore of Depeche Mode. (6)
11 Oh sightless ones in Gaza. (7)
13 See 6 Down.
14 Laurie Anderson's are united. (6)
19 Clarke, responsible for 2001. (6,1)
20 Gettin' yer "Ya's" out ain't enough. (2)
22 More than what, Ferry? (4)
23 Not quite central, Neil. (4)
25 Siouxsie yells. (6)
26 Iggy asks you to say it on "Soldier". (2)
27 Nippy club in Brixton. (6)
32 Major label, of ex-Pistol fame. (1,1,1)
33 Label Sam Phillips was responsible for setting up. (3)
35 Was once a Capital Radio lunch-time show. (1,1,1)
38 It was who's party? (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

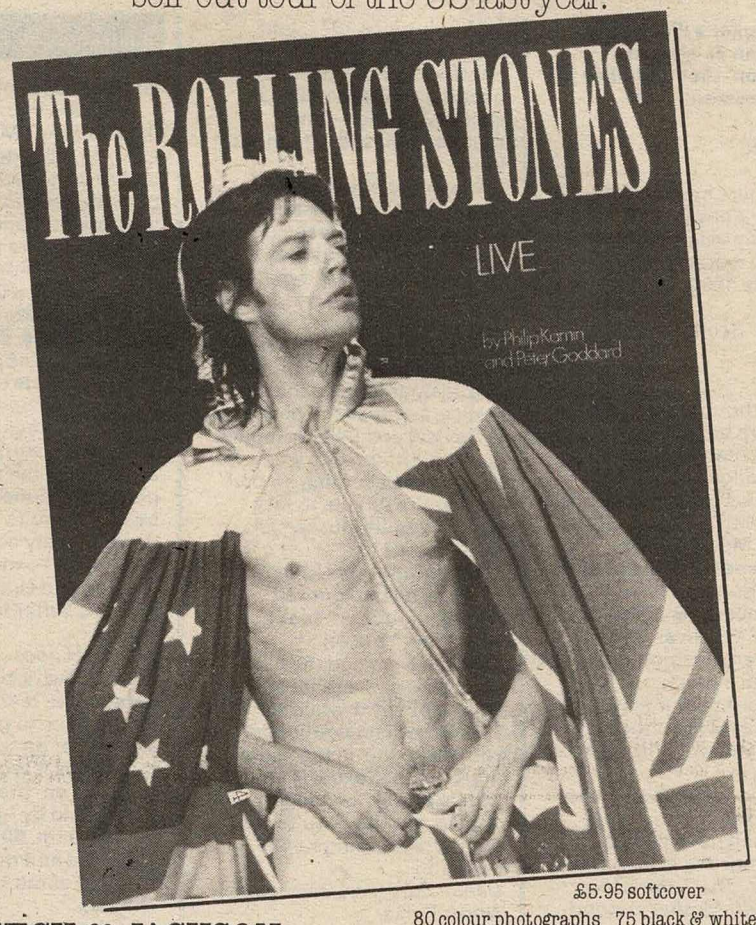
ACROSS: 1 A Broken Frame; 7 Beat; 9 Einstein-A-Go-Go; 11 Unit; 12 This Boy; 13 Elvis; 14 ABC; 16 Ice; 17 Soul (Man); 18 Higsons; 20 Reed; 21 Privilege; 22 Tubes; 23 Talk; 24 Twist; 25 Cope; 26 YMCA; 28 OMD; 30 Brown (Sugar); 32 Devo; 33 Roper; 37 Strut; 39 Mood; 40 Kiss; 41 Ring (Ring); 43 Sugar; 44 Witness.

DOWN: 1 A Certain Ratio; 2 Run Like Hell; 3 Kate Bush; 4 Fun; 5 Angelic Upstarts; 6 English Civil War; 7 Bauhaus; 8 Toto (Coelo); 10 I'm Your Puppet; 15 Can I Get A (Witness); 19 Guilty; 25 Cure; 27 Coelo; 29 Martin (Roper); 31 Cold As (Ice); 34 Pass; 35 Ring; 36 Carr; 38 Tug; 39 Man; 42 G.I.

THE ROLLING STONES LIVE

Philip Kamin and Peter Goddard

A stunning photographic record of the Rolling Stones sell-out tour of the US last year.



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INSIDE THE OBSERVATORY

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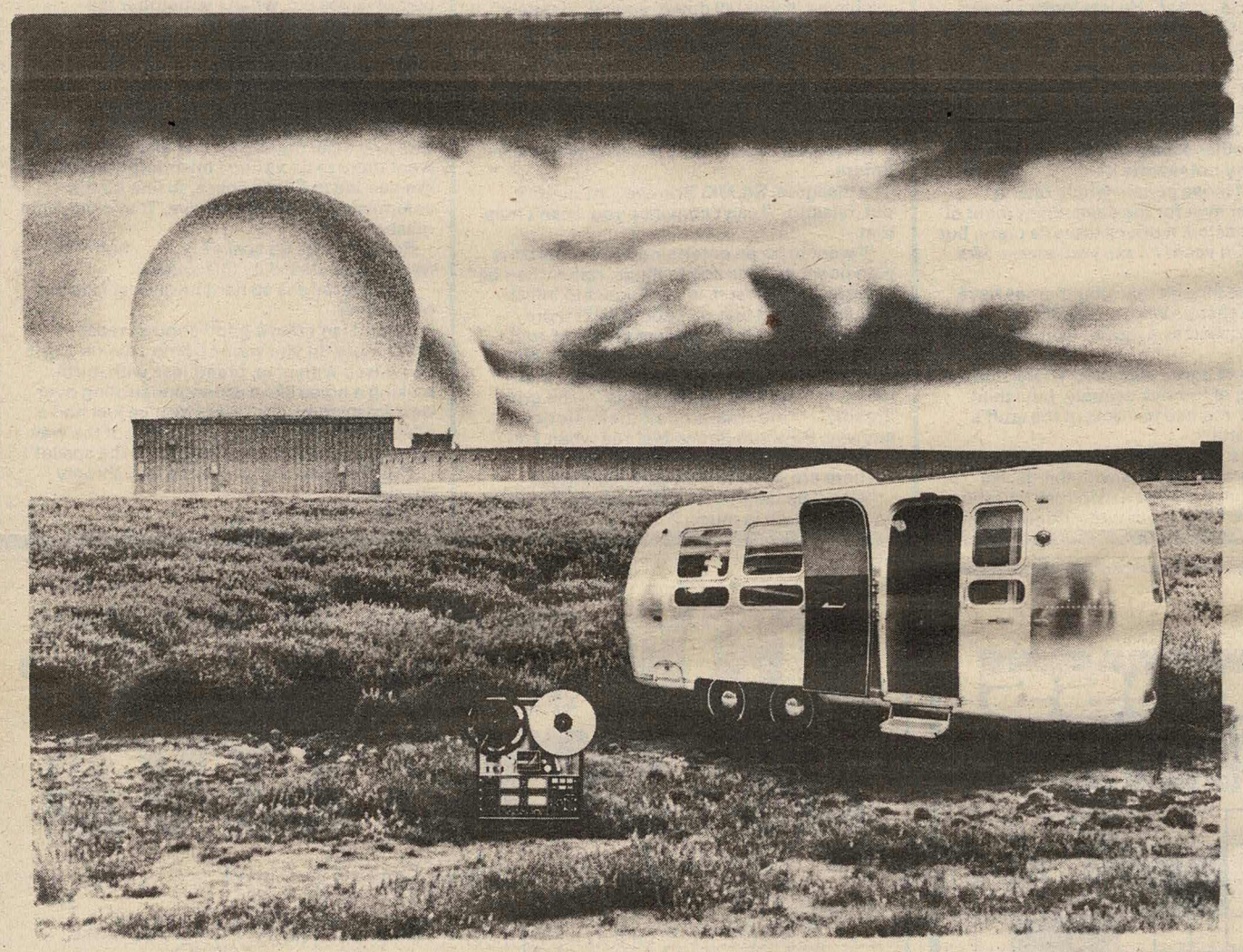

Illustration by Ms Moss

WELCOME BACK!

Congratulations — we went so far in opposite directions that we met up again. It's nice to have me back.
J B Boukor, Home.

IN MEMORIAM ONE

Well, The Jam may have split but they haven't broken "the solid bond in our hearts". What The Jam have done for British music cannot be put into words, but they provided for us Jam fans honesty, passion, energy and above all else symbolised youth and new ideas. The Jam were one of the few bands who could generate the atmosphere of shared motivation at both gigs and on record. They provided us with 'Trans-Global Unity'. If The Jam didn't get through to you then you couldn't have been listening!
Emy, The Ace Face Of Stirling, Scotland.
If you have any respect for Weller's ungainly passions, Jam fans, then you will resist such cosy icon-building. It is surely Weller's distaste for the illusion of 'shared motivation' that underlies his recent decision. — RC.

625 LINES

What's this Channel 4 all about? Is it any good? Apparently we in this part of the world won't be able to get it until late 1984. Am I missing anything?
The Dyin' Scotsman, Oban, Argyll.

Just as I thought — *The Tube* presenters had been recycled by the C4 manipulators. Heads guillotined off and replaced with the usual plastic facades with string operated features. Mouths with tongues speaking bland and boring comments. Appearance considered by someone's Gran as being different and fashionable along with a much washed-out personality. Or maybe they were chosen because they were like that to start with?

So, C4 went on their 'Face Crusade' for nothing. They may as well have picked random morons from out of the gutter. *The Tube* is like *Watch With Mother* — good fun for the little kiddies.
Ed Royston, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
But I bet you'll still watch it next week, won't you? If I were in charge I'd have live music from Mark Springer and the David Murray Octet, Yellowman demonstrating the art of the talkover, Ian Penman talking about movies and Wynton Marsalis talking about clothes.

They're trying — the worst thing (apart from Paula Yates, who is a genuine catastrophe) is the transparent topicality of items like Eric Burdon's fairly dire appearance last week, attributable only to 'invisible pressures'. That and the way the presenters keep apologising for everything. — RC.

NME — THE DISGRACE

NME has become a token half-apology of a magazine. I have watched it deteriorate faithfully since 1974, and more especially in the aftermath of punk. It has become a biased political excuse of a rag — and musically biased in favour of junk.

Coverage of jazz is spasmodic, inconsistent and so hypocritical it incenses me. So many great musicians don't even warrant a mention until they die, when obituaries abound and they are hailed as geniuses. Leave out coverage of the more esoteric musics if you're unable to do them justice, because the new Crass LP review ensures that space is at a premium this week. If things are becoming so bad that you're unable to take yourselves seriously, can we be expected to?

Contemporary US dance music is all but ignored — the sort of sounds emanating from New York on Prelude/Sam and the like. This is always a reliable source of worthwhile sounds — *NME* will no doubt bear witness to this in ten years' time, when 'Sexual Healing' will be an acknowledged classic. For now you're too busy worshipping Kevin Rowland.
Daniel Edwards, Harrogate, North Yorks.

Beam it over to GASBAG
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Is there not a slight contradiction between your allegedly compassionate socialist political outlook and your bigoted prejudiced self-righteous musical snobbery, not judging records on their intrinsic merit but on their current acceptability among self-appointed hipsters?

This hipper-than-thou attitude seems to pervade your entire staff, each journalist evidently worried as to whether his taste will meet with approval and admiration. Only the rich people can afford to buy these clothes that adorn your pages and see these bands who play late in the centre of town. How do you equate this with your left-wing opinions?

What are you doing about the situation? Making no effort to enlighten a wider audience, secure in your pseudish clique, disdaining the popular bands and spending more time writing about boys with weird hairstyles than the plight of the unfortunate — the El Salvadoreans, Ethiopians, the starving and oppressed in the southern parts of the world etc. For the changes you advocate to actually take place it would of course require the approval of the majority of the public and consequently not be hip. If you're so moral how do you justify advocating the wasting of so much money on records and clothes while millions suffer from lack of wealth?
Michael Lodo.
If only it were so simple, gentlemen. It would be as idiotic of us to give up altogether on 'esoteric musics' as it would be futile to dump on 'the rest' of the readership by ignoring the mainstream. 60 pages, balanced and maintained to the best of our human abilities.

In the light of your charge of hypocrisy, Mr Edwards, may I point out that the last jazz obit we ran was of Art Pepper — a musician championed by the NME years ago, whose magnificent Indian Summer of activity was considerably aided in its early stages by the attention we gave him. As for our advocating of wasting money, I rather think the money would be spent anyway — do we not advise rather than advocate? As a whipping post for the nation's conscience I suppose it's flattering that we were chosen above *The Listener*. — RC.

I would point out the connection between John DeLorean and the new Human League record 'Here Comes The Mirror, Maaan!', but I feel it is socially irresponsible in these 'Hard Times' to advocate extravagant and richist hobbies to the youth of today.
Adol Cardist, London N7.

A 'FAMOUS' PERSON WRITES

Comrades: Julie Burchill revises history, part 84. The dancer Barishnykov was not 'due for the knacker's yard' when he defected. He was 26 and acclaimed as a rising star on both sides of the Berlin Wall. A member of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, he was lent to the Bolshoi as a guest soloist for its American tour of 1974. The Bolshoi was in a bad way, not having many top-flight dancers (it was a very *defective* company in those days) *(You wag — Bag Ed.)*

I live in hope that, as Burchill brazenly continues to play Russian Roulette with facts, one day they'll blow up in her *Face.*
Dick Witts, Oxford Road Show, BBC TV.

The scribblings of music critics are stranded on language. People who want to deny this have long ago given up the wish to learn something by the written word. They expect music to contain elements from perception — psychology, sociology, philosophy, exact science etc. If it doesn't at least equal these standards it has no right to exist. Therefore the over-regular use of names such as Jung, Hegel, Kant and others.

The rejection by the largest proportion of the general public of these principles and their fleeing from 'serious' music to jazz-funk-disco and such can be compared to the neglect of the serious novel in favour of the detective kind.

Music as a whole isn't being presented as what it is basically like and meant for: amusement, escapism, relief, refreshment, emotion and more, but as something important, something boring!

Like religion, science in music has become subordinate to a system of obscure prescriptions. Neither is one allowed to enjoy oneself. Nowadays critics try to cover up the thinnest music by artists who didn't understand punk or objected to it, through disguising it with loads of wonderful profound theorising and praise. But *NME* is still the best!
L Brouwer, Dordrecht, The Netherlands.
Shrewd reasoning, but I think your last sentence blew your entire argument. — RC.

IN MEMORIAM TWO

Monty — don't be silly. I was also crazed by your hoax. But I did not feel, as you have stated, that you were undoing all you had done. It is because of all you have done that you are allowed to take a deep breath and carry on. You pioneered, you stick around. You're not dead yet.
Robert Perks, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
It's too late. The Big Man has departed, amidst scenes of sentiment matched only by the last reel of *It's A Wonderful Life.* Mr Andy Gill has manfully agreed to go on a crash eating course to try and be both of the staff heavyweights. — RC.

ONE FOR MONTY

I thought *Blade Runner* was great. I also thought *Poltergeist* was great too. But I've never seen a Disney film with a swimming pool full of rotting corpses or, for that matter, a man scratch half his face off — with the exception of *The Thing.*
John Carpenter, South Glamorgan.

THE SWEETS OF IDEALISM REVISITED

Who is the *NME* aiming at? The writing of the staff has become increasingly adventurous but their attitude has become very secular. Sometimes the paper comes over as a literary *Coronation Street:* if you miss one issue it takes weeks to catch up on the latest running joke, hip philosophies or whatever. As a music paper your readership is limited to those interested in music and many of the broader articles are lost when they could appeal to a much wider audience. Maybe you should have a supplement for the more diverse contents or a new name.

With pop being so uninspiring at the moment it would be great to see the next big change in 'youth culture' free from the fickle fashions of music. Maybe the ball is rolling — how much can you help it?
Kevin Fitzmaurice, Coventry.

The Rock Business is entertainment only. It does not change worlds or even individual thought for any length of time. So what sort of paper would we have if devoted entirely to 'music'? The words in themselves are fairly meaningless and you don't want endless lists of artistes' equipment or tedious 'interviews' about how they get their sound. Far more interesting is what makes writers write and what it is in the world that generates song material.

The *NME* is an infuriating paper because it never stays still and says what you want it to say. It seems to me that a lot of people pay a lot of lip service to this interesting way of looking at things but are in fact too settled to actually do it or accept anybody else doing it.
Mike Southern, Cardiff.

BALI WATER, PLEASE

What's Bali got to do with the UK in 1982? Stuff all. I've been there too (nar nar na nar nar) — sure the music's magic, but wack it on a disco platter and the crushed leather mob would go off and pretend to buy drinks. Any attempts to incorporate Gamelan into our music have been embarrassing — 'Low' side two being the obvious example, and that diabolical jazz thing 'Kaleidoscope Of Cosmic Snort Dust' by Neil Ardley.
Paul Brewer, Richmond, Surrey.
The music's magic — so there's your justification. I agree about Ardley, though — Arts Council impressionism of negligible worth. — RC.

PRAISE? HOW DID THIS GET IN HERE?

Thanks for the Costello interview. It's a sad comment that someone as perceptive, sensitive and relevant as he should be characterised as a man out of time, to himself as well as to the vast majority of the record buying public.

I saw five gigs on the 'Imperial Bedroom' tour and it was always Elvis' second or third encore that struck me most. He sang a sequence of songs — 'Shipbuilding', 'Peace Love & Understanding', 'Oliver's Army', 'Big Sister's Clothes' and 'Clowntime Is Over' — which accurately and graphically summed up this country. From militarism, nuclear weapons, the rising tide of domestic authoritarianism through to personal hopes and fears about the state of the country and the world, he said it all. Truly a case of subversive pop!
Maria Eagle, Oxford.

Thank you for the excellent exclusive of Elvis Costello in *NME.* Also many congratulations to Neil Spencer for asking all the right questions (that I wanted to know). Out of such important journalism I'll stick by you for at least another year, knowing that you'll pull another scoop out of the sky in the near future.
Dave Collings, Rugely, Staffs.

A DEAF MAN WRITES

Have you guys heard the new Siouxsie & The Banshees LP? Don't they sound *just* like Altered Images? Scarcely an original thought in sight. Clare and the boys must be turning in their graves.
Your Man In The Know, Leamington Spa.
Criticism is not dead! — RC.

LETTERS ABOUT ULTRAVOX AND GENESIS

The review of 'Quartet' certainly ranks as the trash de la trash in your rage. In answer to it: anybody can make nothing sound like nothing — few have the talent to make emptiness profound *(Am I missing something*

here? — Bag Ed.). I can think of 28 Ultravox tracks that move me, 33 that stimulate, 19 that ignite, 26 that thrill, 7 that threaten, 12 that jolt and 8 that bruise. If all you do is lie back and let the music run through you then you don't deserve to feel anything. Haven't you got any imagination or experience to draw on, or are the only emotions you feel the ones you're spoonfed on?

Hymns were never written to be sung in school assemblies. Try listening to a churchful of people who believe in what they're singing. A pity your intimate knowledge of where Ultravox swiped their music from doesn't extend to a knowledge of what their last LP was. You're really scraping the barrel for criticism, aren't you?

Ruth Lander, Birmingham.

You're lucky, Ruth. Offhand I can only think of 2 Ultravox tracks. — RC.

'A Tale Told By An Idiot' — the title certainly fits Amrik Rai. We were there to see the greatest live gig in seven years and after waiting those long years it lived up to all expectations. Due to omissions by Amrik Rai — he gave no useful information for anyone — I now ask you to give some useful info which should have been in the original report: what was the turnout at Milton Keynes, how did the group feel afterwards, was it recorded? I was very disappointed that there were no TV cameras to be seen, only a hand held movie camera. Is it on film or video? Please answer the questions I have asked.

David Rose, Gateshead.

Sure. The dope is that Channel Television have the exclusive rights and will be screening it in 'early 1988'. The camera you saw filming the dozens of Genesis fans who turned up makes up their entire roster of equipment and they hope to have it paid for by transmission date. The group reportedly felt "enfeebled" afterwards, although Phil Collins was chipper enough to hand out signed photos of his wallet to lucky fans. — RC.

I ONLY LOOK AT THE PICTURES

I note that on consecutive pages of your October 23 issue reference is made to an "overtly tasteful Peter Saville cover" and a "garish Peter Saville sleeve". In both cases the artwork is used as a basis for criticism of the record being reviewed. Prior to this I must confess I hadn't heard of Mr Saville but the poor chap appears to be becoming as ubiquitous as Nietzsche.

In order to appear 'with it' to my many friends and relations I see I shall have to further investigate the man's work — the LP sleeves are so much easier to steal than the records anyway.

A Bemused Highlander, Fort William, Scotland.

FROM THE LAND OF BACON

How come the small print in your fabulous competitions always indicates that they're not open for foreigners? Isn't this carrying chauvinist xenophobia a bit too far? Don't forget it is we foreigners who hold up your sale of copies — bloody well we do. When the price of *NME* goes up 5p we have to fork out the equivalent of 25p, huh! Afraid foreign readers might actually *win* the competitions — like with football? Why, I just had this killer of an answer in the 'Grandma Moses' competition — remember it?

Sommy Rotten, Denmark.

No. But your continued support warms our oaken hearts — Statesman Cook.

My mum thinks you paper is better than *The Times.*

The youngest person at your birthday party.

And I'm going to have a drink. Goodnight. — RC.

ATTENTION ALL SHIPPING! The following is a gale warning for sea area Soho, issued by the Meterological Office at 15.30 hours GMT: profits forecast for The Sun And 13 Cantons public house fair but falling...

Staff wept and broke bottles of champagne over his brow as **Monty Smith,** one of the older bulk-carriers, slid gracefully down the *NME* steps and was launched into Carnaby Street for the very last time. The great man-of-war, dressed from bow to stern with carnival bunting, nosed his way slowly through the narrow pedestrian precinct as crowds on the kerbside raised a patriotic cheer and three passing sailors threw their hats in the air.

It was a sight that brought a lump to the throat of the most cyncial old hack — the huge grey form of the imposing Smith looming majestically through the early afternoon smog on his way to the uncharted waters of another journal. Sirens sounding, the little tugs The **Danny Baker** and The **Ian Penman** bobbed bravely in his wake, as he negotiated the corner into Beak Street, the brass band on his poop deck struck up the theme from **Laurel And Hardy** until he was lost from our sight...

"He was a true hack," said Rear-Admiral Sir **Neil Spencer** as he addressed the assembled ships company," and we shall not see his like again. Thank Christ I shan't have to sign his expenses claims any more," he added. "God only knows what they'll make of them at the *TV Times...*"

We apologise for the break in transmission as *T-Zers* dabs discreetly at its eyes with a damp hanky ... Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin again ... *(Just get on with it will you — Iritated Ed with scant respect for the sensitive, artistic, temperamental T-Zers type.)* Ok, ok, so let's go with something really gross. Let's hear a big *uuuurrrrgghhh* for 'Zoom' star **Fat Larry** who was rushed to hospital after overstuffing his already ample frame. While staying at a hotel in Gillingham, Kent (coincidentally the selfsame section of surburbia in which Monty is usually moored), the even-Fatter Man consumed, in order: two steaks, two pancakes, eggs, spinach, Bacardi and Coke. Followed by scrambled eggs and cheeseburgers, hamburgers, chips, chocolate gateau, ice-cream, more Bacardi. Followed by cheeseburger and scrambled eggs again, trout, chips and peas, two more cheeseburgers and another portion of chips. He then retired to the bathroom whence funny noises were reported issuing. He was then taken to hospital where an aide commented that he was suffering from bronchitis...

Was that nauseating enough? No? Well try this for size. **Buster Bloodvessel** whose record consumption is 29 hamburgers in one day, a poor effort in comparison with the Loathsome **Larry** intends to instigate a **Bad Manners** day next year. "Nudity will be the order of the day," he blithely proclaimed, "but overeating will be just as important. You can do whatever you like as long as your behaviour is as slobby as possible." Buster will hardly have to make the extra effort, since his slobbiness comes *sooo* naturally...

IT'S EYES bright at the suggestion of possible scandal, *T-Zers* now transports you to New York where aging professional bad boy **Malcolm McLaren** was giving a seminar on his celebrated theories of exploiting everything that moves, and if it still don't sell just add a sex angle and sit back and wait for the intellectual acclaim. Is there truth in the allegation that some smart-aleck, well imbued with the McLaren philosophy was meanwhile taping his pearls of wisdom and offering them for sale in the lobby? Whereupon McClaren became so incensed at this presumptuous manifestation of the jolly old amoral age of technology that he rushed out and attacked him...

And while we're with the rough stuff, how come the inoffensive electronic figure of **John Foxx** was thrown out of Heaven on Final Academy night, allegedly on the orders of a TV crew because he was unwittingly standing in front of the camera?...

Also putting the boot in, so to metaphorically speak, independent entrepreneur and ubiquitous all-purpose wide-boy **Jock Macdonald** who has just been voted best soccer player of the Music Industry Football League for the third year in succession...

And now the section you've been waiting for — the soap opera of the stars! The story so far ... pretty model **Jerry** has just left ugly-mug **Mick,** because he's several inches shorter than she is and has an unfortunate compulsion to date rich and vacuous young debs. Broken-hearted, stinking rich Jerry consoled herself with a short, squat racehorse called **Sangster.** Equally broken-hearted and possibly even richer, the prostrate **Jagger** phoned the distraught Jerry and "cried like a big baby", whinnieed the sulking Sangster. In a vulgar blaze of unprecedented publicity which, it is believed will fuel both their careers until the culmination of the Century, Mick and Jerry made up. Mick has proposed marriage, but can Jerry trust her tender heart to his wicket rock star ways? Now read on...

Great human tragedies of our time cont: **Eddie Tenpole** has fallen off his motorbike. While whizzing home to his humble squat he was involved in a collision and haemorrhaged a muscle. The accident has meant he was forced to cancel a recording session with king **Kink Ray Davies** producing...

Beware you would-be lovers of the emaciated **Peter Murphy!** The histrionic, skeletal singer of the **Bowie** emulators is prone to impregnate his very good friends with Opium. That's the perfume not the drug, inconvenient honesty forces *T-Zers* to admit. This *T-Zer* comes courtesy of the *Observer Colour Supplement...*

WITH RELUCTANCE, *T-Zers* leaves the heady pleasures of the flesh to alight instead on mother-love and **Sting** Senioress, or **Mrs Audrey Sumner** as she is known to colleagues where she works as an auxiliary nurse in the North-East. Sting's mum receives not very much at all for her labours and is one of the dedicated band of women and men to whom the Government is generously offering a princely extra 50 pence a week...

And while we're with filthy lucre and starting a small but significant section where the vices and foibles of record companies are ruthlessly revealed, was Virgin really stupid enough to sink £150,000 into the very pallid **Pale Fountains?**...

Sneaking back furtively to anything involving reproduction, *T-Zers* asks, Why won't the BBC say "SEXUAL"? As in 'SEXual Healing' where the **Gaye** one's single title is invariably reduced to its medical meaning...

Spotted filming in Bermondsey, not too many million miles from Chez **Baker, Paul McCartney,** the cherubic **Dorian Gray** of the insufferably sentimental. Seemingly possessed of an awful lot more money than sense, the evergreen Scouse songwriter has just written a one and half million pound film called *Give My Regards To Broad Street...*

Meanwhile **Dollar's** winsome **David Van Day** is to play the star part in a film entitled *'Do You Believe In Fairies',* while that the punkette **Honey Bane** can be currently spotted in *Scrubbers,* on which crude coincidences *T-Zers* resolutely refuses to comment . . .

Strange but too, too true . . . Neither **Kirk Brandon** or manager **Terry Razor** admit any knowledge of the occult conspiratorial expose, *Spear Of Destiny,* with which they coincidentally share a name . . .

The hugely silly **Psychic TV**'s awfully odd **Temple Ov Physick Youth** is to return to the more usual spelling of 'of'. This replaces the Ov which classical scholars among you will know is Ancient Greek for something quite different and explicitly sexual, which *T-Zers* recognised immediately after it had been told . . .

An embittered **David Balfe,** that sturdy sometime keyboard player with **Teardrop Explodes,** informs us of impending upheavals in the Teardrop camp. When encountered by a drunken dot — yes, it's official, dots are *back!* — during the **Hey Elastica** show at Heaven last Monday, Dave revealed that neither he nor drummer **Gary Dwyer** had been seeing eye-to-eye with singer **Julian Cope** of late and a split looks on the cards. Declares Dave: "Julian has been living in the Midlands for a while and he thinks that the band has become very artificial, but that's just because he is never there. Me and Gary just never see him and that's no way to run a band. I think he wants to kick it in the head . . ."

Into the sizeable breach left by our sorely-missed Silver Screen Editor, has stepped erudite bon viveur and video connoisseur **Andy Gill.** "I was the only one who could possibly fill **Monty**'s place," he commented. The hardworking hedonist is also LPs Editor, and might also be Production Editor, although when closely questioned about his multifarious roles he seemed far from sure . . .

It was 30 years ago on Sunday that *NME* published the first list of best-selling records in Britain. Why, *T-Zers* wasn't even a sparkle in the editor's eye then, cries a precocious back-page which has yet to see the far side of ten . . .

Illustrations: Serge Clerc.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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